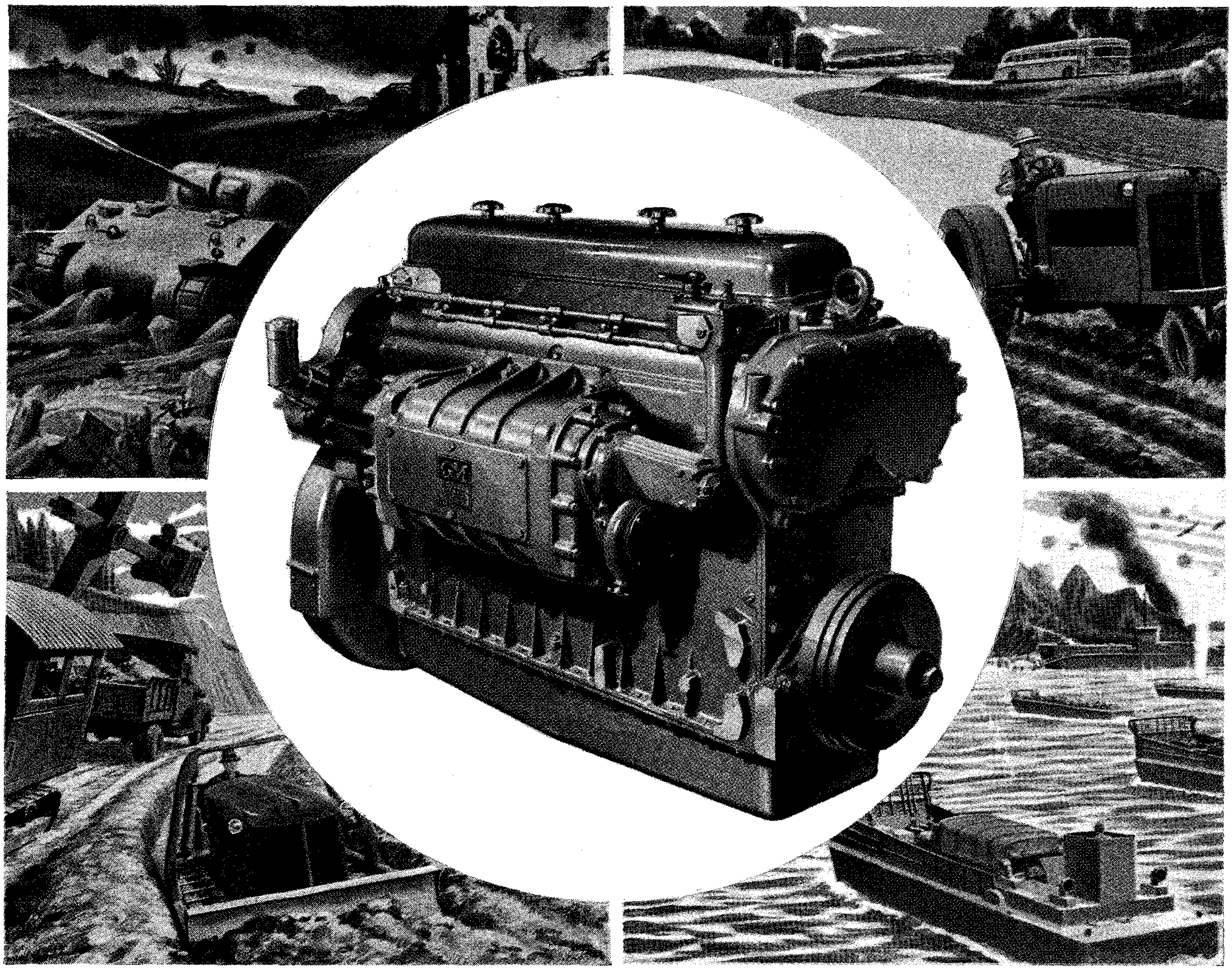
★ Nov. 25, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



GM DIESELS SERVE WHEREVER AMERICA NEEDS POWER

America's fighting Engineers and Seabees really work miracles. Sand dunes are leveled. Jungles are cleared. Landing strips appear overnight. Staggering loads are moved over land and sea.

Helping them work these miracles are General Motors Diesel engines.

Because these engines are rugged and dependable, they get the toughest kinds of jobs to do.

Because they take so little fuel, they save precious transport space.

Because they have been designed for simplest maintenance, they stay on the job and keep on the go.

War is a tough proving ground for engines. It shows their mettle, reveals their stamina. As they perform their wartime tasks, these GM Diesels are proving the service they will continue to render in the many civilian needs for dependable, economical power after the war.

ARMY E NAVY

The Army-Navy "E" for efficiency in war production flies proudly over the GM Diesel plant in Detroit.

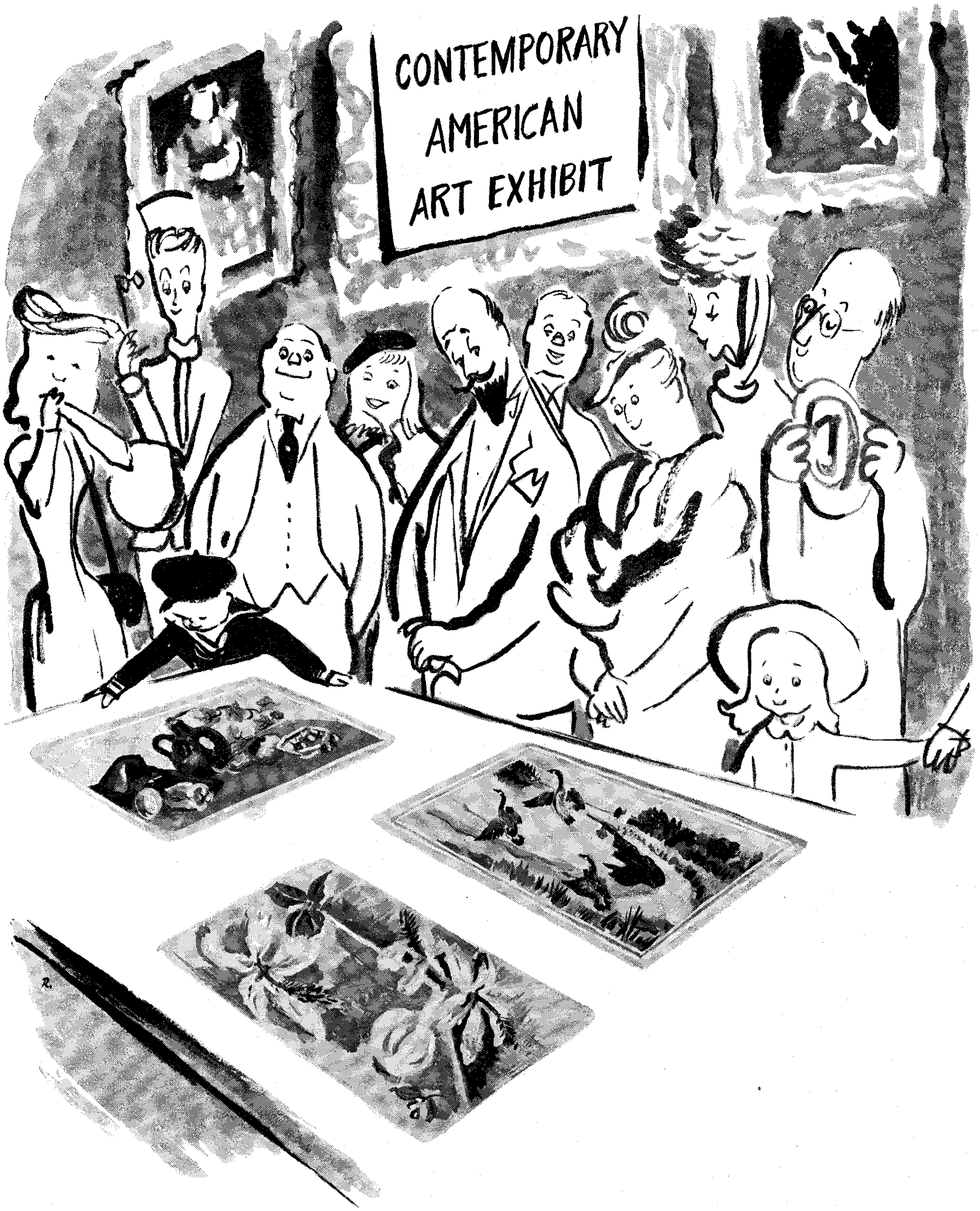
KEEP AMERICA STRONG
BUY WAR BONDS

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
DIESEL
POWER

ENGINES . . 15 to 250 H. P. . . ***DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION,*** Detroit 23, Mich.

ENGINES . . 150 to 2000 H. P. . . CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland 11, Ohio

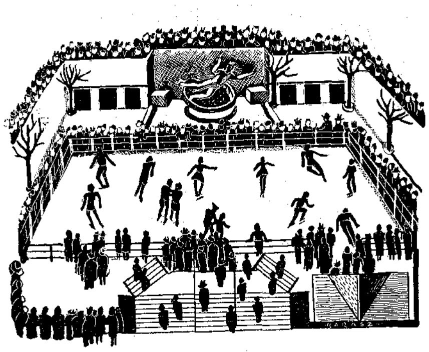
LOCOMOTIVES . . . . ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION, La Grange, Ill.


CONTEMPORARY
AMERICAN
ART EXHIBIT

Feast for the Eyes — our PLACE MATS of paintings by Luigi Lucioni, Churchill Ettinger, Edna Reindel, Grant Wood and other foremost artists, reproduced in full color. Set of 4, 3.00

Lord & Taylor

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2.

THE THEATRE

(This week, as indicated below, matinée schedules will be somewhat revised because of Thanksgiving Day. There may be further changes, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANGEL STREET—An excellent melodrama, now rounding out its third year, about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Viola Keats and Cecil Humphreys are those principally involved. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:40.)

ANNA LUCASTA—An all-Negro play by Philip Yordan that made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms and Canada Lee are in the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:40.)

CATHERINE WAS GREAT—Mae West's own version of Russian history. Miss West has abandoned Diamond Lil for what looks like a parody of Helen Hayes, and the whole performance is pretty unfortunate. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY—About a landlady in Tucson and how she copes with her dreamy husband. Rather pleasant and funny. The cast is headed by Lois Wilson and Sidney Blackmer. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:40.)

EMBEZZLED HEAVEN—An adaptation of the Werfel novel, which comes out pretty badly in spite of Ethel Barrymore's majestic presence. The cast also includes Albert Basserman, Eduard Franz, and Sanford Meisner. Performances this past week have been cancelled because of Miss Barrymore's illness, so better check. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

HARVEY—Something about a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay's performance in the leading rôle is a masterpiece of restrained humor. With Josephine Hull. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:40.)

I REMEMBER MAMA—John van Druten's touching and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel about a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Joan Tetzel, Frances Heflin, and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

IN BED WE CRY—Ilka Chase's vehicle for Ilka Chase has something to do with love and the cosmetic trade but practically nothing to do with the theatre. Frederic Tozere, Paul McGrath, and Francis DeSales are among her fashionable admirers. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

JACOBOWSKY AND THE COLONEL—Franz Werfel's play (as rewritten by S. N. Behrman) about two refugees from France. A really superb play up to the last act, when it succumbs to an attack of melodrama. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

KISS AND TELL—Typical, though rather frail, George Abbott piece about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Jessie Royce Landis heads a pleasant, competent cast. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:40.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is in its sixth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:40.)

THE PERFECT MARRIAGE—Miriam Hopkins and Victor Jory in Samson Raphaelson's study of a couple who find matrimony gets a little wearing after the first ten years. Chiefly a dialogue, and not a very interesting one at that. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:40.)

THE SEARCHING WIND—Lillian Hellman looks back over the history of Fascism and adds a few thoughts about love. The cast, assembled by Herman Shumlin, includes Dudley Digges and Cornelia Otis Skinner. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

SNAFU—A rather broad and uneven comedy about a sixteen-year-old soldier back from the Pacific. A personal triumph for a young actor called Billy Redfield, who is chiefly assisted by Elspeth Eric, Russell Hardie, Bethel Leslie, and Enid Markey. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:40.)

SOLDIER'S WIFE—Rose Franken up with another one, this time about a returned soldier and his literary wife. Martha Scott and Myron McCormick do their best, but it is still somewhat short of Shakespeare. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

TEN LITTLE INDIANS—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely island. Not quite as good as the Agatha Christie mystery from which it was adapted, but still well above the general level of mystery shows. With Halliwell Hobbes, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:40.)

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS—The main attraction of this melodrama is Elisabeth Bergner, who puts in a sound, workmanlike evening. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Onslow Stevens. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. The cast consists of Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

THE LATE GEORGE APLEY—A play by J. P. Marquand and George S. Kaufman derived from the Marquand novel, with Leo G. Carroll, Percy Waram, and Janet Beecher. Staged by Mr. Kaufman and produced by Max Gordon. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:40.)

THE STREETS ARE GUARDED—A play by Laurence Stallings, with Phil Brown and Jeanne Cagney. Staged by John Haggott and produced by John C. Wilson. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

BLOOMER GIRL—A big, beautiful show, somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not exactly memorable music. The sets, costumes, and Agnes de Mille's ballets are very fetching, however, and Celeste Holm and Joan McCracken head the cast. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

CARMEN JONES—A stunning and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II has followed "Oklahoma!" with another tour de force. Produced by Billy Rose. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:40.)

FOLLOW THE GIRLS—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about some sailors and their girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment, with Irina Baronova and Jackie Gleason. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:30.)

MEXICAN HAYRIDE—Bobby Clark is very funny in an otherwise standard musical. The cast also includes George Givot and Paul Haakon, and Cole Porter wrote the music and the lyrics. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:30.)

OKLAHOMA!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . Special Mats. for men and women in the services Tues. Afts. at 2:30, with tickets on sale at the C.D.V.O. Information Center, Park at 42.)

ONE TOUCH OF VENUS—Mary Martin plays a statue that turns into a beautiful girl, and John Boles and Paula Laurence are among those who admire her. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music; and Agnes de Mille has contributed some wonderful ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:30.)

SADIE THOMPSON—This wedding of musical comedy and pathological drama is surprisingly successful. Howard Dietz and Rouben Mamoulian have adapted the old play and Vernon Duke has taken care of the music. June Havoc is Sadie and Lansing Hatfield the Reverend Davidson. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:40.)

SONG OF NORWAY—A handsome operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been very skillfully adapted. The book is sometimes rather painful, but the show is otherwise a nice job. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, and Lawrence Brooks. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

STAR TIME—Lou Holtz in charge of a rather routine collection of vaudeville acts, including Benny Fields, the DeMarcos, and Connee Boswell. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 3.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

RHAPSODY—An operetta based on Fritz Kreisler's music, with Annamary Dickey, Patricia Bowman, and Rosemarie Brancato. Staged by David Lichine and produced by Blevins Davis and Lorraine Manville Dresselhuys. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats.

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

Page

THE ART GALLERIES 72
BOOKS 84
THE CURRENT CINEMA 70
FOOTBALL 53
LETTER FROM BUCHAREST 48
LETTER FROM LONDON 66
MUSICAL EVENTS:
  POPULAR RECORDS 78
OF ALL THINGS 47
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
  CHRISTMAS GIFTS 60
THE RACE TRACK 80
THE THEATRE 44

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XX, No. 41, November 25, 1944. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1944, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

Lady,
be lovely!
Chantilly
HOUBIGANT
Chantilly

Wear this touch of enchantment, this bright, charming fragrance...this new perfume, Chantilly...and you'll be remembered as you wish to be. Originated by the House of Houbigant, Chantilly is provocative, feminine and faintly spicy...with a shadow-like way of lingering for hours. Lovely perfume for a lovely lady!

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2.

Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23, at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd *better verify the dates and curtain times.)*

The Man Who Had All the Luck—A play by Arthur Miller, with Karl Swenson and Eugenia Rawls. Staged by Joseph Fields and produced by Herbert H. Harris. Opens Thurs., Nov. 23. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special performance Sun. Eve., Nov. 26, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Shows—"Ice Follies of 1945," produced by Ed Shipstad and Oscar Johnson. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sun., Nov. 26, at 2:30.) . . . "Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mats. Thurs. and Fri., Nov. 23-24, at 2:40.)

Children's Entertainment—The Sue Hastings Marionettes in "The Wizard of Oz," Thurs. through Sat., Nov. 23-25; and "The Gnomes' Christmas," Sat., Dec. 2; at 10 A.M. and 12:30 P.M. (48th Street Cinema, 247 W. 48. CO 5-9159.) . . . The Heckscher Children's Theatre presenting "Mary Poppins" and "Snickerty Nick," Fri. and Sat., Nov. 24-25, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3545.) . . . The Clare Tree Major Children's Theatre presenting "The Prince's Secret," Sat., Nov. 25, at 10:30 A.M. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park at 68. For tickets, call BU 8-4869.)

BALLET

Ballet International—Tentative programs—"Bolero," "The Mute Wife," and "Brahms Variations," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 23. . . . "The Mute Wife," "Sebastian," and "Prince Gudal's Festival," Fri. Eve., Nov. 24. . . . "The Mute Wife," "Brahms Variations," and "Sebastian," Sat. Aft. and Eve., Nov. 25. . . . "Swan Lake," "Constantia," and "Memories," Sun. Aft. and Eve., Nov. 26. . . . "Les Sylphides," "The Mute Wife," "Sentimental Colloquy," and "Sebastian," Tues. Eve., Nov. 28. . . . "Swan Lake," "Pictures at an Exhibition," and "Memories," Wed. Eve., Nov. 29. . . . "Les Sylphides," "The Mute Wife," "Prince Gudal's Festival," and "Bolero," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 30. . . . "Brahms Variations," "Constantia," and "Pictures at an Exhibition," Fri. Eve., Dec. 1. . . . "Les Sylphides," "The Mute Wife," "Prince Gudal's Festival," and "Bolero," Sat. Aft. and Eve., Dec. 2. (International Theatre, at Columbus Circle. CO 5-1173. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music, other entertainment, or both. A few of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—In the Trianon Room, Jules Lande's orchestra provides polite music for a polite dinner and supper crowd.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Bowman Room has an ice show constructed around the highly decorative Joan Hyldoft; Enoch Light's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Mildred Bailey, Hazel Scott, and Ed Hall's orchestra; that is to say, little room for improvement. Little room for dancing, either, by the way.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Cheerful and offhand, with solid folk songs by Josh White and solid piano music by Mary Lou Williams; Benny Morton's orchestra will be replaced by Phil Moore's on Mon., Nov. 27.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Joe E. Lewis filling this enormous room with sound and fury. Dance music by Enric Madriguera's and Joel Harron's orchestras. Never mind the rest of the show. . . . The Copa Bar has the Adrian Rollini Trio and Choo Choo Johnson.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Some people even have their mail sent here. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Raymon's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—After the dinner hour there are the sweet and familiar strains of Eddie Davis's and Murray Golden's orchestras to dance to.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Very large, very vivid, very regal, with Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room has Russell Swann, the ingenious magician, at work. Stanley Melba's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre for dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde in her mad race around the Persian Room at dinner and supper. Bob Grant's orchestra and Mark Monte's ensemble.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Fred Miller's orchestra plays for dinner and supper in the handsome Iridium Room, and there is also a small show. . . . Downstairs, in the Maisonette, the show will be headed, through Wed., Nov. 29, by Tommy Dowd, a magician who is certain to make you laugh; a couple of orchestras play for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—In the Café Lounge, elaborate and sort of dressy, your words are set to sweet music by two small orchestras. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—What to do with the children on the Nurse's night off. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band. Stan Keller's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Frank Sinatra, piping plaintively in the Wedgwood Room after the theatre, and Nat Brandwynne's orchestra playing there throughout the evening. Paul Draper and Leo Reisman's band will replace them on Wed., Nov. 29. Mischa Borr's neat little band is also around for the supper crowd, and will stay around. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant after 9:30 P.M.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): pointed comedy by Imogene Coca and Irwin Corey, helter-skelter songs by Day, Dawn, and Dusk, background by Cedric Wallace's Trio. . . . **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Maxine Sullivan, George and Gene Bernard, the Herman Chittison Trio, and Pearl Bailey at play in this twilit room. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): quiet and pleasant, with Ted Hunter rambling along at the piano.

Miscellaneous—At **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant, with music by Dick Wilson's orchestra and Bela Bizony's ensemble after 10 P.M. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): the littlest of them all; George Morris's orchestra for dancing after 11 P.M. . . . **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a show full of beautiful girls and (at the supper hour) Dwight Fiske, with his raised-eyebrows songs; Maxmillian Bergère's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): a show full of dagger dances and Russian torch songs, but really starring the chef; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Lee Castle's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): lots of fairly Latin atmosphere in a fairly small space.

●

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—**NICK'S**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): music by Peewee Russell, Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, and their companions. . . . **PIED PIPER**, 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): Max Kaminsky's band, now equipped with Wilbur de Paris and his trombone; Willie the Lion Smith at the piano. . . . **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Hot Lips Page, Stuff Smith's trio, and Barney Bigard's quintet in full stride. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins, his eminent saxophone, and his band, abetted by a trio made up of Tiny Grimes, Trummie Young, and Herbie Fields. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala, Adele Girard, and their band at their old stand. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Wingy Mannone's band and a hot quartet. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes' trio hard at work; dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): just a Village cellar, but it has the Leonard Ware Trio; dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed on Thanksgiving Day.)

Allied Artists of America—Oils, water colors, and sculpture in the thirty-first annual show: New York Historical Society, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., Nov. 26.

The Blue Four—Work by a group of non-Germans who were active in Germany after the last war—Feininger, Jawlensky, Kandinsky, and Klee: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 25.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—European paintings of the Renaissance and nineteenth and twentieth centuries, from the permanent collection. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 1.

Marc Chagall—Recent paintings and gouaches: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2.

José de Creeft—Recent sculpture: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

Drawings—At the **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57: the annual exhibition of work by masters of the sixteenth through the nineteenth centuries. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2. . . . **SCHAEFFER**, 61 E. 57: masters of the thirteenth through the nineteenth centuries. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., Nov. 30.

Jimmy Ernst—Abstractions with a Matta-like prismatic glitter: Norlyst, 59 W. 56. Weekdays, including Thanksgiving Day, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2.

Europeans—At the **67 GALLERY**, 67 E. 57: twenty moderns, including Utrillo, Chirico, and Lipchitz. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57: paintings by Braque, Picasso, and Matisse. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 9.

Philip Evergood—Twelve oils: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Daily, including Thanksgiving Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 25.

Ernest Fiene—New paintings: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2.

John Folinsbee—Maine landscapes and portraits: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 25.

Esther Goetz—Oils, water colors, and drawings of the city: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., including Thanksgiving Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

Peter Grippe—Sculpture and drawings, small and semi-abstract: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2.

Groups—At the **CLAY CLUB**, 4 W. 8: new work by twenty-four sculptors, among whom are Hugo Robus, Chaim Gross, and José de Creeft. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 15. . . . **MORTIMER LEVITT**, 16 W. 57: paintings by Adolfo Saporetti, Oronzo Gasparo, Marjorie Bishop, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2. . . . **NEW ART CIRCLE**, 41 E. 57: work by Kandinsky, Klee, Mondrian, and other Europeans and Americans. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 9.

David Hare—Surrealist sculpture: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2.

Herbert Haseltine—Horses, poodles, and some other animals, mostly in bronze: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 9.

Morris Hirshfield—New work by the Brooklyn primitive: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays, including Thanksgiving Day, 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 6.

Gerrit Hondius—Warm, Expressionist paintings of New England and the circus: Marquié, 16 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 9.

Dong Kingman—Water colors by the California-born Chinese: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2.

Käthe Kollwitz—A large show of black-and-whites: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 25.

Walter Kuhn—More clowns, some still lifes, and landscapes: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Mon., 1 to 5:30 P.M.; other weekdays, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2.

Chet La More—Abstract paintings: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—A hundred and fifty paintings of the American scene, from the recent competition sponsored by the Pepsi-Cola Company and Artists for Victory. Weekdays 10

Kodachrome by Edward Jacobsen

$32. $17.50 $10. $5. (plus taxes)

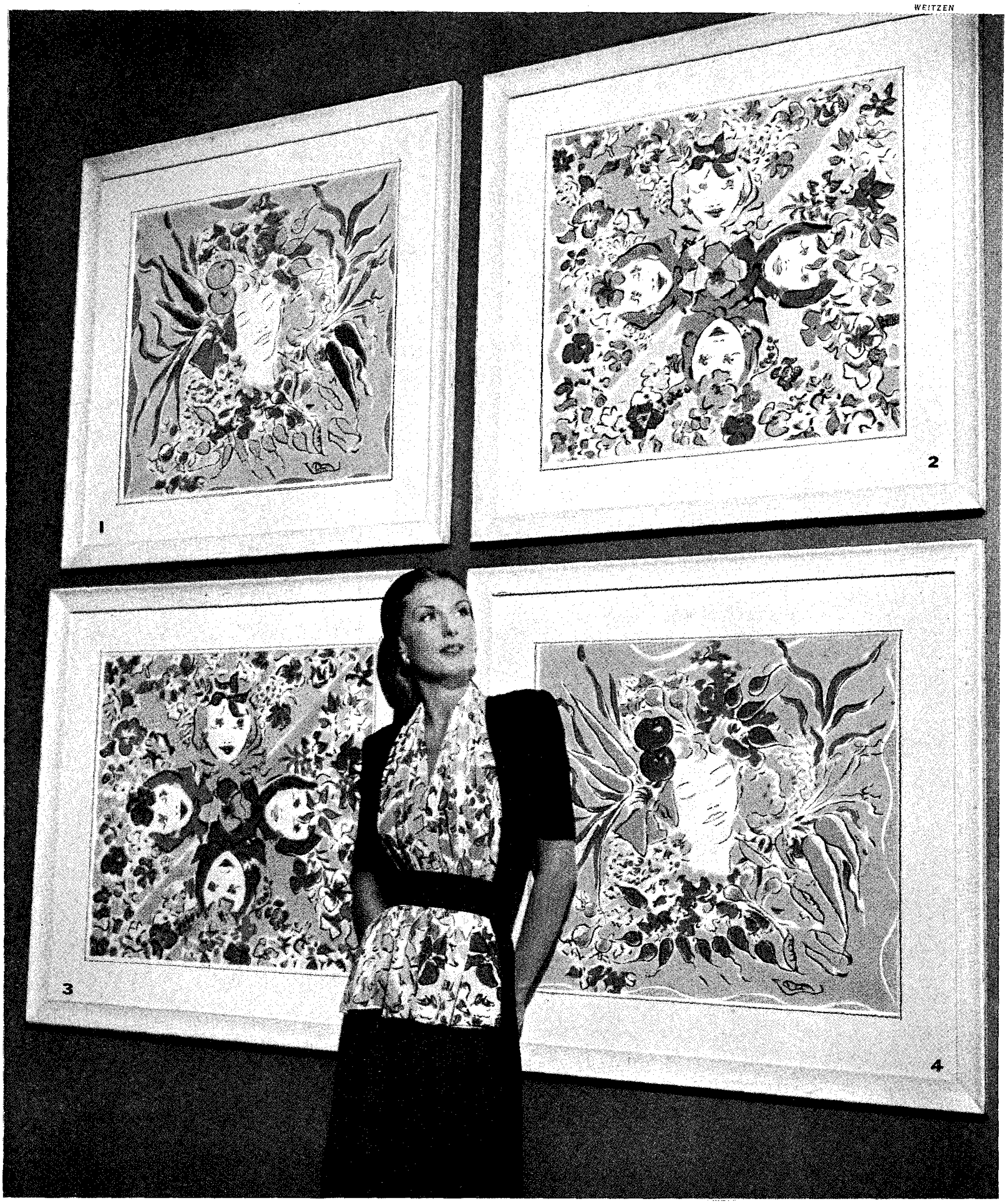
Surrender

HE WILL IF YOU WEAR IT
SHE WILL IF YOU GIVE IT

PARFUMS
CIRO

© 1944 Parfums Ciro, Inc.

WEITZEN



The gift she'd choose herself... a WESLEY SIMPSON Custom Scarf designed by Vertès

New! Wonderful solution to the gift problem for the girl who has everything... and for the girl you'd like to give everything! Exciting new scarfs in original Vertès designs with all the gaiety and charm inherent in the work of this fine artist. Square scarfs in Vegetable Patch and Four Faces motifs. Order by number in frame. Stole length scarfs in the Hand or Cupid motif in blue or green combinations. (Cupid illustrated.) All on a fine quality crepe of Enka Rayon. At your favorite store or order by mail. Gift wrapped. Order at once!

Wesley Simpson Custom Scarfs, Inc.
215 West 40th Street, New York 18, N.Y.
Please send me postpaid:
☐ Enclosed $______ ☐ Send C.O.D.
SQUARES: 1____ 2____ 3____ 4____ at $4 ea.
Blue Stole____ Cupid____ Hand____ at $6 ea.
Green Stole____ Cupid____ Hand____ at $6 ea.
Name________
Street____ City____ State____
Your money refunded within 5 days if you are not satisfied

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2.

A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 3.

MODIGLIANI AND PASCIN—At the KLEEMANN, 65 E. 57: oils and drawings. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2. . . . AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER, 44 W. 56: a loan show of drawings and paintings by Modigliani. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—A large showing of work by Lyonel Feininger and Marsden Hartley. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 7 P.M.; through Jan. 14.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—A good-will exhibition, sent here from Great Britain, of painting, sculpture, and black-and-whites by contemporary artists; sponsored by Artists for Victory; also, the annual show by the Society of American Etchers. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 4.

FRANK NEAL—Negro life, lightly treated in drawings and gouache; also, drawings by O'Connor Barrett: International Print Society, 38 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2.

NEWARK MUSEUM, 49 Washington Pk. W., Newark—Paintings and sculpture from the Museum's collection of American art, with special emphasis on contemporary work. Tues. through Sat., 12 noon to 5:30 P.M. (also Wed. and Thurs. Eves., 7 to 9:30); Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

NINETEENTH-CENTURY AMERICAN—Landscapes and genre paintings by Trumbull, Bingham, Sargent, and several others: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 9.

HOBSON PITTMAN—Paintings and pastels of a romanticized South: Milch, 108 W. 57. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2.

OGDEN M. PLEISSNER—A *Life* war artist records troops and planes in the Aleutians: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2.

MAURICE PRENDERGAST—Paintings and water colors of France: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 9.

LOUISA ROBINS—Oils and gouaches in the artist's blunt, perceptive manner: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. (also Thurs. Eve., 8 to 11); through Sat., Nov. 25.

JOSEF SCHARL—Illustrations for Grimm's fairy tales; also, oils and gouaches by Frank Vavruska: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays, including Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2.

BEN SHAHN—Paintings in tempera: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2.

CHARLES W. THWAITES—A small show with flower-pieces, burlesque scenes, landscapes, and portraits: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun. and Thanksgiving Day, 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 1.

DARIO TREVES—Portraits and American landscapes: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 1.

ALBERT URBAN—Semi-abstract oils and gouaches: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 9.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—The annual show of contemporary American painting. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 27.

MARGUERITE ZORACH—Oils which couple American realism with some of the manners of modern European painting: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 25.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Nov. 23, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Nov. 24, at 2:30 P.M.; Sun., Nov. 26, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., Nov. 30, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Dec. 1, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sat., Dec. 2, at 8:45 P.M. (Highlights: Gregor Piatigorsky, cello; and Edward Steuermann, piano, Nov. 23, 24, and 26; John Brownlee, baritone; and the Westminster Choir, Nov. 30-Dec. 2.)

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Leon Barzin conducting; soloist, Joseph Schuster, cello. Mon., Nov. 27, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

NEW YORK LITTLE SYMPHONY—Joseph Baroné conducting. Fri., Dec. 1, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

JAZZ CONCERT—Eddie Condon, the guitarist, in charge of a group of hot musicians, including such people as Jess Stacy, piano; Max Kaminsky, cornet; Hot Lips Page, trumpet; Bob Haggart, bass; and Cozy Cole, drums. Sat., Dec. 2, at 5:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Faust," opening performance of the season, Mon., Nov. 27, at 8:15 P.M. . . . "Don Giovanni," Wed., Nov. 29, at 8:15 P.M. . . . "Aïda," Thurs., Nov. 30, at 8:15 P.M. . . . "La Bohème," Fri., Dec. 1, at 8:30 P.M. . . . "Die Walküre," Sat., Dec. 2, at 2 P.M. . . . "La Traviata," Sat., Dec. 2, at 8:30 P.M. (PE 6-1210.)

NEW YORK CITY CENTER OPERA—"La Traviata," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 23. . . . "La Bohème," Fri. Eve., Nov. 24. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sat. Aft., Nov. 25. . . . "The Gypsy Baron," Sat. Eve., Nov. 25. . . . "Tosca," Sun. Aft., Nov. 26. . . . "Manon Lescaut," Sun. Eve., Nov. 26. . . . "The Gypsy Baron," Tues. through Sat. Eves., Nov. 28-Dec. 2, and Sat. Aft., Dec. 2. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Eves. at 8:15. Mats. at 2:15.)

ADOLF BUSCH CHAMBER MUSIC PLAYERS—Bach's Brandenburg Concerti. Fri., Nov. 24 and Dec. 1, at 8:45 P.M. (Town Hall.)

FRITZ KREISLER—Violin. Sat., Nov. 25, at 2:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ—Piano. Sat., Nov. 25, at 8:30 P.M. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park at 69. RH 4-1500, Ext. 60); and Tues., Nov. 28, at 8:30 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

JAN SMETERLIN—Piano; the second of a series of Chopin recitals. Sun., Nov. 26, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—The Budapest Quartet, with Nan Merriman, mezzo-soprano; and Felix Wolfes, piano. Sun., Nov. 26, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

YEHUDI MENUHIN—Violin. Sun., Nov. 26, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

MARTIAL SINGHER—Baritone. Sun., Nov. 26, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

STEFAN AUBER—Cello. Tues., Nov. 28, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

WITOLD MALCUZYNSKI—Piano. Tues., Nov. 28, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

FRANK SHERIDAN—Piano. Wed., Nov. 29, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

SIMON BARÈRE—Piano. Fri., Dec. 1, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

CARROLL GLENN—Violin. Sat., Dec. 2, at 2:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

ELISABETH SCHUMANN—Soprano. Sat., Dec. 2, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

SPORTS

FOOTBALL—College game: Columbia vs. Dartmouth, Baker Field, Sat., Nov. 25, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Professional game: Giants vs. Brooklyn Tigers, Polo Grounds, Sun., Nov. 26, at 2:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the enemy; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and Thanksgiving Day, 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: daily life in a Japanese-American Relocation Center, shown in a series of photographs by Ansel Adams. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 7 P.M.; through Dec. 3. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R. C. A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily, including Thanksgiving Day, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Feb. 15.

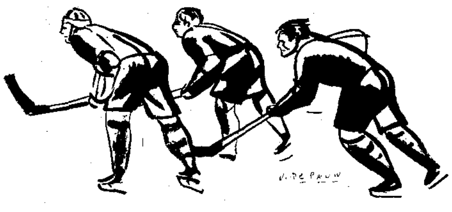
MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36—Autograph manuscripts of American authors, including Poe's "Annabel Lee," Twain's "Life on the Mississippi," and preliminary drafts of Whitman's "Ode to Washington." Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 9.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Paintings by Fragonard, Boucher, Watteau, and others, and French and English furniture, owned by Mrs. Joseph Heine: Fri. and Sat., Nov. 24-25, at 2 P.M. . . . Sporting books from the libraries of the late Peter and Joseph Widener: Tues., Nov. 28, at 8:15 P.M., and Wed., Nov. 29, at 2 and 8:15 P.M.

NOTE—The Post Office Department urges that Christmas gifts be mailed not later than Dec. 1.

ON THE AIR

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., Nov. 26, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony: Leonard Bernstein conducting, Sat., Nov. 25; Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Dec. 2; at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., Nov. 26, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . National Orchestral Association, Leon Barzin conducting: Sun., Nov. 26, at 9:05 P.M., WQXR; and Mon., Nov. 27, at 8:45 P.M., WNYC. . . . Jazz concerts, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., Nov. 25 and Dec. 2, at 1:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Die Walküre," Sat., Dec. 2, at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . New York City Center Opera: "Manon Lescaut," Sun., Nov. 26, at 8:15 P.M., WNYC. . . . Isaac Stern, violin, Sun., Nov. 26, at 3 P.M., WNYC. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun., Nov. 26, at 5:30 P.M., WQXR.



SPORTS—Football, Sat., Nov. 25: Columbia vs. Dartmouth, at 2:15 P.M., WMCA; Pennsylvania vs. Army, at 2:45 P.M., WOR; Notre Dame vs. Georgia Tech, at 2:45 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—Faithful adaptation of the comic stage success of several years ago, with Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, and Raymond Massey in addition to some of the tested troupers who played it on Broadway. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Sat., Nov. 25.)

CASANOVA BROWN—Moments of good screwball comedy interspersed with moments of poor screwball comedy. Gary Cooper, Teresa Wright, and Frank Morgan make themselves very useful. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., Nov. 29.)

DANGEROUS JOURNEY—Armand Denis and Leila Roosevelt offer a better-than-average travel film about wild elephants and cobras boxing with women. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs., Nov. 23. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., Nov. 25. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Mon., Nov. 27. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 24-27. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 25-27. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Wed. and Thurs., Nov. 29-30.)

DRAGON SEED—Walter Huston, Katharine Hepburn, and Aline MacMahon, lightly disguised, in a warm, handsome arrangement of the Pearl Buck novel of China's early war years. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. through Tues., Nov. 26-28. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Mon. through Wed., Nov. 27-29. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 28-29. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 28-30.)

48 HOURS—A neat bit of conjecture by the British on what might have happened if German parachutists had landed in one of their villages back in pre-invasion days. Leslie Banks and others. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; through Fri., Nov. 24. . . . Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sun., Nov. 26.)

HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO—The very comical doings of six Marines and a bogus war hero who run afoul of small-town politics. Written and directed by Preston Sturges, with William Demarest, Eddie Bracken, and Freddie Steele. (Carlton, B'way at 100; through Sat., Nov. 25. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 24-27. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Nov. 27-28.)

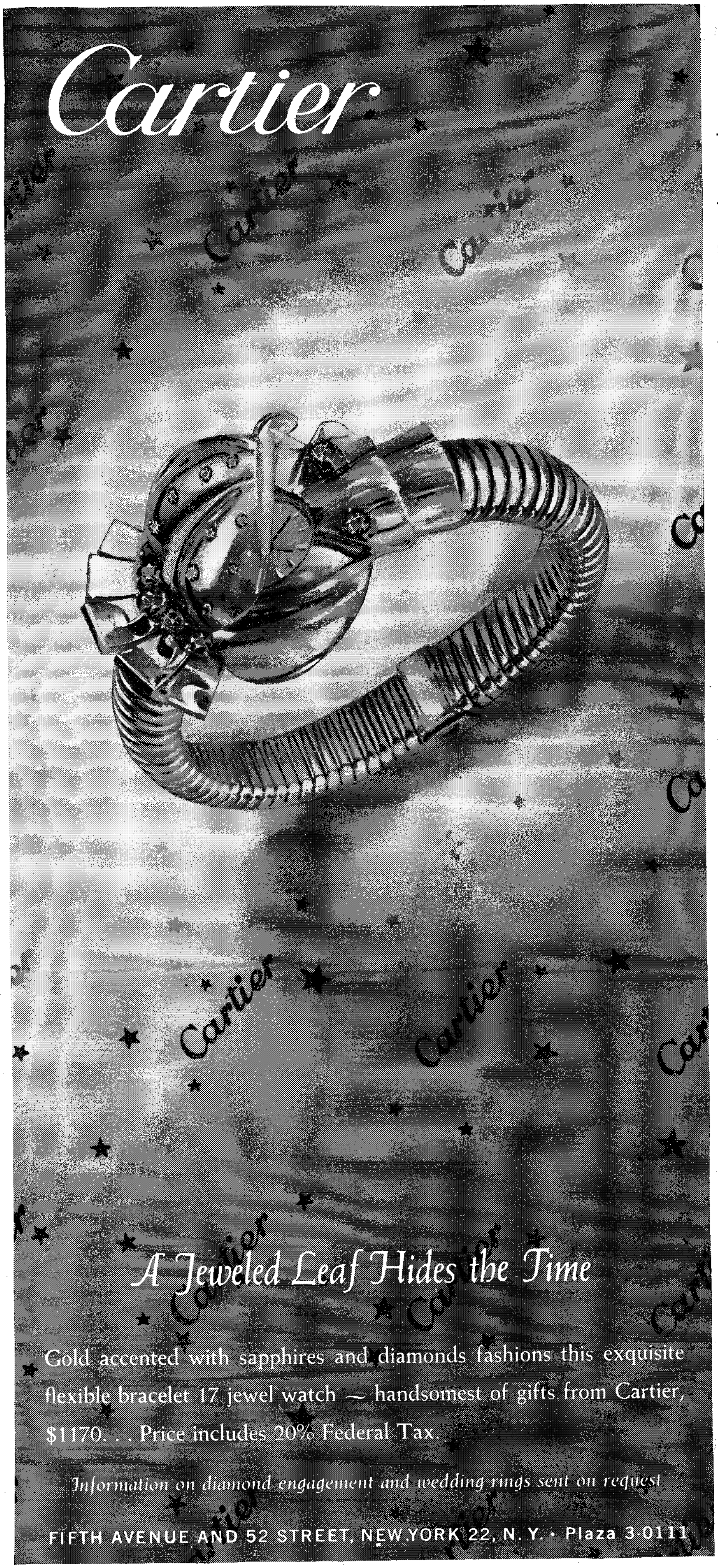
THE HAIRY APE—O'Neill's play about the frustrated coal heaver has been considerably altered for the movies, but its new shape has a few merits of its own. William Bendix and Susan Hayward. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; through Fri., Nov. 24. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. through Tues., Nov. 26-28. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Sun. through Wed., Nov. 26-29.)

THE IMPATIENT YEARS—Jean Arthur, Lee Bowman, and Charles Coburn are deftly comic in this account of what happens when a wife forgets what her soldier husband looks like. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., Nov. 29. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 25-28. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 28-30. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Nov. 28-Dec. 2.)

IRISH EYES ARE SMILING—Damon Runyon produces a hymn to the memory of the composer Ernest R. Ball which is otherwise ordinary Twentieth Century-Fox musical stuff. June Haver, Dick Haymes, and Monty Woolley. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; through Tues., Nov. 28.)

KISMET—Worth your time only if you feel inclined to feast your eyes upon Ronald Colman and Marlene Dietrich at their most photogenic. Edward Arnold and Joy Ann Page also appear in this Technicolored tour of Bagdad. (Astor, B'way at 45; through Sun., Nov. 26.)

NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART—Confused film version of a confused novel of London low life, splendidly



Gold accented with sapphires and diamonds fashions this exquisite flexible bracelet 17 jewel watch — handsomest of gifts from Cartier, $1170. . . Price includes 20% Federal Tax.

Information on diamond engagement and wedding rings sent on request

FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. · Plaza 3-0111

played by Ethel Barrymore, Cary Grant, and Barry Fitzgerald. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Thurs., Nov. 30.)

The Pearl of Death—An ingratiating if somewhat unorthodox treatment of a Sherlock Holmes story, with Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce doing their familiar stuff as Holmes and Watson. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Nov. 23.)

The Rainbow—Plain and moving Russian account of the German occupation of a Ukrainian village. Sub-titles in English. (Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41.)

Since You Went Away—Tears and laughter on the home front. An abundant cast, led by Claudette Colbert, moves tenderly from cliché to cliché for the best part of three hours. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., Nov. 27. . . . Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Wed., Nov. 29.)

The Story of Dr. Wassell—About the Navy doctor who evacuated some wounded men from Java in spite of Japs and high water. Fine when it sticks to facts. Gary Cooper, Laraine Day, and Dennis O'Keefe. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Nov. 25. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Mon., Nov. 27. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Wed., Nov. 26-29. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Wed. through Fri., Nov. 29-Dec. 1.)

Thunder Rock—Honest and rather engaging English fantasy about the dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. (World, 153 W. 49; through Thurs., Nov. 30.)

To Have and Have Not—A Hemingway novel with a William Faulkner screen treatment, which emerges largely Humphrey Bogart. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; through Thurs., Nov. 30.)

Wilson—Not dynamite by any means, but lively and full of showmanship. Darryl Zanuck throws the works at you, including Technicolor, and is warmly sympathetic to the League of Nations and its late champion, played by Alexander Knox. (Victoria, B'way at 46. . . . Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Mon., Nov. 27.)

Wing and a Prayer—Exploits of an aircraft carrier in the Pacific, with Don Ameche, Charles Bickford, and others, all male. Clean and untricked handling of a now familiar pattern. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., Nov. 23. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 28-29.)

Note—"V-1, the Robot Bomb," a short, workmanlike documentary film put out by the British, will be shown at all R.K.O. and Loew's theatres Tues. and Wed., Nov. 28-29.

REVIVALS

Alice Adams (1935)—The Booth Tarkington novel, with Katharine Hepburn and Fred MacMurray. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Dec. 1.)

All That Money Can Buy (1941)—From Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Nov. 25.)

Bachelor Mother (1939)—Ginger Rogers as a misunderstood shopgirl. With David Niven. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., Nov. 26-27.)

A Damsel in Distress (1937)—Comedy, music, and dancing, with Fred Astaire, Joan Fontaine, and Burns and Allen. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 28-30.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in a musical with Cole Porter songs. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Dec. 1.)

Holiday Inn (1942)—An Irving Berlin score sung by Bing Crosby and danced to by Fred Astaire. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Mon., Nov. 27.)

Kitty Foyle (1941)—Ginger Rogers as Christopher Morley's white-collar girl. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 25-27.)

The Long Voyage Home (1940)—John Ford's composite of some early O'Neill plays. Thomas Mitchell, John Wayne, and Barry Fitzgerald. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., Nov. 23.)

Suspicion (1941)—Hitchcock's version of Francis Iles' "Before the Fact." Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 28-30.)

They Knew What They Wanted (1940)—The old Sidney Howard drama of life on a California grape ranch. Carole Lombard and Charles Laughton. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Nov. 29-30.)

This Land Is Mine (1943)—Life in an occupied country, with Charles Laughton and Maureen O'Hara. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 28-29.)

Topper (1937)—The Thorne Smith novel. Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Billie Burke, and Roland Young. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Fri., Nov. 24. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., Nov. 29. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Nov. 24-26.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M.; Sun.

PRIVATE ENTERPRISE—*(continued)*

THE BANK
48 WALL STREET

New York's First Bank
Established 1784

Personal Trusts
Since 1830

Faith in the Future

"The possibilities for production in the world ahead are fantastic: the greatest pent-up demand in modern history, the greatest productive capacity ever known, the most enlightened scientific force, the greatest amount of genius and invention.

"Best of all, a generation of youth, blessed as never before, with ingenuity and courage; millions of young men learning in the hard school of war how to meet emergencies with the tools at hand, how to improvise, how to overcome terrifying obstacles, how to press forward, not only against a ruthless enemy, but against the elements and the terrain; how to endure hardship; how to sacrifice; and, most important of all, how to win.

"Our nation was created by men of faith... sustained by men of faith today in the midst of battle. There will be jobs for all if the men of faith have their way."

—HENRY J. KAISER

BANK OF NEW YORK

48 *Wall Street—New York 15*

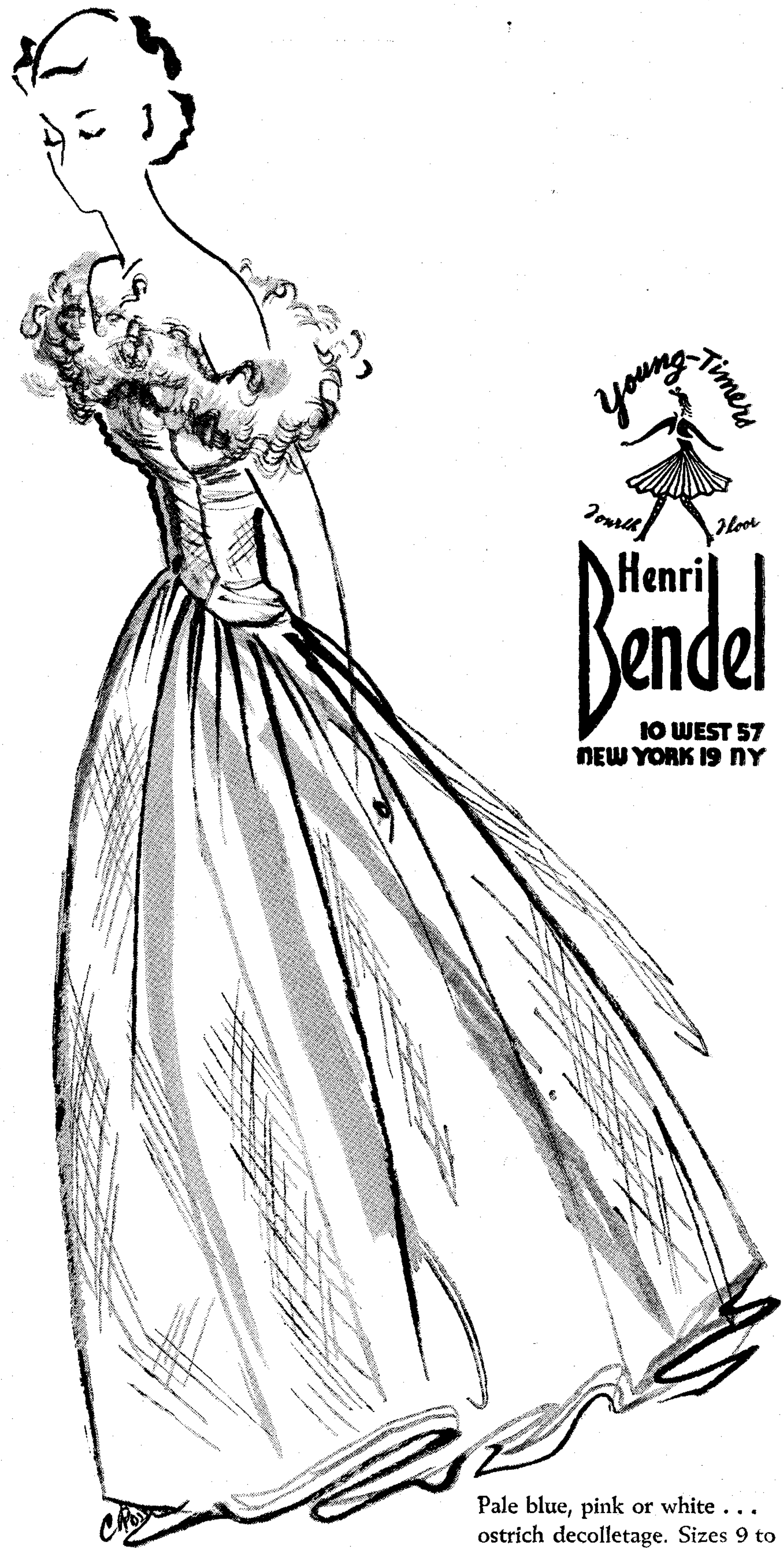
UPTOWN OFFICE: MADISON AVENUE AT 63RD STREET

Commercial Banking

Executor and Trustee

Young-Timers frolic in a foam of rayon net over rustling rayon taffeta

39.95



Young-Timers
Fourth Floor
Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

Pale blue, pink or white . . .
ostrich decolletage. Sizes 9 to 15.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 2 and 4:30 P.M.; and Thanksgiving Day at 1:30, 3:30 and 5:30 P.M., on the following schedule—**THROUGH SUN., NOV. 26:** "Sierra de Teruel" (1938), Spanish film of the civil war, directed by André Malraux; no English titles. . . . **FROM MON., NOV. 27:** "Love Finds Andy Hardy" (1938), with Mickey Rooney and Lewis Stone.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE,** 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300): men and women to take an eight-hour course and then work three hours, twice a week, assisting psychological examiners in various vocational guidance agencies; women to work two or three half days a week as assistants in nursery schools. . . . **RED CROSS,** 315 Lexington, at 48 (MU 4-4455): women to take a short course and then work at least two days a week in the Red Cross Canteen Service; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. (For nurses' aide work, apply at 401 5 Ave., at 37.). . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES,** 11 E. 58: women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies (RE 7-3700); women to work at least five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores (PL 3-6487). . . . **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND,** 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): men to put in as many day or evening hours as they can spare working as nutrition aides, orderlies, and at various other necessary jobs; women to serve at least six daytime hours a week as dietary, clinic, ward, or surgical-supply aides.

SIXTH WAR LOAN DRIVE—The War Bond campaign is on, and the C.D.V.O., 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300); and the A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487, Ext. 17) are recruiting volunteers who can work daytimes or evenings, once or twice a week, canvassing, working in Bond booths, or doing clerical work in connection with the drive.

SALVAGE—Wastepaper (very important right now) and tin cans of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily-handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instruction to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8). . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and overseas units. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for furniture, radios, records, pocket-size books, and foreign-language and travel books. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); the A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33); and Bundles for America, 2 Park, at 33 (MU 5-1976). . . . Books, magazines, and puzzles are needed for service men in American hospitals; contributions should be sent to the Manhattan C.D.V.O., 155 E. 44 (MU 2-7370). . . . The American Committee for the Yugoslav Relief Ship (LE 2-5472) is collecting warm clothing, bedding, and tinned foods to be sent abroad. Contributions should be sent to the organization's offices at 58 Park, at 38.

EXCITING AS THE RACE IN "BEN HUR"!

THERE was an expectant hush. Then, out of the darkness of this June night in 1908, flashed a scene of breath-taking action.

A "spectacular" sign had been erected on the old Wonderland Building, to give Detroit its first glimpse of the Model "T" Ford.

"Watch the Fords go by!" the message read. And in the light and color of 2000 twinkling electric bulbs, a Ford touring car appeared to race along the Grosse Pointe shoreline. The wheels turned, scuffing up clouds of dust. The scenery shifted constantly. The veils of the women passengers streamed in the breeze. The crowd in the square began to cheer. "It's exciting as the race in 'Ben Hur'," said an onlooker. The newspapers thought so, too.

"Hour after hour," wrote one reporter, "the auto hurried, defied speed and natural laws alike, every instant seemingly on the verge of tipping into space down in the street below."

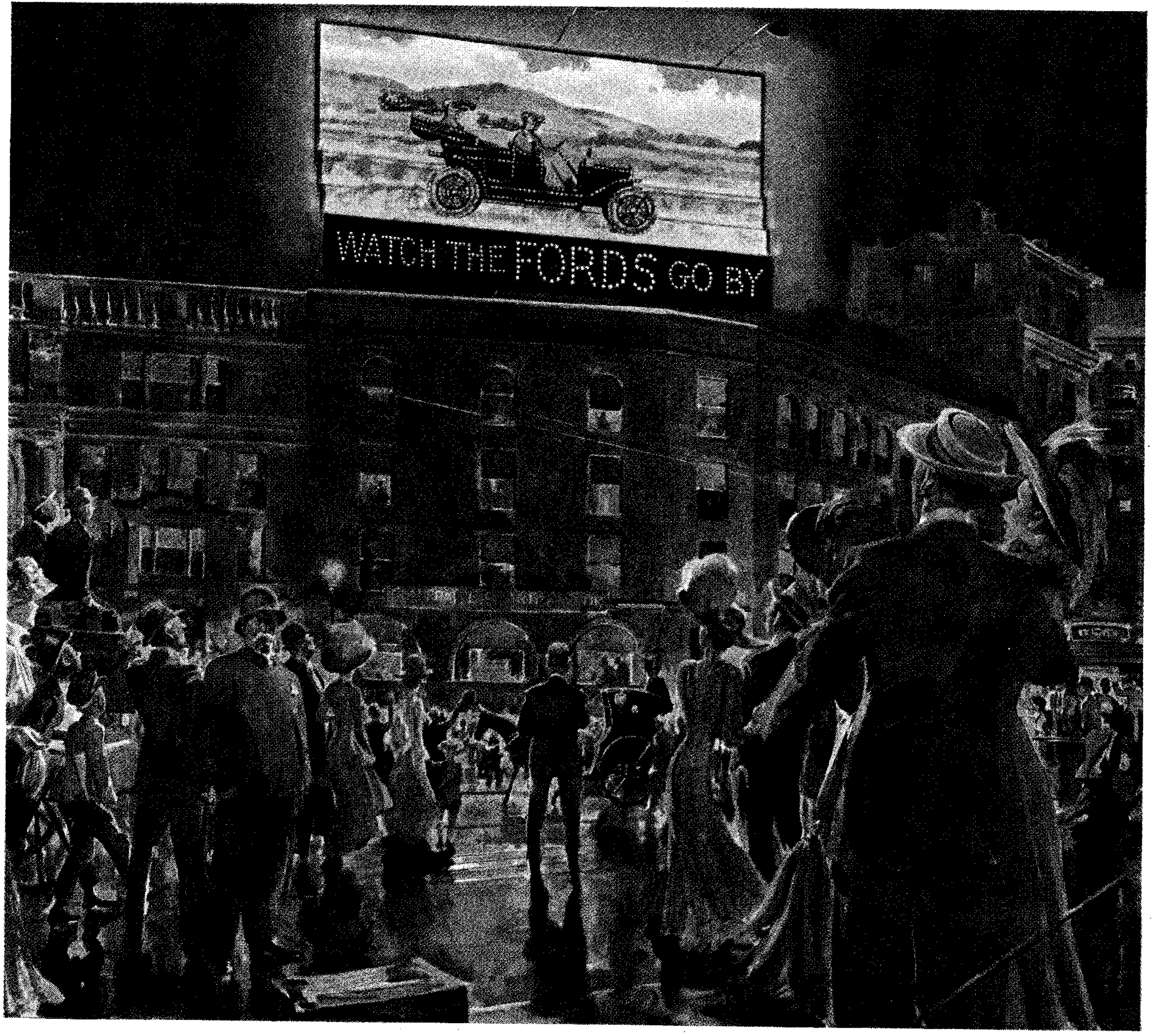
From that far-off day to this, people all over America have continued to "watch the Fords go by". They have watched the total mount to 1 million in 1915—to 15 million in 1927—and on up to 30 million.

They have seen these Ford cars and trucks shrink distances and help increase the productivity of the nation. They have seen them wipe out the traditional barriers between city and country, between mountain and plain, and help spread more uniformly the advantages of American culture and opportunity.

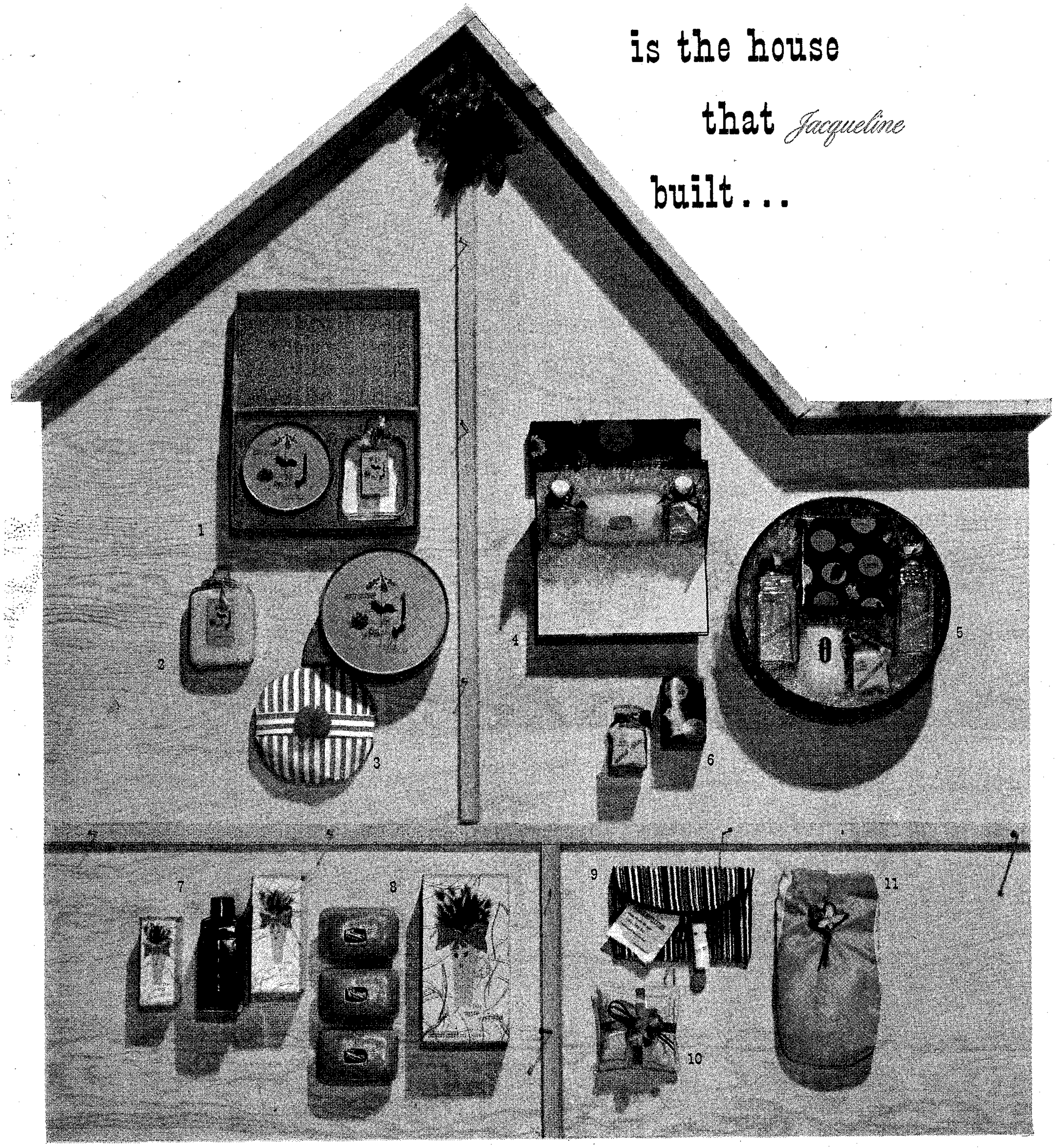
One day, there will be new Ford, Mercury and Lincoln cars. Like their predecessors, they will benefit by the energetic skills and resourceful engineering which are a Ford trade-mark. They will be exceptionally comfortable cars, reliable and economical . . . priced within reach of the greatest number. *But beyond that, their styling will be so advanced that it will be a perfect match for their quality leadership.*

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Ford


WATCH THE FORDS GO BY

this is the house that *Jacqueline* built...



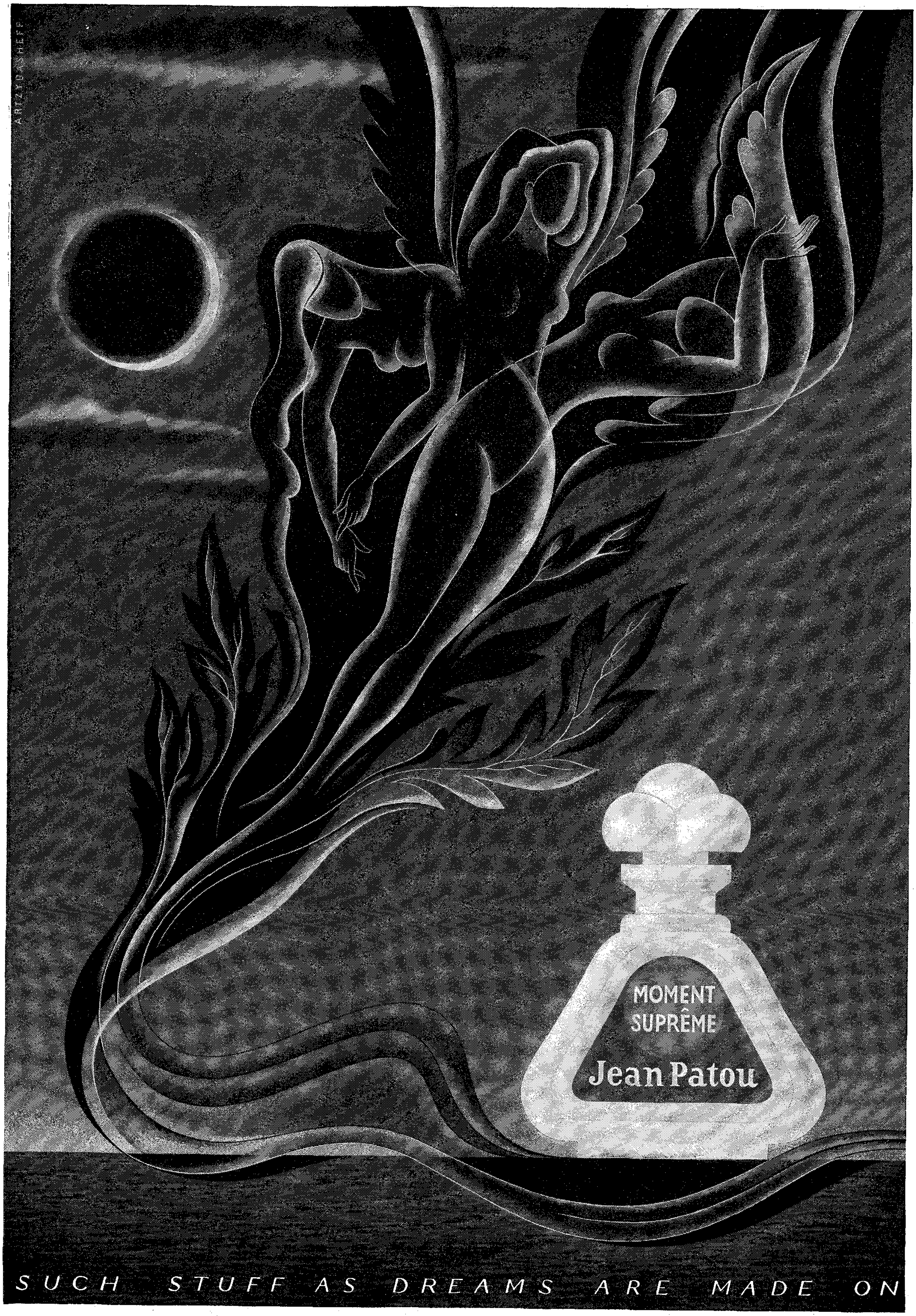
1 merry-go-round twin . . . 2.00 plus tax
2 merry-go-round body lotion . . . 1.00 plus tax
3 merry-go-round puff . . . 1.25 plus tax

4 jacologne trio . . . 2.75 plus tax
5 jacologne flower garden . . . 9.75 plus tax
6 jacologne body sachet . . . 2.50 plus tax

7 pine bath bubbles . . . 2.00 and 1.00 plus tax
8 pine bath soap . . . 3 cakes boxed, 2.00

9 purse kit . . . 1.75 plus tax
10 sachet pillows . . . 2.50 plus tax
11 bath mitt . . . 2.00 plus tax

Jacqueline
COCHRAN


ARTZYBASHEFF
MOMENT
SUPRÊME
Jean Patou
SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE ON

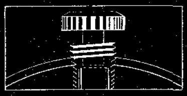
Beauty

and

Protection

now go hand in hand

Rolex watches are purchased by fastidious men and women throughout the world for their beauty of design, exquisite workmanship and precision time keeping . . . Of equal importance to the discriminating purchaser, is the fact that in the famed Oyster Group it is our exclusive privilege to offer, the nearest possible attainment to perfection in waterproofing . . . The simple stem-locking device, a patented Rolex feature, is so designed that properly set, it assures complete protection of the precision mechanism within . . . Today, Rolex watches are assigned by priority to the armed forces; however see your local Rolex dealer; he may have one in stock. Priced from $87.50 to $500.

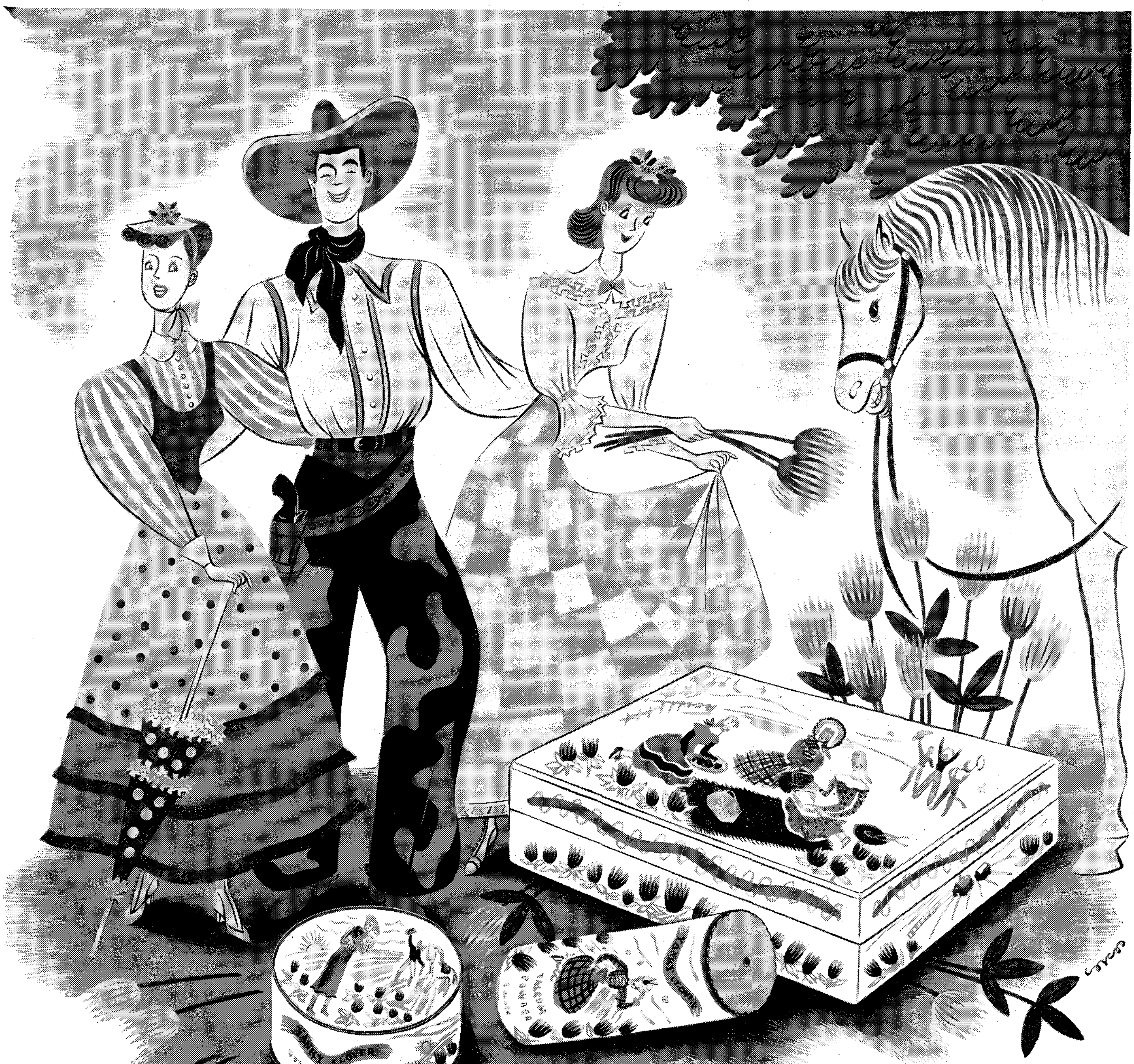


The patented Stem Locking Device . . . . an exclusive waterproofing feature of ROLEX OYSTER.

ROLEX

The Masterpiece of Watch Craftsmanship

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY QUALITY JEWELERS



RICHARD HUDNUT

Yanky Clover · has a new dress!

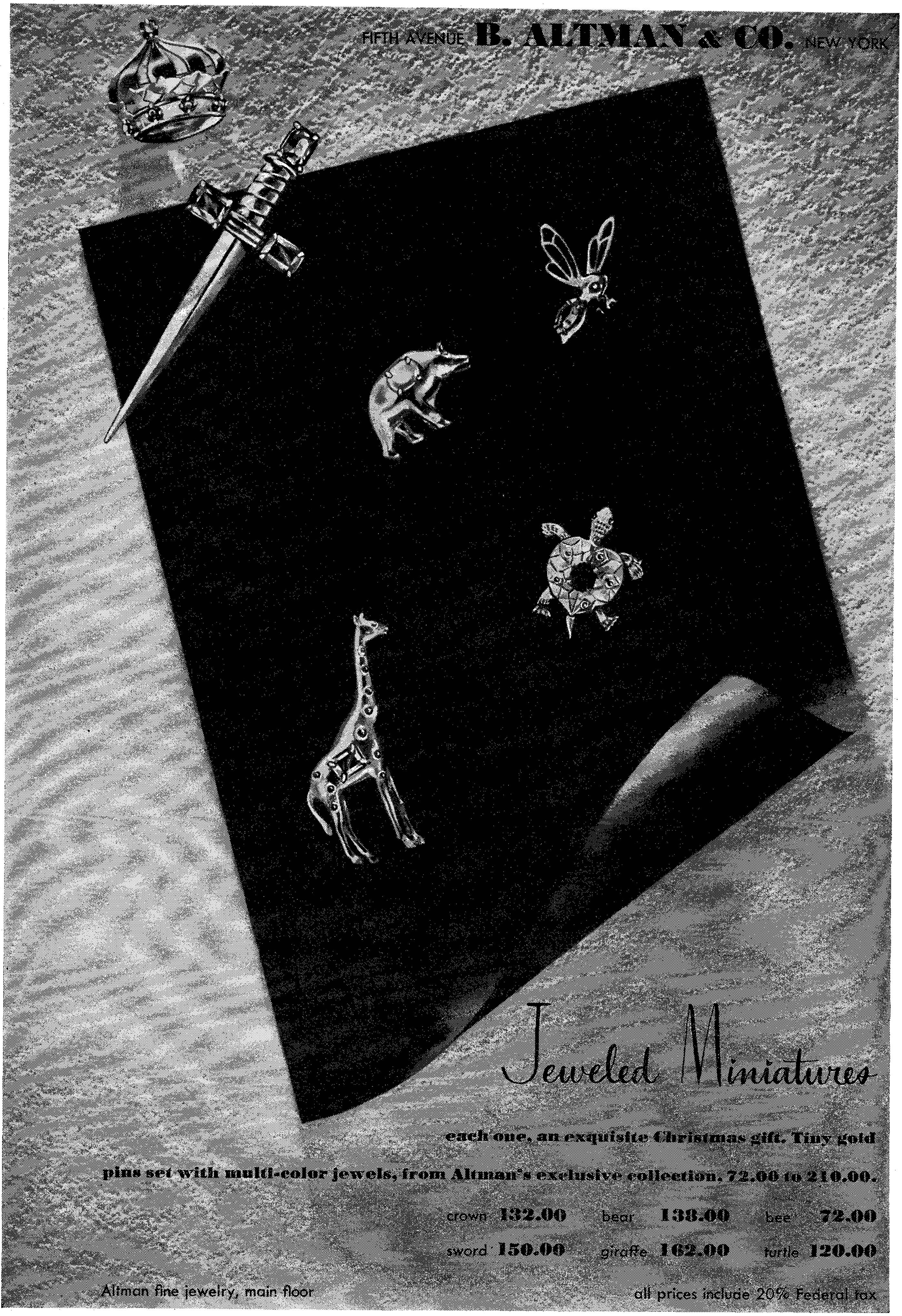
YANKY CLOVER...meadowsweet scent of the countryside...one of America's best-loved fragrances...has a new dress as romantic and expressive of American country life as Yanky Clover itself!

These new packages have the sunny warmth of the era that inspired the nation's musical hit "Oklahoma!" Perfume...toilet water...dusting powder...$1 each, plus tax...singly or combined in sets for Christmas giving...all fresh and fragrant with Yanky Clover.

If you have difficulty in finding these new packages, remember that Yanky Clover in old or new wrappings smells as sweet.

Richard Hudnut

FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK



Jeweled Miniatures

each one, an exquisite Christmas gift. Tiny gold pins set with multi-color jewels, from Altman's exclusive collection. 72.00 to 210.00.

crown	**132.00**	bear	**138.00**	bee	**72.00**
sword	**150.00**	giraffe	**162.00**	turtle	**120.00**

Altman fine jewelry, main floor

all prices include 20% Federal tax

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

Reëmployment Note: One veteran we have just heard of, back from the wars via four or five hospitals, is trying to decide between two offers of positions: a job helping index a revised Encyclopædia Britannica from "A" to "M" and one of the rôles opposite Mae West in "Catherine Was Great."

We know several ways of relieving the paper shortage. One way is to omit from the *Congressional Record* the poems of Horace C. Carlisle. Mr. Carlisle, not himself a member of Congress, seems to have become the official laureate of Capitol Hill. The haunting beauty of his lines pervades the *Record* as the chive pervades the salad. Such beauty is beyond price, but so is paper. It is conceivable that we might forego such lines as the following, which concluded a recent poem of his called "Uncle Sam's Girls":

God only can know what a great sacrifice
  Is made by these sweet human pearls—
O God! hear America's prayers, as they rise,
  For Uncle Sam's war-working girls.

A magnificent tribute to a group of incomparable women, but a threat to our vanishing forests.

A chivalrous gesture made by the Southern Bell Telephone & Telegraph Company of Florida the other day may turn out to be the greatest provocation to mass lawbreaking since Prohibition. A lady in Tampa wrote her husband, a lieutenant in Italy, that she didn't have a priority to get a telephone, and the husband immediately sent her an Italian phone, which the Tampa telephone company said it was willing to install, and did. Inasmuch as many of the telephoneless citizens we know have been speculating about what would happen if they called the telephone company and said, "I just happen to have a stray telephone. Will you install it for me, please?," we think this is an extremely dangerous precedent. We can't picture anyone so dim-witted or halt that he couldn't get at least one telephone the way the lieutenant in Italy may easily have got his—by grabbing it off a desk or a wall somewhere—and livelier and more imaginative characters should be able to round up an instrument for every room in the apartment. God help the business firms in telephone-shortage areas, and when the time comes that the telephone-company executives get to their own desks in the morning and find only a frayed end of wire where their telephone should be, they'll wish they had exercised foresight instead of chivalry.

The Japs, we recall, renounced baseball a long time ago, proclaiming it unmanly or un-Japanese or some such, but when their big general, Yamashita, was made commander-in-chief in the Philippines, they went daringly into baseball talk, announcing in an English-language broadcast that Japan has "a capable leader for the decisive game of the World's Series now being fought on the Leyte grounds" and that Yamashita, a "home-run hitter" who "knocked the British for a loop," is resolved to "knock another homer . . . against the choice of the American League, 'Dugout' MacArthur." Friend or foe, no foreigner has ever succeeded in handling American baseball talk without making himself ridiculous. The studious Japanese effort is only slightly better than average. Nevertheless, it may be evidence of a desire to learn, and the best thing we can think of to help the Japs' education along is to call their attention to the possibilities of other American sports slang. In the language of football, for example, MacArthur has a line that they can't dent and a backfield they can't stop, and has the ball on their twenty-yard line. In track-meet language, the Japanese appear to be pretty good in the sprints but can't last out the distance events. In the language of prize-fighting, they are going to take a terrible licking and they better be ready to throw in the towel.

We have been wondering whether debunking is worth bothering with at all ever since last Monday, when we received a batch of propaganda from our old friend E. Haldeman-Julius, the Kansas idol buster. In it was a copy of the Haldeman-Julius monthly paper, the *American Freeman*, which has a classified-ad section. The Haldeman-Julius reader can now obtain, we discovered, information on the cause and cure of all diseases ($1); an assortment of art pictures and glamour girls ($1); the secrets of theatrical mind reading ($1); a beautiful correspondence magazine, with sixteen pages of descriptions, photographs, and addresses (25¢); the details of preserving and puncture-proofing tires with plastic (3¢ stamp); samples and catalogues of "adult" books (10¢); three formulas for gasolineless fuel that will double any car's mileage ($1); the secrets of becoming a lightning calculator (50¢); and sealed particulars on a nationwide sweetheart-finding service for refined men and women (free).

E. Haldeman-Julius has been debunking God, religion, capitalism, orthodoxy of various sorts, and everything else ever since we got into long pants. By now, you would imagine, his loyal readers would be the most completely debunked group of people in the whole world, free-thinking, worldly, sales-resistant, their minds vibrant and overflowing with truth. Yet they seem to be the same old suckers they were when E. Haldeman-Julius started off with them thirty years ago. How in the world can you explain a thing like that?

Chairman of the Board

THERE are six full generals on active duty in the United States Army, but very few people can name them all. Most everybody can name five—Marshall, MacArthur, Arnold, Eisenhower, and Stilwell—and then is stumped. The sixth is Malin Craig, usually a stumper even to military men. General Craig has been on active duty since September, 1941, when he came out of retirement to be made chairman of the Secretary of War's Personnel Board, which he still is. As such, he has been responsible for, among other things, passing on officers' promotions and civilians' applications for commissions, and his organization has come to be known, among those who know it at all, as the Craig Board. General Craig is a tall, bald, bespectacled, soldierly man of sixty-nine, who has been a four-star general since 1935. He automatically acquired that rank when he was made chief of staff. Craig succeeded MacArthur, who retired from that post and went to the Philippines, and on *his* retirement was succeeded by Marshall. The first name is pronounced *May*-lin.

Craig spent his retirement playing golf and, for a brief period, acting as a director of C.B.S. His military career includes service in China, the Philippines, France (as chief of staff of a corps in 1918), the Canal Zone, and Cuba, to which he was dispatched a couple of months after his graduation from West Point. He is a revered figure at the Military Academy because, while an undergraduate, he kicked a field goal from about the fifty-yard line of a football field and later pitched a no-hit, no-run baseball game. The Chicago Orphans (the Cubs of that period) tried to sign him up after that, but he stuck with the Army. Scholastically he was less prodigious; stood just about the middle of his class. His father was an Army officer, he married an officer's daughter, his son is a colonel, and his kid brother is a major general commanding a division in Europe. Craig has handfuls of medals from various countries, and his full-dress uniform, as we said some weeks back, is the flashiest in the wardrobe of any of our full generals, who are permitted to design their own. It is of blue broadcloth and it is embellished, to name only a few of its dazzling features, with two rows of twelve gold buttons; sleeves ornamented with black velvet, gold oak leaves, and silver stars; a gold-embroidered collar; a belt studded with more gold oak leaves; and a lemon-yellow sash.

General Craig's most publicized achievement during his tenure as chief of staff was his somewhat extracurricular, and efficient, handling of the Ohio River flood disaster in 1937, and one of his most important acts was bringing Marshall to Washington in 1938, on General Pershing's recommendation, and making him assistant chief of staff. Craig was commissioned in the infantry but was transferred to the cavalry just before he was sent to Cuba. He believed in tested military doctrine and was sometimes thought unduly conservative by all-out proponents of the tank and the plane. In his annual report for 1937, he said that these weapons were valuable auxiliaries but would never bring about a decision in land operations. This theory was borne out at Cassino, Aachen, etc. When he became chief of staff, it was announced that the year before he had secretly managed the biggest transfer of gold in history, a three-day, twenty-eight-trip job involving the shipment by rail of $2,600,000,000 from San Francisco to Denver. That was a lot of money in those days.

Incidentally and technically, George Washington was not the United States Army's first full general. He was General and Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army, but he was never formally made a general of the United States Army. Grant was our first four-star officer, and he was not given the rank until after the Civil War, when a special law was enacted. Sherman and Sheridan subsequently were made full generals. Then Congress did away with the rank, and did not revive it until 1917, when it was bestowed upon Tasker H. Bliss, chief of staff, and on Pershing, who commanded the first A.E.F.

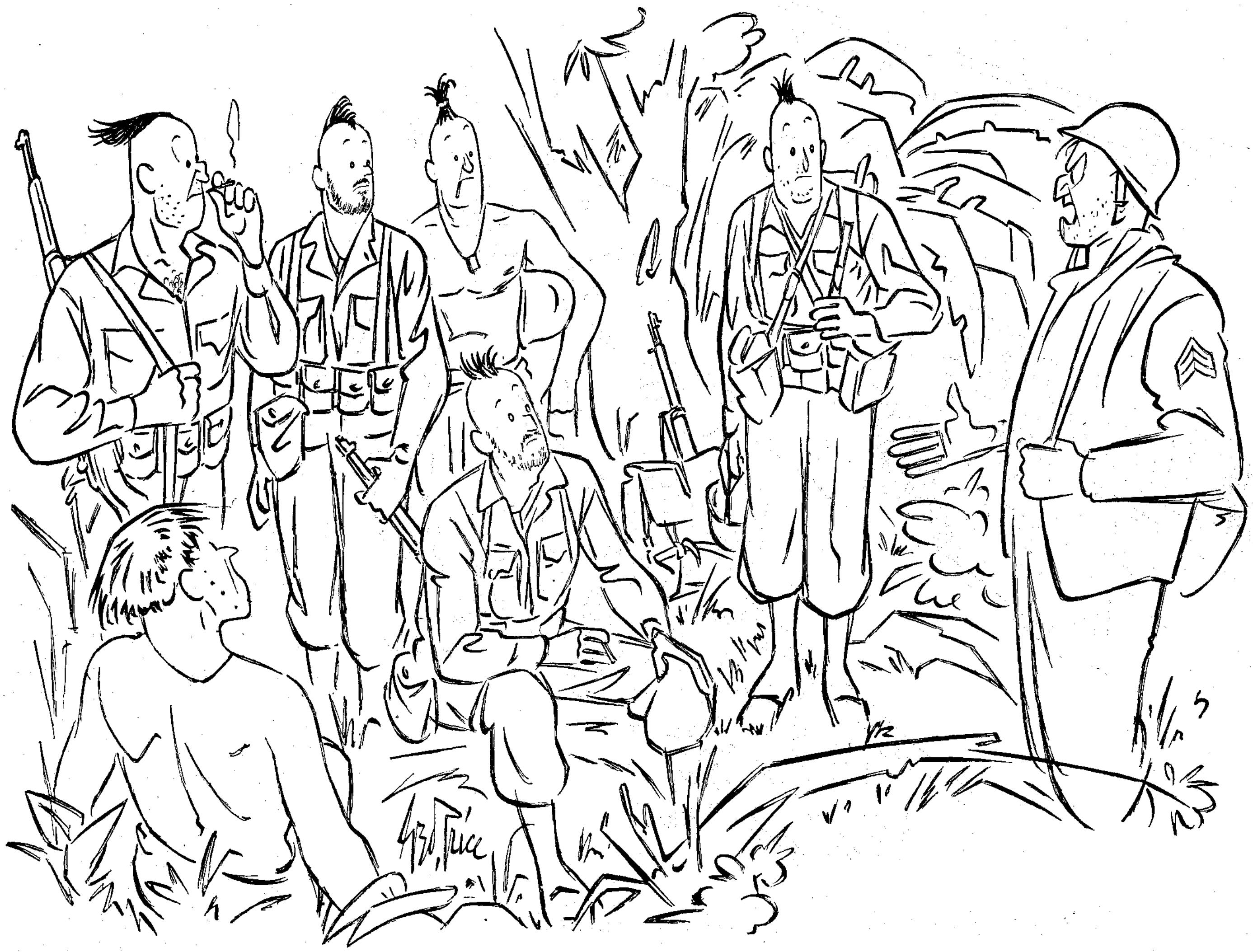
Pershing was later promoted to General of the Armies and, though now retired, he still is that. In fact, he has exclusive rights to the title. The complete roster of Americans who have attained the rank of full general also includes Peyton C. March, who succeeded Bliss as wartime chief of staff, and John L. Hines and Charles P. Summerall, chiefs of staff between the two World Wars. Bliss is dead and Hines lives in retirement in White Sulphur Springs. Summerall is commandant of the Citadel, a military school in South Carolina, and March, who has been inactive since 1931, usually is heard from in the press on his birthday, when he expresses his opinion of the current crop of generals. To conclude this little lesson, the crop at last count included thirty-seven lieutenant generals, as compared with a total of fourteen who had held that rank up to the start of this war. The last war was fought with only two lieutenant generals, and neither of them reached that rank until a month before the armistice.

Stubborn

A LADY we know ran into an old schoolmate the other afternoon and, after the usual protests and the usual reassurances, let herself be persuaded to accompany the schoolmate home to dinner. "Now, I'll just speak to Pearl a minute," the schoolmate said when they entered her apartment, and hurried into the kitchen. Our friend wandered uneasily about the living room, trying not to listen to the extended conversation in the kitchen. She couldn't help hearing, though, when at length the cook's voice rose an octave or two. "I keep telling you and telling you," she said. "People born in August gotta be led. No use trying to push. They gotta be *led*."

Silicone

"MORE damn fun" is how we would sum up the cocktail party given at the Engineers' Club last week to introduce to the press a new synthetic rubber called silicone. Credit for



"Another thing, men—stop patronizing these native barbershops."

• •

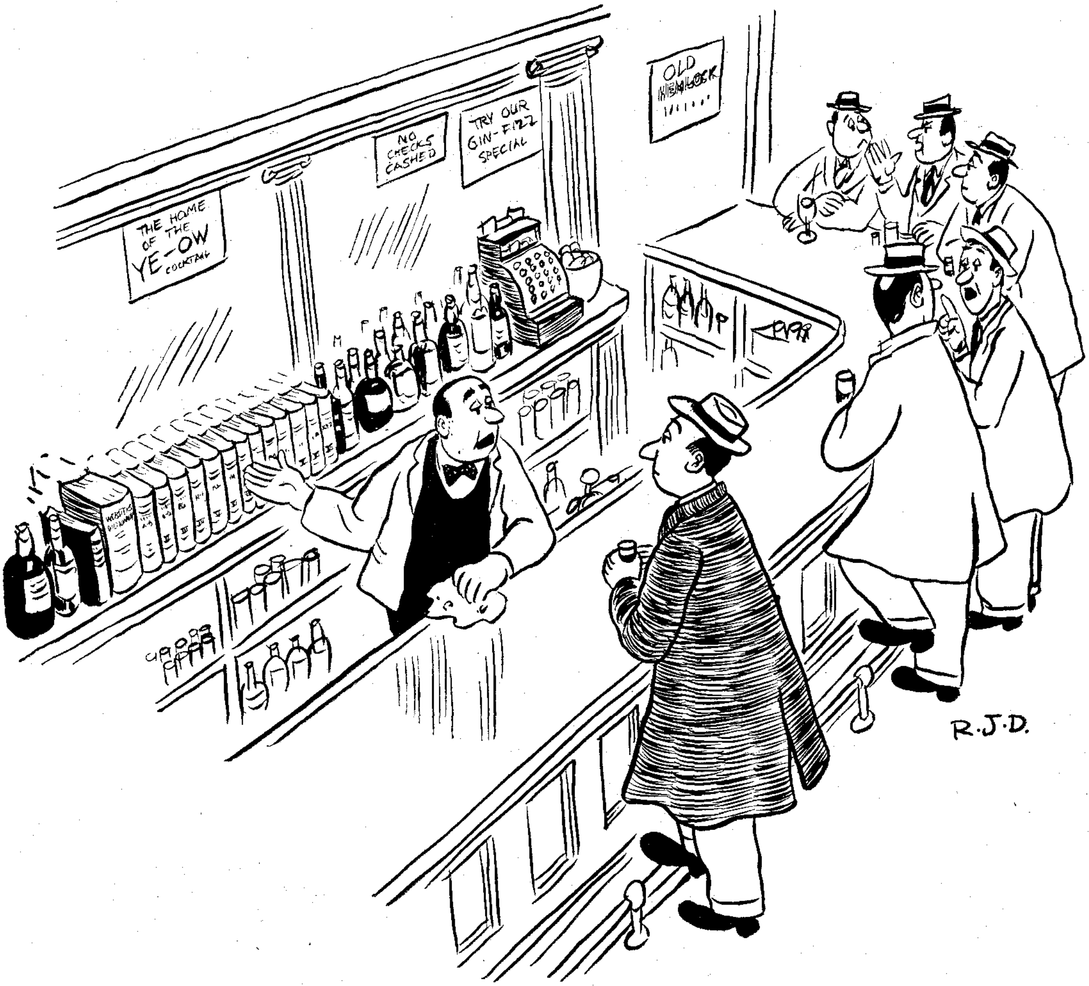
the discovery, and for the party, goes to General Electric. One by-product of silicone is a substance the chemists call "bouncing putty;" it is soft and pliable, like slightly underdone taffy. You can stretch it or work it into any shape you like. If you roll it into a ball, it will bounce—really bounce, like a golf ball. A Mr. Stokely, in charge of press relations, told us that silicone is the eighth wonder of the world. Along with everybody else present, we received a sample of bouncing putty and a Scotch-and-soda. This combination naturally made for some frivolous goings on. Some representatives of the press rolled their samples into balls and bounced them, and others pulled theirs into long, gooey strings. A couple of morosely sportive photographers began draping a General Electric chemist with strands of bouncing putty. "Cut it out, now, fellows," the chemist said, giggling nervously.

Horseplay had reached the point where the reporters were trying to stuff the putty into one another's ears when the assembly was called to order by Mr. Stokely, who introduced one of the research chemists responsible for the discovery of silicone. This gentleman announced that silicone would make it unnecessary to put the postwar garden hose away for the winter, since silicone is not affected by temperatures down to sixty below—or, for that matter, up to five hundred and seventy-five above. "And the ladies can use silicone rubber rings for canning again and again, year after year," he added. "You won't live long enough to outlive any silicone in your home." Another by-product of the process is silicone resin, which can be used for waterproofing. It seems to be General Electric's idea that the public may welcome waterproofed dishes, which don't have to be wiped; the water runs right off and you'd never know they'd been wet. Hundreds of uses have been thought up for silicone, but it is not good for automobile tires yet; low tensile strength.

The photographers, fired by Scotch and visions of the postwar world, finally pooled their bouncing putty and made a long string of it. "Hey, you—come on and jump rope!" one of them yelled at Mr. Stokely. Mr. Stokely shied away, and the photographers threw the string of putty up at an Engineers' Club's chandelier, from which it hung stickily. "Oh, boy!" yelled a chemist, tossing off a glass of Scotch. "Good old Generous Electric!" In one corner the press had started a game of jacks, using nickels for counters. We fell into conversation with a chemist who admitted that this was the first press party he had ever attended. "They said it would do me good to get out of the laboratory for a while," he sighed, "but I sort of wish I were back in Schenectady."

Moonlight in Egypt

MEN stationed in Cairo find that great pressure is brought to bear on them to go out into the desert to see



"It's our reference library—to decide arguments."

• •

the Pyramids by moonlight. A soldier friend of ours who did this reports that the Pyramids by moonlight were a fine sight but not as striking as something he saw on his way back to town. The car he was in overtook a caravan of camels, each of which wore a red tail light.

Our Own Baedeker

THE Hungarian language has given the English language very few words—in fact, all we can think of at the moment are "hussar" and "shako." "Goulash" is a German corruption of *gulyás* (pronounced "gooyash"), which means "cowboy," and, by extension, the stew he cooks over his campfire on the Nagy-Alföld, or prairie. Hungary has some of those quaint Central European betrothal customs; for instance, when an unmarried girl goes into the fields with a lunch pail for a harvester she offers him a vase filled with flowers and fruit, and if he accepts it and gives her a lump of sugar they're formally engaged. Practically every Hungarian woman you meet is named Ilona. Suffrage is extended to Hungarian women with rather elaborate restrictions: a woman may vote only if she's over thirty, and then only if she has at least three children, or if she earns an income, or if she has a college degree, or if she's married to a man who has graduated from high school. One out of every four Hungarians is a Calvinist. Ministers of all denominations are paid by the government.

The dominant race in Hungary is the Magyars, a determined people who kept the Holy Kingdom of Hungary geographically intact, except for one interval of a hundred and fifty years, for a thousand years, until, in 1920, two-thirds of it was broken up and parcelled out among Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania. The trouble with the old kingdom was that, besides Magyars, it contained Germans, Slovaks, Ruthenians, Serbs, Croatians, Jews, Dalmatians, Bosnians, and Illyrians, all of whom were firmly downtrodden by the Magyars. The new setup was ninety-three-per-cent Magyar. Central European history and politics are hardly the thing to get started on, so we will simply say that the Magyars' contribution to Europe in the Middle Ages was holding back the Turks for several hundred years. The Turks finally got in and dominated the region in and around Hungary for almost two hundred years, and then the Austrians and Poles drove them out and the Austrians took over Hungary. Under the Hapsburgs there was a good deal of cloak-and-sword stuff which needn't concern us here. Since 1921, Hungary has been a monarchy, with Admiral Horthy as regent, and we needn't bother about him, either.

Hungarians are nuts for paprika, which they sprinkle on everything, or eat just plain. Peasants carry felt wallets full of paprika, just in case. Other Europeans laugh at the Hungarians because they eat corn on the cob. Another Hungarian delicacy is a stew made of blue trout from Lake Balaton, which is the largest body of fresh water in Central Europe. Budapest, as you doubtless know, is really two cities, joined together by bridges over the Danube. Buda is the older, Pest the newer and smarter. If you want to be fancy, like a radio announcer, the proper pronunciation is Buda*pesht*. Budapest is a great place for boating and crew racing, and the waiters are polite there. Vilma Banky, Ferenc Molnár, and Alexander Korda are Hungarians, and Houdini was of Hungarian descent.

Orders

THE participation of the V-12s at Harvard in the Armistice Day observances in Boston was of course thoroughly covered by naval orders. They specified exactly what uniform was to be worn and even added, as seems to be customary on such occasions, "No garters." Filtering through the usual channels, these orders reached not only the men at Harvard but the Waves at Radcliffe.

Mr. Kopf

LAST Thursday afternoon we went to see Maxim Kopf—Dorothy Thompson's husband—just before the opening of his exhibit at the American

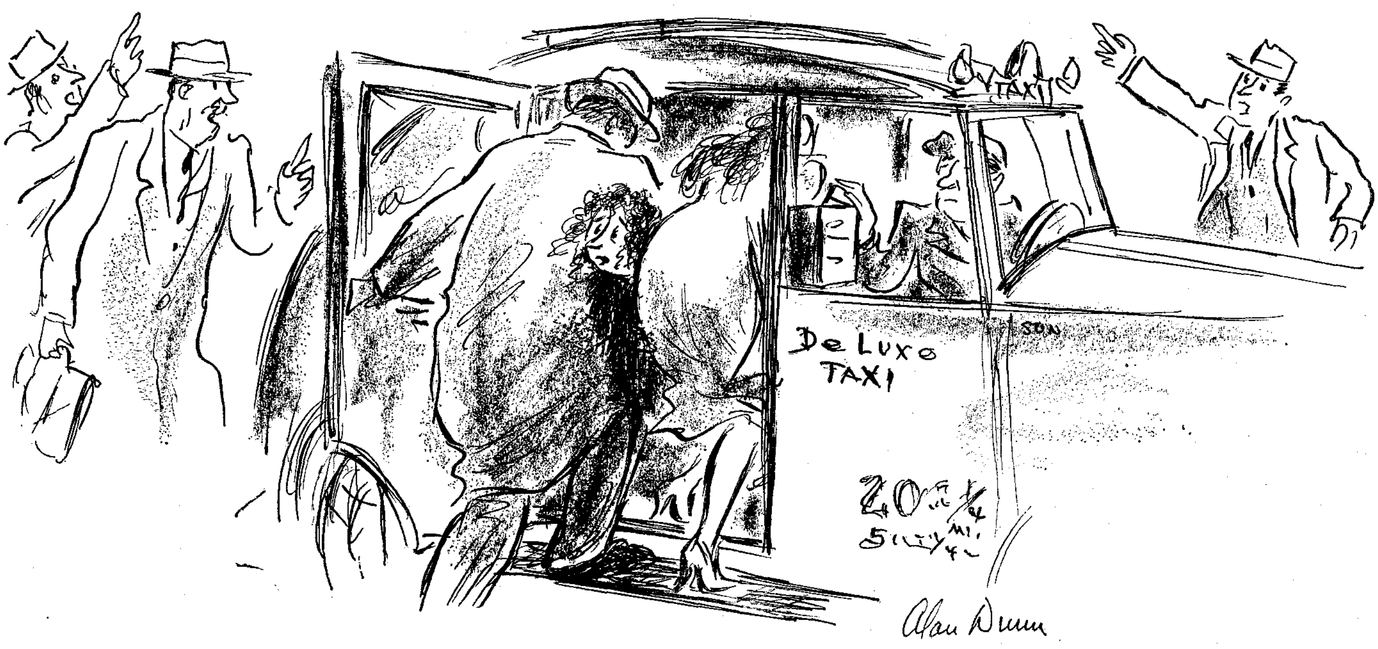
British Art Center. We found him surrounded by paintings in his studio on the top floor of the Kopf-Thompson house, in the Turtle Bay section—a tall, robust, restless fellow with deep-set eyes, wearing a silk scarf, a blue shirt, and brown trousers. Mrs. Kopf was there, too, in a blue dress and high-heeled silver shoes. "Max painted all these pictures during the past year," said Mrs. Kopf. "All my life I have wanted to paint, but I have a distinguished anti-talent. Max, bring out the oysters and one of the Tahitians." Mr. Kopf placed two small oils on the floor in front of his easel. "Dorothy is proud of the pictures. I am scared to death," he said. "You see," said Mrs. Kopf, "the Tahitian figures are themselves still lifes, like the oysters, really. Max, one of the Vermonts." Max put a striking landscape on the easel. "In the summer Vermont is spinach," he said. "You see," said Mrs. Kopf, "how he captures Vermont in essence, captures its changing, wild, tempestuous moods." "On Vermont I have five pounds of white paint," said Max. "That wonderful old actress in the corner is my favorite," continued Mrs. Kopf. "The face lined with ages of grease paint, the eyes so heavy, so sad, like a clown's face, really. Max calls his Resurrection picture 'The Women Who Loved Him,' and for the Resurrection he went to Matthew 28-2—'And behold there was a great earthquake.' I thought I knew my Bible, but this passage escaped me or I had forgotten it. A mighty passage for a painting—explosive, mobile, intense. Max, 'The Women Who Loved Him'!" Max held up a large canvas. "I feel like a damned scene-shifter," he said.

Mrs. Kopf went downstairs to make a phone call, possibly to Churchill, and Max told us that he was born in Vienna and raised in Prague while they were both in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. He was wounded in the last war. He came to this country in 1923, to do scenic work for Ziegfeld; before he was through, he assisted in painting the figures for the murals in the Ziegfeld Theatre, now part of the Billy Rose Empire. "I saw those murals recently and they stink," he said quietly. During the twenties and early thirties he travelled a lot, studying art in Dresden and Prague and making three trips to the South Seas. "Tahiti!" he said. "Ah, Tahiti! I moved from island to island." Kopf was in Prague when Hitler took over. He at once removed all his pictures from their frames, rolled the canvases, and shipped them for safekeeping to an acquaintance in Stockholm. "The stinker sold fifteen of my paintings," he told us, "and not a cent for me. He writes that he will settle after the war. Bah!" Kopf escaped from Prague and went to Paris, and in the confusion attendant upon the declaration of war he was interned as an enemy alien. Five months later, he was released and went to Morocco, where he was interned again. In internment there he became a cook and cooked millions of pancakes. He managed to get released and reached the United States again in the summer of 1941. He is now a citizen.

Kopf feels that although artists in this country must struggle desperately for recognition, America is fertile soil for creative talent. "In Europe, art is like a cult," he said. "Some fellow paints a few pictures and right off his friends become hysterical and smother him with praise. Here, nobody gives a damn for years and years, but once a man gets good there are many to appreciate him." Kopf has seen many reproductions of pictures painted in France during the Nazi occupation, and they tend to depress him. "They are concerned today only with color and form," he said. "They are dead pictures." He has a violent antipathy to Germany and German art, a feeling which dates from his first visit to Dresden. "It was raining that morning, but pouring," he said, "and nonetheless a little man stood in the street washing the mailboxes because that was his job. They scrub and wash and clean, and they have no art. The German painter stretches his canvas and then says, 'I will now paint the world's most wonderful picture. People will look at it and *die!*' So he paints and paints and works and sweats and paints, and then somebody says, 'It's no good,' so he blames first the paint, and then the canvas, and then the brush, and then the Versailles Treaty, and then everybody but himself. In all things, they are that way."

Versatile

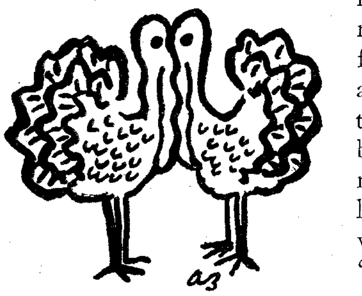
A FRIEND of ours hurried into one of those dismal little side-street bars for a between-the-acts drink and had the misfortune to catch the eye of a drunk who was brooding in one of the booths. The drunk picked up his drink and came right over. "Want someone to talk to, friend?" he inquired genially. Then, as our man looked doubtful, he added eagerly, "I'm willing to talk about anything."



MUSIC FOR THE STEWARD

NONE of us musicians aboard the Messageries Maritimes liner Porthos, on which, in 1929, I made several trips to the Far East as violinist and orchestra leader, knew for sure when Nam, our little Annamite cabin steward, had come aboard. As a rule, Annamites were employed as stateroom stewards, but we seldom had the same ones for a full voyage. Some would desert in nearly every port, and others would be taken on as replacements. There were various reasons for their desertion—dissatisfaction with the food, with their quarters, their treatment, their pay—but the main reason was that they believed that laziness was a virtue and that no male should work more than ten weeks a year. Once, in Saïgon, the *commissaire* had all the gangways guarded by armed seamen, but the Annamites simply jumped into the water and swam ashore. Those who deserted the ship in their Indo-Chinese home ports of Saïgon, Tourane, and Haiphong frequently would send their more active wives and daughters as deputies, and the *commissaire* and the *maîtres d'hôtel* would have a terrible time explaining to the ladies that all the jobs aboard were for men.

On one trip we musicians started out from Marseille with an ugly-faced, cadaverous Annamite steward, who amused himself by playing hide and seek with our slippers and putting the bass fiddle into the bathtub. Our orchestra consisted of Artie, a sloppy, thin, cheerful pianist from Yonkers; Etienne-Marcel, a kindly, dignified, white-bearded, sixty-two-year-old Belgian bass and golf player; and myself, as violinist and *chef d'orchestre*. We were supposed to have a cellist, not a bass player, but Etienne-Marcel had a friend at the hiring bureau, and that, he said, was more important than being able to play like Pablo Casals.



Neither Artie nor Etienne-Marcel nor I was of the orderly musician type, which is rare anyway, and by the time we reached Port Said our two connecting first-class staterooms, particularly the outside one, in which we slept, looked like a setting in a slapstick comedy. The Annamite didn't bother to make our beds, which were always covered with sheets of music, dirty socks, empty bottles, ties, and strings. We usually woke up in the morning with little pieces of colophony in our ears, and seldom went to bed without putting a foot into our tropical helmets, which the Annamite, following another of his odd whims, always put upside down on the floor in the middle of the room. We were never on time for our concerts because part of our equipment—it might be a few pages of music or one of Artie's shoes—was always missing. The Annamite steward was the offspring of a long line of famous basketweavers from Pnom-Penh, in Cambodia. To keep practiced in the family skill, he produced little ashtrays and match holders, eking out a meagre supply of straw with my discarded violin strings. Two days before we reached Singapore, the Annamite disappeared. So did my entire supply of A and D strings. Those of the passengers not entirely knocked out by the heat and too many gin slings were slightly surprised to hear me play nothing but Bach's "Air on the G String" at every performance, morning, afternoon, and evening, until we reached port.

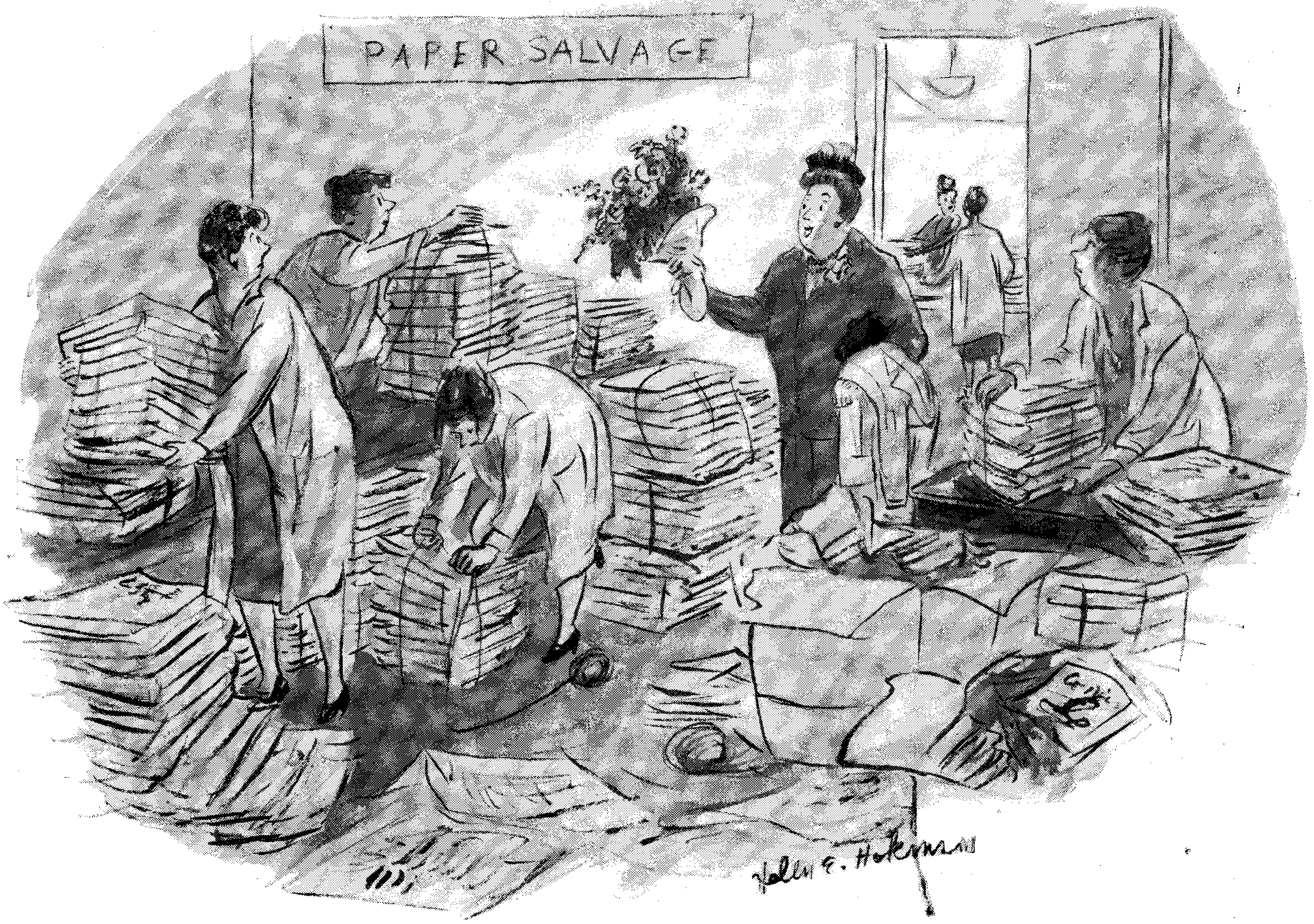
ONE morning, halfway between Singapore and Saïgon, Artie, Etienne-Marcel, and I came down to our staterooms after the apéritif concert. The cabins had been vacuum-cleaned, the beds made, the soiled laundry disposed of. The burned-out bulb over the mirror in the outside stateroom had been replaced. The bathroom was spotless and fresh towels hung from all the racks. The bathtub was filled to the brim and a little Annamite was peacefully lying in the cool water, whistling Dvořák's "Humoresque." He sat up, smiled at us, and introduced himself as Nam, seventh son of An-Ba, of Tourane, Indo-China. He said he had decided to work for us as cabin steward because he was mad about music.

Nam refused to say when and how he had come aboard. All we found out was that he had worked, in quick succession, half a day each in the kitchen, the dining-room pantry, for the second-class *maître d'hôtel*, and in the doctor's cabin. He hadn't liked any of those jobs and had casually quit. This wasn't difficult. To the European eye most Annamites look alike, and among the eighty on our ship it would have been almost impossible to keep track of any particular man.

Nam got dressed, cleaned the bathtub, and started polishing the brass knobs of the portholes, an unheard-of refinement. My colleagues got so excited that they proposed to keep Nam under guard inside the rooms so that nobody could steal this jewel from us. Artie said he wouldn't mind carrying down his food. Nam smiled a gentle, wistful smile and said there was no chance of hiding him because he was too well known among the other Annamites aboard. "I am," he said, bowing with poise, "*une personne bien connue*. My uncle is a member of the Superior Council at Saïgon. My grandfather was an adviser to Emperor Tuduc of Tongking."

Nam was frail and small and weak, with a melancholy, effeminate face and a finely shaped head. He had shiny black hair and very fine hands. Like most Annamites, he chewed betel all the time. Barefoot, always dressed in an immaculate steward's white uniform, he noiselessly slipped in and out of our cabins. He was always there when we needed him. He mixed Martinis and highballs, helped Etienne-Marcel with his tie, and was the first steward I'd ever had who didn't ruin my white shoes with cleaning fluid. We were the only people aboard the Porthos who had plenty of crushed ice in our thermos bottles every night, fresh bed linen twice a week, and a ladder for the upper berth, which Artie occupied, always in place when it was needed. Nam's fame as the perfect steward spread fast and the *maîtres d' hôtel*, the *commissaire*, and finally the *commandant* himself tried to steal him from us. Nam was the only person aboard to defy an order of the *commandant* and get away with it. He simply threatened to "go off" if he weren't allowed to work for the musicians. That settled the matter.

Among other things, Nam took care of our musical library. This was one of the orchestra leader's main duties, but beyond Suez, when the heat became intolerable and every superfluous movement meant utter exhaustion, I hadn't the strength to look after the music. The library, supplied by the steamship company, contained five hundred pieces—arrangements of opera arias, fantasies, overtures, chamber music, and dance music. In Marseille the music sheets were given to me neatly stacked in six



"I thought a few flowers would brighten up the place."

• •

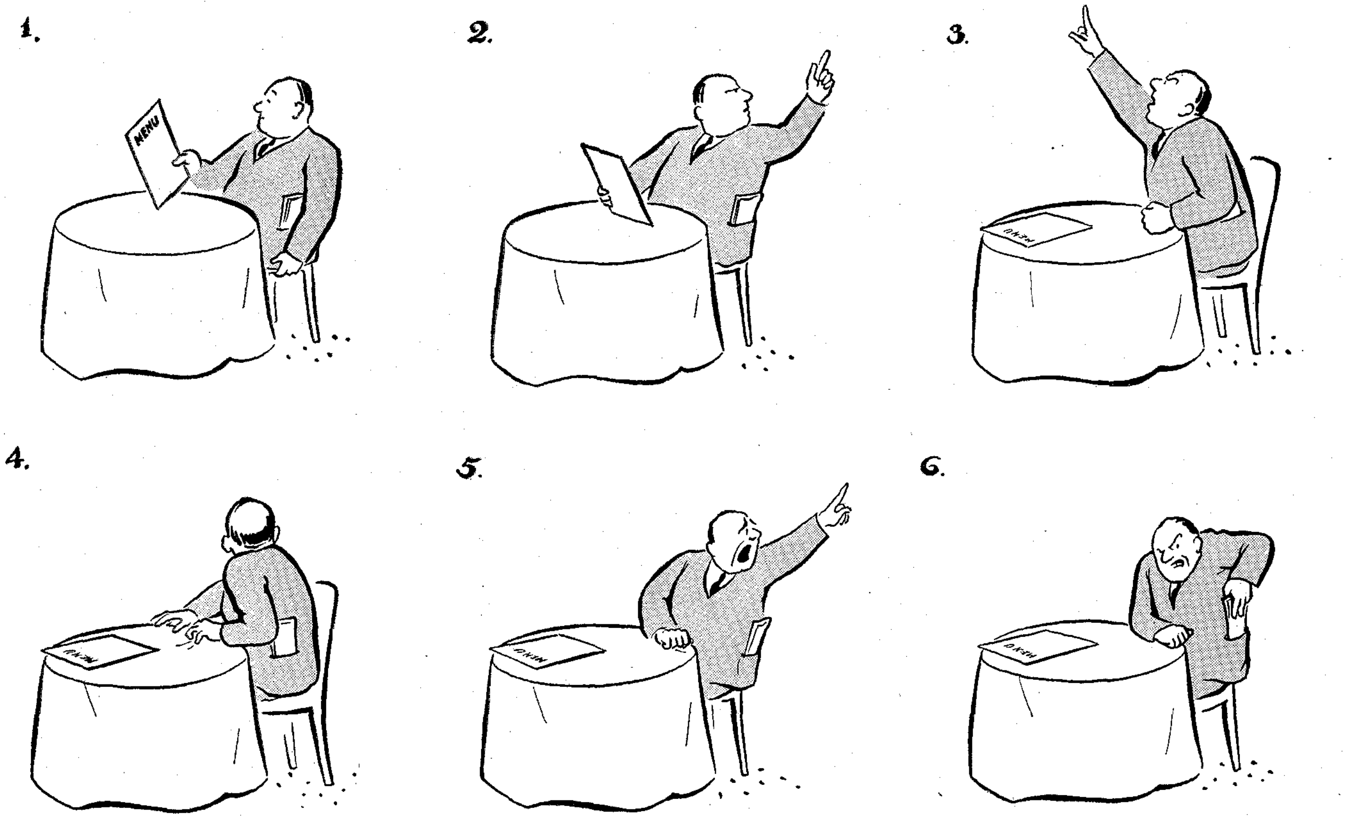
or seven files. By the time we reached the Gulf of Aden, we couldn't play "The Barber of Seville" overture because the violin part was missing. The two middle pages of "Schön Rosmarin" were gone too, and such an important piece as the "Lohengrin" third-act prelude couldn't be played because Nam's predecessor had torn the piano part into strips and stuffed the shreds into the crevices around the cabin doors to prevent the arrival of a certain tenacious species of bug which, in honor of the Porthos, we called the Musketeer.

Nam spent long hours putting the music in order—even torn-out pages were always put back in the right place—but he never told us how he had learned to read music. He was polite, efficient, and clean. He kept on taking his bath in our bathtub, and always left his tiny wooden sandals before the shower curtain. He slept in a corner of our inside cabin, which was used as a storage room for our equipment.

One evening before dinner, as Artie and I came into the corridor leading to our cabins, we heard strange and horrible sounds coming out of our rooms. When we entered the outer cabin, we found Nam standing in front of the mirror, holding my violin under his chin and trying to use the bow the way he had seen me do it. He was watching himself in the mirror with the fascination of a Moslem staring at the Great Mosque in Mecca, totally deaf to the ugly noises he was producing. The violin was much too large for him and he had to stretch and strain his arm to keep the instrument up. He blushed and smiled in his shy way when he saw us and then he made a confession. He'd come aboard because he hoped to be near the musicians and learn about music. He wanted to play the violin, the piano, and the clarinet. His family had no sympathy with this outlandish desire. "They would be horrified to know that I'm working here as *garçon*," Nam said. "I told them I was offered a scholarship and a free trip to France by the Ecole Française d'Extrême Orient. My people are very proud of their great past. But they are poor today. Most Annamites are poor since the French moved into Cochin-China, in 1862. I couldn't afford to take music lessons in Saïgon."

Artie, who was something of a skeptic, told Nam to forget these delusions of grandeur. "You are getting worse than the Russian émigrés in Shanghai," Artie said. "Soon every one of you will pretend to be Annamite noblemen."

Nam looked so deeply hurt that, in an effort to cheer him up, I offered to give him violin lessons. I didn't regret it. He was an amazing pupil. He worked so hard that I often feared he would drop to the floor, together with my violin. In Shanghai, at a little pawnshop, we bought him a cheap, three-quarter-size violin and an inexpensive bow. He was overjoyed when we made the presentation on our return to the



• •

ship. He held the instrument in his hands tenderly, as though it were a Stradivarius. *"Merci,"* he said, and once more, *"Merci!"* He went to the end of our corridor and began to practice. He practiced unceasingly for hours, until the passengers complained about the weird noises. After that, he carried his violin up to the bow of the ship. There he would sit huddled on a heap of rope and practice innumerable extended tones on all four strings, as I had shown him how to do. His bare feet would beat time to the monotonous rhythm of the waves breaking against the hull. By the time we arrived in Yokohama, he was able to play simple Sevčík finger and box exercises; by Hong Kong he could play the first nine bars of the "Marseillaise," and not too badly, either.

Nam missed very few of our concerts. Nearly every morning from eleven to noon, when we played in the open air for the apéritif crowd, and during the evening concert, from eight to nine, he came up on deck. He stood behind the piano and stared at me in intense concentration, trying to remember every movement of my fingers. He arranged with the first-class barman to help serve drinks and clean up the tables during intermissions. This made his presence on deck legitimate. When he especially liked a piece, he would raise his right thumb and forefinger and smile at us in grateful appreciation. His favorite piece was Dvořák's "Humoresque." He frequently asked us to play it, and when we did he would stand and listen raptly, his head tilted to the left.

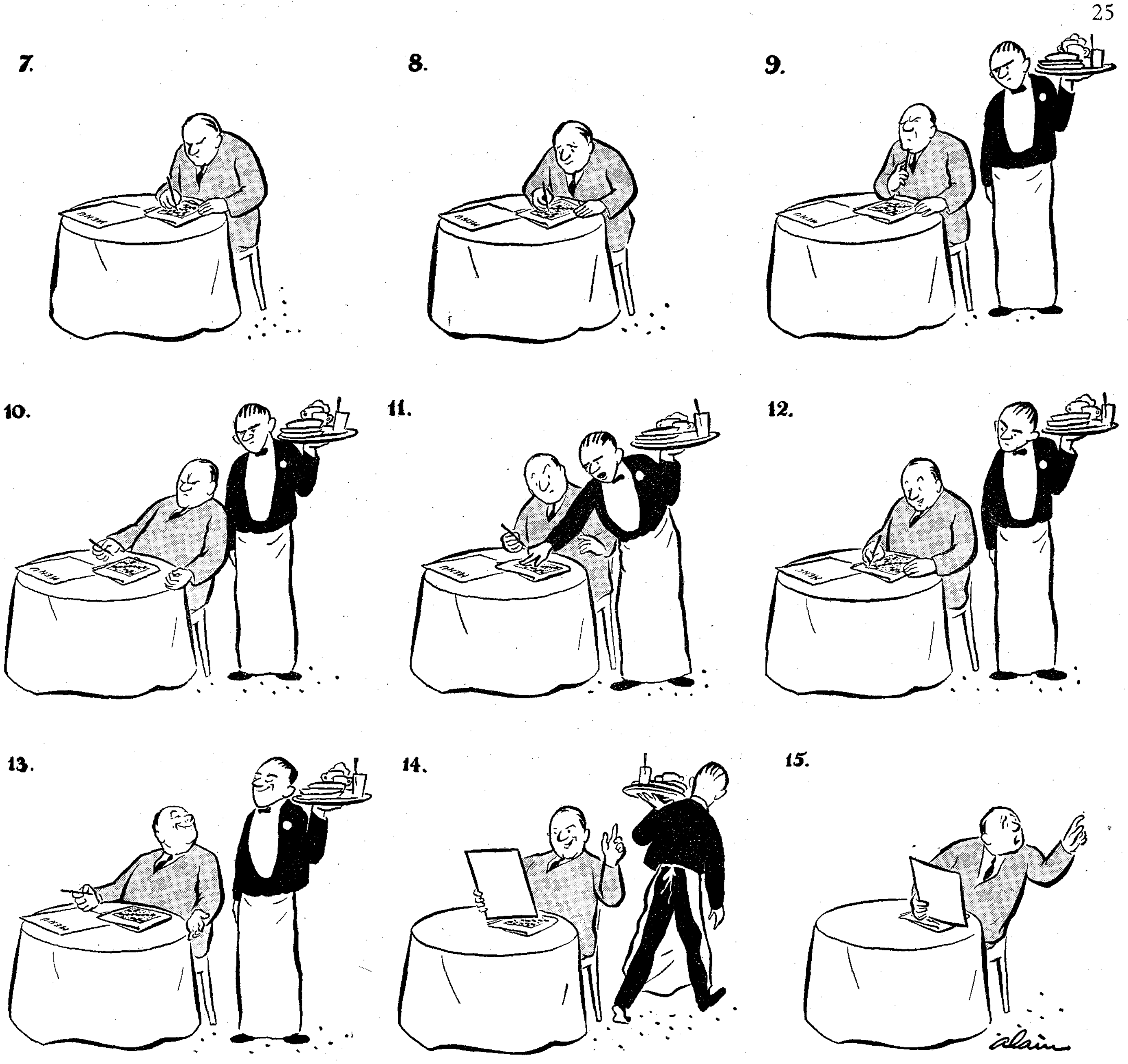
Shortly before we arrived in Saïgon, Nam announced that he would not be with us during the Porthos's stay in the harbor because he had to see his family. He packed his little violin and promised to be back before the ship sailed. We protested and pleaded, but to no avail. While the Porthos was being tied up to the pier in Saïgon, we looked everywhere for Nam but couldn't find him.

"He'll never come back," Artie predicted gloomily. Etienne-Marcel nodded and sighed. We went down to our staterooms. The water bottles were full of crushed ice and the bed covers were tight and without wrinkles. Etienne-Marcel lay down on his bed, then got up at once and straightened out his bedspread. Somehow, the room seemed desolate and empty. Artie pointed at the mirror and said, "That's where he always used to study himself when he played. His bowing was quite amazing. The other day he told me he was about to learn the third position."

Etienne-Marcel rubbed his white beard and said, *"Il était très gentil.* I wish we could play once more the Dvořák 'Humoresque' and see him raise his thumb and forefinger."

For a long time no one said anything. Then Artie sighed and suggested we all go to the hotel and have a drink. Etienne-Marcel said *merci,* he didn't feel like drinking. Artie and I went ashore. It was almost midnight, but the heat was still heavy and humid. Our rickshaw coolies gasped as they ran and big, dark sweat stains appeared on their light-blue garments. The boulevards were bordered by trees and the open-air cafés on the Rue Catinat looked *bien parisien,* with little tables and basketwork chairs under the awnings on the sidewalks, but *Le Matin* and *Le Petit Parisien* in the newspaper kiosks were thirty days old and the goods in the always-open stores were covered with mildew.

THE air-cooled bar of the big hotel was dim and wonderfully comfortable. Several white, ghostlike figures, showing the symptoms of advanced tropical decay, were slowly sipping whiskey-and-sodas. In the rear of the room a four-man orchestra was playing Toselli's "Serenade." The cellist, a man named Hohenfels, who had worked for me aboard the Messageries Maritimes liner d'Artagnan, got up and came over to shake hands with me. He was a tall, impressive-looking man in his forties, with sharp features and gray temples, and carried himself in a military manner. He had been a major in a



• •

famous Kaiser-Königliches Dragoner regiment, one of Austria-Hungary's most exclusive outfits in the first World War. After the armistice, he had faced the collapse of his world rather calmly. He had gone to Paris, given cello lessons, and at night played at the Grands Boulevards cafés. On Mondays he never accepted any *cachet* but played chamber music with three Sorbonne professors. After eight years of placid living, he had suddenly got restless and taken a job with the Messageries Maritimes. He and I made several trips together—to Tunisia, Réunion, Madagascar, China, and Japan. On one voyage a beautiful Russian girl had come aboard our ship in Singapore. Her name was Tanja and she was travelling to Saïgon with her father, who looked like the perfect anarchist. He had a black beard, bushy eyebrows, and burning dark eyes, and, since he seldom spoke, people suspected him of sinister brooding. His friends knew that he really was a kindly, bashful person who liked nothing better than to read popular medicine books and play golf. He wanted to live in England, which he said was one vast golf course, but he wouldn't leave his daughter alone in the Orient. Tanja had a very profitable dress shop in Saïgon. Hohenfels fell in love with Tanja and in Saïgon jumped ship. There was no music on the d'Artagnan until we reached Yokohama. There we picked up a Danish pianist who was working in a Yoshiwara geisha house and wanted to go home.

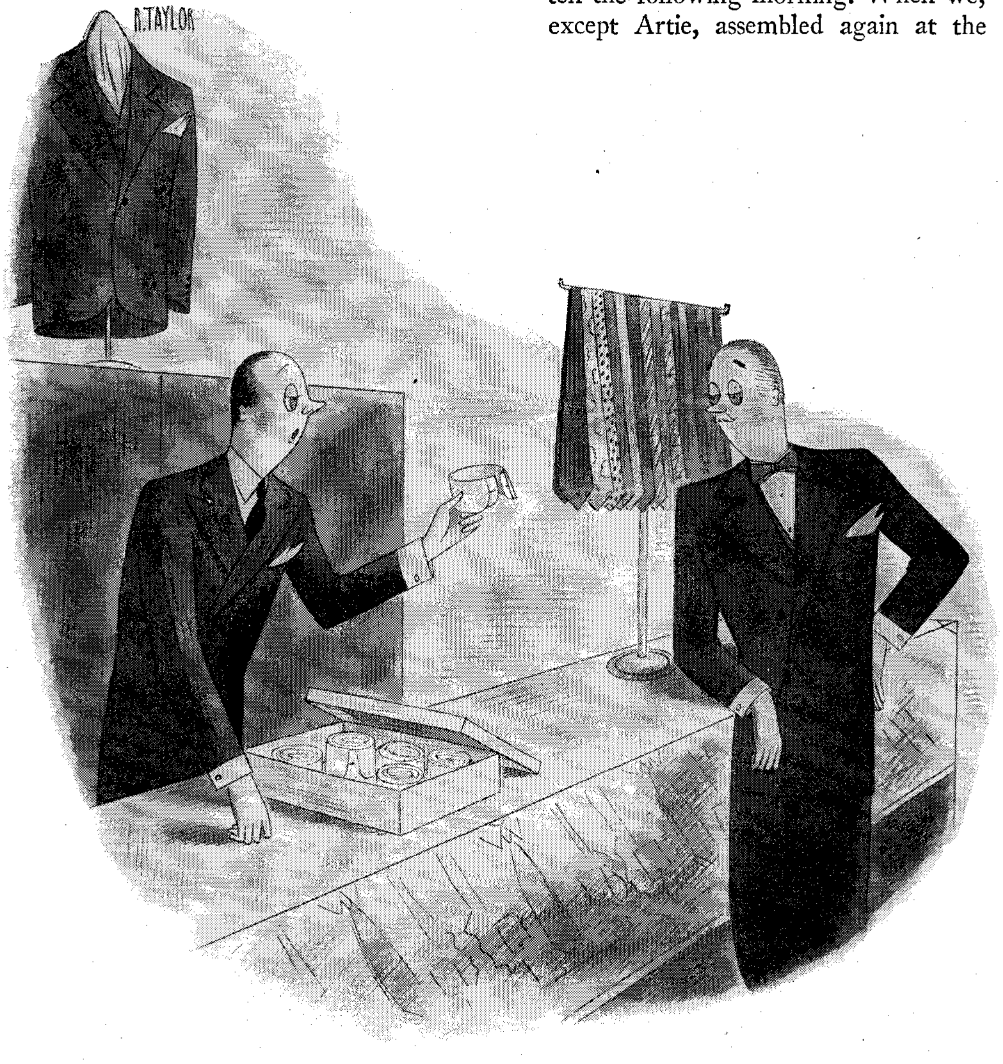
Hohenfels ordered drinks. We sat down next to the decaying colonials, who were visibly irritated by our high spirits. Hohenfels shrugged. "I've become the town's Public Outcast Number One," he said. "They can't forget that I was their enemy in the *Grande Guerre*. And they were shocked when I married Tanja. They are terribly afraid of her father. They think he's going to form a sabotage ring here in Saïgon which one day will blow up the Opéra. Poor fellow! He is so afraid of fire that he doesn't even use a cigarette lighter."

Hohenfels called the barman and we had more whiskey. He took his straight. His fingers were trembling. "The doctor talks of tropical neurasthenia and high blood pressure," he said, in answer to my questioning glance. "Actually, there's nothing wrong with me that a short walk wouldn't heal. I mean a walk from the Place de l'Opéra to the Madeleine, breathing that wonderful mixture of acacias, Pernod, and gasoline." He stared into space. "Last night I dreamed I was playing Schubert's 'Die Forelle' quintet. You have the craziest dreams in Saïgon. Where would I get here a bass player for the 'Forelle' quintet? There isn't one anywhere between Singapore and Shanghai."

Artie said, "There is a good one aboard the Porthos and he'd love to play the 'Forelle' quintet. And our *chef d'orchestre* here"—he nodded at me—"will play the viola part." Hohenfels uttered a high-pitched yodel, which he explained later had been the attack cry of his Kaiser-Königliches Dragoner regiment. He walked over and spoke to his musicians and then hurried out of the room. After a few minutes he came back with a dapper little man, whom he introduced to us as M. Berthold, manager of the hotel. Hohenfels was greatly excited. The following evening, he explained to Artie and me, his orchestra was scheduled to give a *concert classique* in the hotel ballroom, in honor of the Société Franco-Annamite, of which many prominent natives and the colony's leading officials were members. Instead of Bizet's "L'Arlésienne" suite, which was to have been the main feature of the program, he would play, with our help, the "Forelle" quintet. He said he could borrow a viola for me from a Saïgon physician who was an amateur musician. I cautiously ventured the opinion that this change in program might not meet with unanimous approval. Hohenfels shook his head. "On the contrary. Monsieur Berthold here is Swiss. He likes good music. Naturally, we can't pay you anything, but you three men will be guests of the hotel, American plan. You get the best rooms. The food is excellent."

"Does your American plan include drinks?" Artie asked.

I protested, but M. Berthold assured Artie that such an arrangement would be satisfactory. We broke up after agreeing to meet for a rehearsal at ten the following morning. When we, except Artie, assembled again at the appointed time, M. Berthold admitted that I'd been right in protesting against the too inclusive American plan. We found Artie sleeping under a table in the air-conditioned bar, in no condition to play the piano part of the difficult Schubert opus. We carried him upstairs to his room, and there was no rehearsal.



"I was going over the stock and found these. Do you think we ought to write Herbert Hoover for an offer?"

THAT night there was a colorful crowd in the ballroom of the big hotel—Cambodian women in blue and maroon silk dresses, noisy half-caste men, French officers in white uniforms, tired, patrician-featured French women in Parisian gowns. There were also a few Japanese men in atrocious cutaways.

The hotel's Annamite headwaiter beat a large Chinese gong and everybody sat down. There was a general spirit of fraternization in the audience. Annamite men were flanked by French officers and French women discussed the latest Paris fashion news with Annamite ladies. A high government official, representing M. Pierre Pasquier, *le Gouverneur-Général*, took his seat in the first row, next to a dignified old Annamite in a mess jacket. I noticed that a few seats in the first two rows were still vacant.

Hohenfels' orchestra played the "Marseillaise" and a couple of short pieces. Then Artie, Etienne-Marcel, and I took our places on the platform, together with Hohenfels and his violin player. Somehow, it seemed unreal to be playing Schubert's "Die Forelle" quintet in that Saïgon setting—the Annamite women with their jet-black teeth, the French officers, the heat, and the scent of tuberoses, hibiscus, and *nuoc-nâm*, the Annamite fish sauce that one smells everywhere in Indo-China. The large doors at one side of the ballroom were open, and our *pianissimi* were drowned by the sounds of the tropics from outside—the shouts of the coolies, the pad-padding rickshaws, and the noise of the crickets. Hohenfels was blushing with excitement, but he played very well. There was great applause after the first movement. We got up and bowed to the audience. By now the ballroom was crowded. The first rows were occupied by what seemed a group of socially prominent Annamites and important officials. I heard Artie whistle softly through his teeth. "Look at the third man from the right in the second row," he whispered. "I'll go on the wagon if it isn't Nam."

I followed his glance. The lights in

the auditorium were dim and it was a few seconds before my eyes became adjusted. Then I saw Nam. He was sitting in the second row, next to a French *capitaine*. He wore a stiff shirt and a white mess jacket. He smiled at me, his unmistakable, gentle smile, and raised his right thumb and forefinger. The *capitaine* respectfully addressed him and Nam nodded and said something with an air of unaffected dignity.

"*Nom d'un chien*," Etienne-Marcel said, whipping his bow through the air. "He's a little prince all right. And we imbeciles treating him like a shoeshine boy. No wonder he walked out on us."

There was great applause after the quintet, too. Nam got up, holding up his two fingers and smiling at us, as he had always done at our concerts. The old Annamite next to the high official in the first row turned around and gave Nam a severe, disapproving glance. Nam sat down. People kept applauding and Hohenfels said nervously, "What now? We haven't got any encores." Etienne-Marcel pointed down to where Nam sat and said, "I think we have one. You fellows all know Dvořák's 'Humoresque.'" Hohenfels and his violin player nodded, somewhat flabbergasted. "All right, then," Etienne-Marcel said, and he, Artie, and I began to play. The others fell in after four or five bars. I glanced down at Nam. He sat on the edge of his chair, tense and rigid. The French *capitaine* was talking to him, but Nam was not answering. His eyes were wide open and his head was tilted to the left.

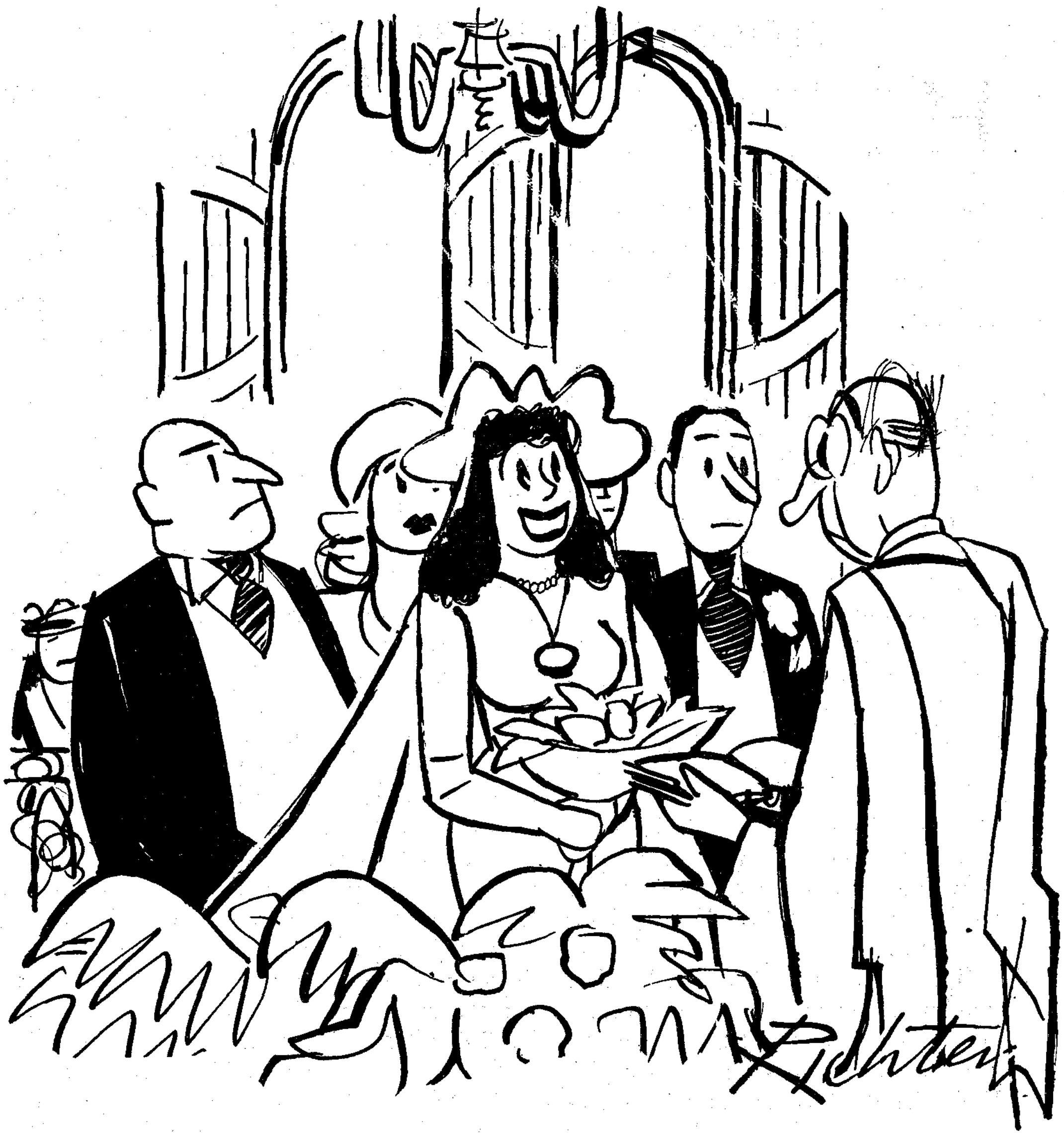
When the concert was over, our first impulse was to find Nam, but we were intercepted by a frosty old colonel who took us in hand and led us to the official representing *M. le Gouverneur-Général*. Everybody wanted to shake hands with us. When we were able to break away and look for Nam, he was gone. It was getting late and near sailing time, so we said goodbye to Hohenfels and hurried to the ship.

BACK aboard the Porthos, we ran down to our staterooms. We stopped on the threshold with a foolish feeling of disappointment. Etienne-Marcel's bed was unmade, the water bottles were empty, sheets of music were scattered all over the place. We stood there for a while, glum and angry at ourselves. Then Artie said it was time to play the "Marseillaise" for the departure and we went on deck. We looked down at the pier, where people were waving handkerchiefs and shouting bon voyage. The ship began to move.

"He could have come out to the harbor to say goodbye," Artie said. "After all, we didn't treat him badly. He got a violin and all the free time he wanted." Etienne-Marcel whipped his bass bow through the air, silently staring at the pier as it slowly receded into the night. It was very hot and we stayed on deck while the Porthos plowed down the slow, smelly, jungle-bordered Don-nai River.

At dawn, when the deck chairs were heavy with dampness, we went down to our staterooms. We stepped through the doorway and then stood transfixed. The music had been put away and the water bottles were full of crushed ice. Nam's little wooden sandals were standing in the bathroom before the shower curtain. Nam himself was fast asleep in the corner on the floor of the rear room. He had on his steward's white uniform. Instead of a pillow, he had his small violin case under his head.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG



"He does."

• •

•

CONSOLATION IN WAR

Happy the dead!
If we do ill,
They will not know we lied.
Happy the dead!
If we do well,
Their death is justified.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

TOONERVILLE TROLLEY

HARRY EVERETT, fifty-one, stepped out of a taxi at the Seaboard railway station in Raleigh, North Carolina. As he went through the entrance, a shabby Negro of about nineteen bumped into him.

"Excuse me," said the Negro.

Everett went on without replying. He already had his reservation—Upper 8 in Car B-39—so he carried his heavy bag straight through the waiting room to the lighted train shed beyond.

He saw by the board that the Silver Meteor, due at 11:50 P.M., was twenty minutes late. He made a sound of annoyance. It would be just that much longer before he could get into his berth for some much needed sleep.

He wasn't sure he would sleep. He had never liked trains and he never travelled on them when he could get out of it. And being as big as he was—two hundred and twenty-four pounds—he especially hated upper berths. But his wife, Molly, had assured him that he would find the fast Florida-to-New York streamliner so smooth he would sleep like a baby. He hoped she was right.

The numerous soldiers and sailors standing about made him think of the propaganda: "Is this trip necessary?" "Don't travel unless it is essential." Well, this Philadelphia trip wasn't necessary, but, in justification, he could say he hadn't wanted to go. Right now he had three good deals on the fire in Raleigh, and he had wanted to stay home and get them closed. Plenty of money to be made by a top-notch real-estate man these days, but a fellow had to keep on the ball while the flush times lasted.

When Molly's arthritis hit her so hard she couldn't make the trip, she had insisted that one of them, at least, had to attend Esther's wedding. "You've always been her favorite uncle, Harry. She'd be heartbroken." Esther was a sweet kid. He'd never admitted it, but he'd always been pleased by the way she teased him for being secretly a sentimentalist. "Old Softy," she called him. He chuckled.

BAGGAGE trucks started rolling out of the station and the noise of a train rose to the south. A Diesel locomotive headed into the station, towered, and slid past; then the horizontal lines of the stainless-steel coaches began flowing before his eyes and the train stopped.

Glancing up at the numbers in the end windows of each car as he walked along, Everett finally came to a placard reading "B-39." He stared at the car in dismay. It was an old green sleeper with green window shades, incongruously inserted in the slick silver necklace of cars. "Oh, lord!" he moaned.

The only other passenger getting on B-39 was the young Negro who had bumped into Everett as they entered the station. He stood by the steps, without a bag, and the conductor took his tickets. The Negro wore shapeless brown pants and a gray jacket with the right elbow out. He had no tie, the collar of his blue shirt was open, and his cap was a faded blue. He climbed the steps and disappeared into the car.

As Everett handed his tickets to the conductor, he said, "I don't suppose you happen to have a lower on hand."

The conductor held Everett's tickets to the light and peered at them through steel spectacles. He grunted, "What's a lower?" Everett shrugged. The conductor tore off his part of the tickets, put the stubs into the envelope, and handed it back to Everett.

Everett looked at the old Pullman again. "Not much of a sleeper, is it?"

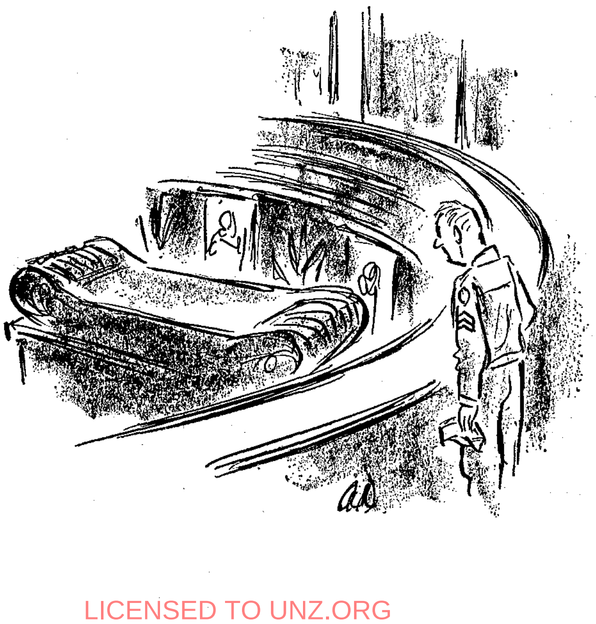
"Nope," said the conductor, and added, "There's a war on."

Entering the car, Everett came upon the porter, a thin, black man of perhaps fifty, pulling down Upper 8. The Negro boy stood beyond the porter. Since all other curtains the length of the car were drawn, it was apparent to Everett that the young Negro was waiting for Lower 8.

"Your berth'll be ready in a minute, sir," the porter said to Everett in a practiced half-whisper.

"Why isn't it ready already?" Everett asked.

"A passenger had this seat got off here," said the porter. "If you don't mind sitting in the smoking compartment a few minutes . . ."



THE smoking compartment was large and clean and neat and the washbowls sparkled, but the fancy curlicues of the ornamental fretwork betrayed its age. Around 1915, Everett thought as he laid his suitcase on its side on the worn leather lounge.

He had decided ahead of time that he would undress and put on his pajamas in the men's room, provided the other passengers were all asleep. He despised undressing in a berth. He had lighted a cigarette and was opening his bag to take out his pajamas when he noticed that the young Negro had followed him and was standing uneasily in the curtained doorway.

The boy took out a pack of cigarettes and lighted up, too, then went quickly to the leather bench and sat down. Everett ignored him. He removed his coat and vest, hung them on a hook, and took toothbrush and paste from his bag.

The train started with a jerk and Everett lurched two steps sideways before he recovered his balance.

"Careful, sir," the Negro boy said in a soft voice.

Everett brushed his teeth, pulled down a paper cup, and washed out his mouth. Flipping the rinsed brush, he turned with a smile and raised his voice above the shrieks and groans of the protesting car.

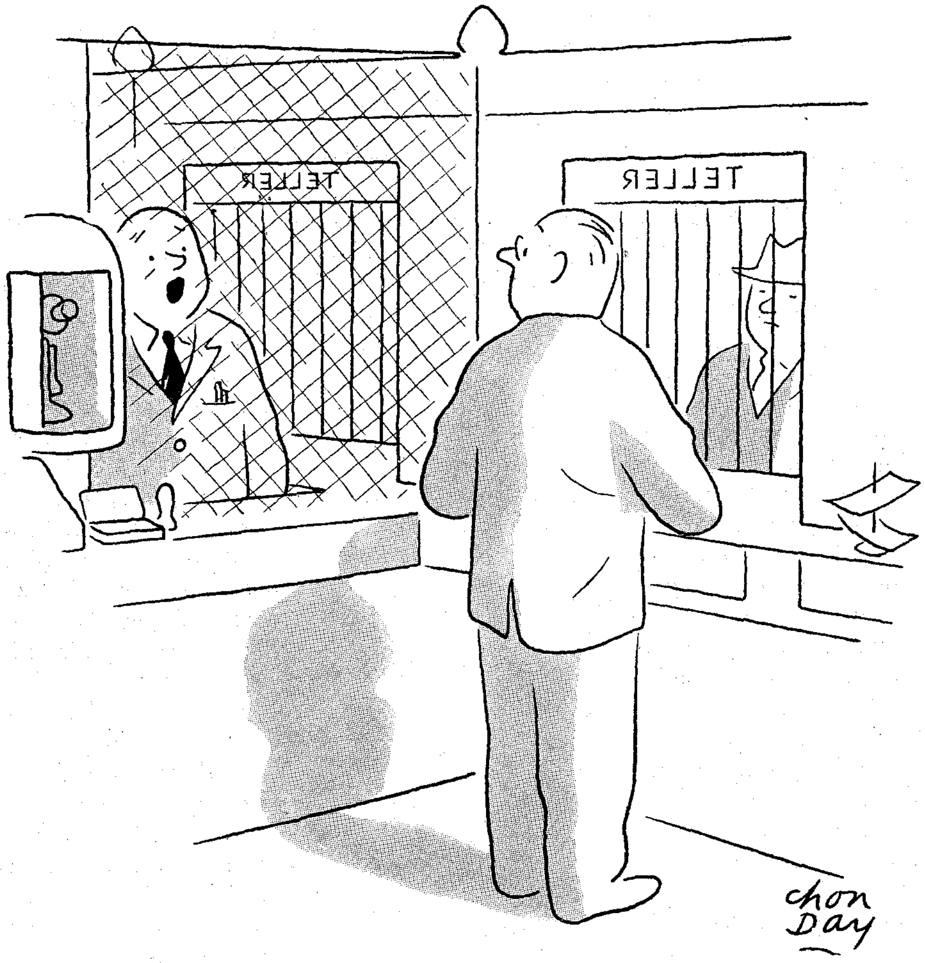
"Where are you headed, boy?"

"Maryland," said the young Negro. He had his legs stretched out now, his feet crossed, and was at ease. "I'm goin' into the Coast Guard," he said with pride.

"Good for you." Everett put his brush and paste back in the bag and loosened his tie.

The Negro smiled shyly. "Yes, sir! And they're goin' to have somebody meet me at Baltimore."

"Is that right?" Everett said, and began taking off his shirt. The Coast Guard business explained why such a shabbily dressed Negro was travelling in a Pullman in the first place. No doubt the Coast Guard had made his reservation. "Well,



"Boy! This job came just in the nick of time. I was up to my ears in debt."

• •

that's fine," he said. "What are you going to do in the Coast Guard?"

"I'm going to be a steward. Yes, sir!"

"Had any experience in that kind of work?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I've worked in a officers' club."

Everett folded his trousers and laid them neatly beside his suitcase. He stepped out of his underwear and drew on his flowered pajama pants and tied the drawstrings. He was about to speak when the boy spoke first. "I never rid a Pullman before." He took a deep drag on his cigarette, exhaled, and grinned. "Of course, I've rid them old junk trains. But I never rid a Pullman on a train like this before."

"That right?" Everett was only half listening. As he put on his pajama jacket and buttoned it, he was plotting how best to get around to the suggestion that they trade berths.

The boy's eyes roved the washroom, taking in the scrolled fretwork, the gleaming washbowls, the spotless mirrors, the milk-glass lampshades. He said happily, "Yes suh-reee, she sure *is* streamlined, ain't she?"

"Yes," Everett said. "The rest of the train's streamlined all right, but it would be just my luck to be stuck in this damned ancient Toonerville trolley hooked into the middle of it." He wasn't sure, a moment afterward, why he had made that reply, unless it was that the very mention of the word "streamlined" reminded him how fate had tricked him into this decrepit sleeper when he was entitled to modern accommodations. He was sure he hadn't lashed out because he had been presented with an opportunity to put a Negro in his place.

The boy's smile quavered and vanished. He lifted his cigarette to his lips, but changed his mind and quietly dropped it into the spittoon. He stirred himself out of the easy slouch to a more upright position. There was an old, accustomed defeat in his new posture. Everett glanced fleetingly into the boy's eyes and saw in them what he had known he would see, and he wanted to kick himself. Any chance of propositioning the boy about a switch of berths had flown out the window. Aside from that, he had crudely knocked in the head a kid's dream of riding on a streamliner. The kid had been enjoying a feeling of being a man of the world and he'd been shown up as nothing but a Negro who was so ignorant he thought this museum piece of a sleeper was really the latest somethin'. A kid on his way to war and a full-grown man on his way to some champagne guzzling. Son of a bitch.

The porter stuck his head into the room. Everett waved a hand at his bag and clothing. The Negro boy slipped out and Everett followed him down the narrow path between the rocking curtains, the porter bringing up the rear.

When they reached Section 8, the Negro boy paused, looking at both berths, apparently not quite certain what to do next. He grasped the ladder leaning against the upper and put a foot on the first step.

"Where are you going?" Everett asked.

As the boy turned, Everett drew back the curtain of the lower. The soft light inside shone on the white sheets. He sighed. "There you are, son," he said. "It's all yours. Finest in the world."

A little of the joy returned cautiously to the boy's face. He looked shyly into the berth, glanced at Everett's big, flowered body, then his eyes rolled upward to the smaller berth above.

"Cap'n, sir," he said hesitantly, "it don't make me no mind. I'll just hop right up yonder in the attic."

Everett gave the boy a shove that started him into the lower. "Get in there," he said kindly.

The boy sat cross-legged on the bed. "Yes, sir!" he said, beaming as he pulled the curtains together.

Everett stopped on the third step of the ladder and leaned down, scowling into the porter's face. "Nevertheless," he muttered, "I still say it's a goddamned Toonerville trolley."

Puzzled, the porter's eyes followed the bulk pushing into the upper. What did the man mean he *still* said so? He hadn't even mentioned it before.

—NOEL HOUSTON

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

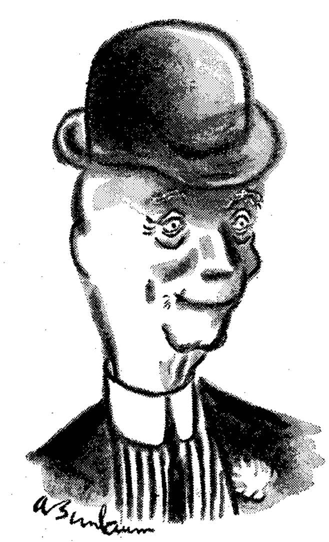
[*Adv. in Modern Screen Magazine*]

The slumbering fire of BLACK PANTHER attacks a man's heart—attacks a woman's—until the two hearts merge in a flame of ecstasy. Wear this new perfume for an *unforgettable* evening . . . but only if you dare risk the danger and dark delight of stirring primitive emotions. At all 10c stores.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

COFFINS! UNDERTAKERS! HEARSES! FUNERAL PARLORS!

ONE morning a while back I got a letter from a tough old Scotch-Irishman I know, Mr. Hugh G. Flood, a retired house-wrecking contractor, aged ninety-four, inviting me to come down to his hotel in the Fulton Fish Market district and help him eat a bushel of black clams. "Hope this finds you well and enjoying life to the full," Mr. Flood wrote. "I am well, can't complain. On Friday the next I'll have something down here I want to show you, something highly unusual in the eating line, a bushel of black clams, the mysterious *Arctica islandica*. It's also known as the ocean, or deep-sea, quahog. I doubt you ever even heard of the beast. Until here lately only a few people in the world had seen one, let alone eaten one. Now and then a fisherman would find a nest of empty black clam shells in the belly of a cod or a haddock (these fishes root them off the bottom of the ocean and swallow them whole and naturally the shells don't digest), and every year or so along certain stretches of the New England coast a hurricane or a freaky storm with an onshore wind would tear a small quantity off the bottom somewhere and wash them ashore. A few would be undamaged, and people who picked these up and ate them always spoke highly of their flavor, better than bay quahogs, or steamers, or skimmers, or razor-shells, better than cockles, or winkles, or scallops, or whelks, better than mussels, better than most oysters you get nowadays. All up and down the coast from Boston to Sheepshead Bay the oystermen and clammers tried their best for generations to find out where the black clams come from. They dredged here and they dredged there, but they couldn't locate a bed anywhere at all. It was one of the secrets of the old briny. Now at last they have succeeded. In fact, they have succeeded beyond their wildest dreams. They have just discovered thirteen beds out in the open ocean off Point Judith, Rhode Island. As far as the financial end is concerned, it is like they brought in an oil well. The beds are whoppers. One bed is about as big as R. I. itself, tons of clams, mountains of clams, millions upon millions, untold boatloads, a bellyful of clams for EVERYBODY, glory be to God. Wait until they are put on the market, the clam fanciers will go wild. One of the fishmongers down here got hold of some last week and we ate them on the half shell. No fault to find. A friend of mine in Bristol, R. I., is going to get me a bushel of them on Thursday the next and put them on The Round-Up, the fish train that the N. Y., New Haven & H. runs down five nights a week from Boston. I will pick them up in the market Friday A.M. Come down around noon and meet me in the lobby of the H. H. and we will eat some clams and drink some whiskey and tell some lies and sing the One-eyed Riley. I remain, yrs. very truly, H. G. Flood."



The Mayor of the Fish Market

The H. H. is the Hartford House, a waterfront hotel. It stands on the southwest corner of Pearl and Ferry, in a neighborhood of narrow, twisting, ugly, exceedingly peaceful streets. Mr. Flood is alone in the world and claims he has more money than he knows what to do with—he sold his business, the H. G. Flood Demolition & Salvage Co., Inc., about fifteen years ago and bought an annuity that pays him six thousand dollars a year—but he chooses to live on the attic floor of the Hartford in a box of a room that costs only four dollars and a half a week and that overlooks Peck Slip, where the open-air stalls of the fresh-water branch of Fulton Fish Market are quartered. He tells people that he doesn't care about his surroundings, that he is really interested in only four things: sea food, sleep, Scotch whiskey, and the salvation of his soul.

Mr. Flood is small and cocky. His eyes are watchful and icy-blue, and his face is red, bony, and clean-shaven. He is a third-generation New Yorker, a descendant of a carpenter preacher who settled in a fishing village on Staten Island shortly after the Revolutionary War. He is a backslidden Baptist, he thinks of himself as a sinner, he is deeply afraid of death, and once or twice a year he has an agonizing dream in which he stands before a great gold throne on Judgment Day and hears his name called out as one of those who are to be sent to Hell. Otherwise he is happy. He is, in fact, the only retired man I have ever known who genuinely enjoys himself. He spends most of his mornings in the immense pier shed of the Fishmongers Association, watching the boats weigh out, talking with the captains, listening to the blasphemous haggling between the wholesalers and the buyers from the retail fish stores, peering into bins, hefting and admiring a striped bass here and a red snapper there, and carrying market gossip from one stall to the next. He has so much curiosity that a few of the fishmongers keep out of his way, but the others treat him considerately and sometimes introduce him to visitors as the Mayor of the Fish Market. He spends most of his afternoons in a wicker rocking chair beside the Ferry Street window in the Hartford lobby, quarrelling, drinking, glancing through the Brooklyn *Eagle*, and studying an old, beautifully written United States Bureau of Fisheries reference book, "Fishes of the Gulf of Maine," which he ordered years ago from the Government Printing Office and which he reads over and over, the way some aged men read the Bible. He knows the habits and ranges of hundreds of fishes, mollusks, and crustaceans; he has even memorized the Latin names of many of them.

Mr. Flood's interest in ichthyology is not an idle one. He believes that fish eating lengthens life, he calls himself a seafoodetarian, and he often signs letters "Yrs. very truly, H. G. Flood, father of seafoodetarianism." He despises vegetables, maintaining that they make the blood watery, and talks occasionally of forming an organization to be called the Seafood Eating, Whiskey Drinking, and Fist Fighting Society of Greater New York, the purpose of which would be to arrange bare-knuckle fights between seafoodetarians and vegetarians. "The first bout," he says, "would be between me and Bernarr Macfadden—him and his soy beans and his turnip pies and his raw cabbage and his big muscles and his pictures in the papers with barely a stitch on him. I've had a black grudge against that one for years and years. First, he's the king of the weed eaters. Second, in my humble opinion, a man should keep his pants on when he has his picture took." Except for shoestring potatoes and raw onions, Mr. Flood himself has rarely eaten anything but finfish, shellfish, chowders, and Italian bread since 1885, and he feels certain he has so much brine and iron stored up in him that he is bound to live to be at least a hundred and fifteen; that is his goal. "All I dread is accidents," he said recently. "A broken bone would most likely wind things up for me. Aside from that, I don't fear a thing. I'm immune to the average germ; don't even catch colds; haven't had a cold since 1912. Only reason I caught that one, I went on a bat and it was a pouring-down rainy night in the dead of winter and my shoes were cracked and they let the damp in and I lost my balance a time or two and sloshed around in the gutter and somewhere along the line I mislaid my hat and I'd just had a haircut and I stood in a draft in one saloon an hour or more and there was a poor fellow next to me sneezing his head off and when I got home I crawled into a bed that was beside an open window like a fool and passed out with my wet clothes on, shoes and all. Also, I'd spent the night before sitting up on a train and hadn't slept a wink and my resistance was low. If the good Lord can just see His way clear to protect me from accidents, no stumbling on the stairs, no hell-fired automobiles bearing down on me in the dark, no broken bones, I'll hit a hundred and fifteen easy."

I WROTE Mr. Flood that I would meet him at noon on Friday. I showed up in the combined lobby, barroom, and dining room of the Hartford exactly at noon on that day, but he wasn't around. The majority of the Hartford's tenants are retired merchant-ship officers, harbormen, and Hudson River bargemen, some of whom do not budge out of the place, even to take a turn around the block, for months on end. There were three of these at one end of the bar. They had a map spread out and they were hunched over it, each with a pencil, probably dividing up Europe to suit themselves. I knew one of them, to speak to, Mr. P. J. Mooney, who used to be part owner of a pair of big harbor tugs, the Nora T. and the Linda Lane. He is a raucous old man with mournful eyes and a paunch so enormous that he says it embarrasses him. (Mr. Flood once told me that Mr. Mooney, who is a wrestling fan, has a recurring nightmare in which he becomes separated from his paunch, which assumes the shape of a headless wrestler and advances on him. They square off and then they lunge at each other and wrestle for what seems like hours to Mr. Mooney. "Some nights the paunch throws P. J.," Mr. Flood said, "and some nights P. J. throws the paunch. I told P. J. he had a gold mine there. 'Put that match on in Madison Square Garden,' I said to him, 'and you'll go down in history, the both of you. Anyway,' I said, 'you shouldn't fret so much about that paunch. In days to come, when you're too old and feeble to get about at all, it'll keep you company.' ") Gus Trein, the manager of the Hartford, was behind the bar, spelling the regular bartender, and he beckoned for me to come over. He seemed worried.

"Mr. Flood telephoned just now," Mr. Trein said, "and asked me to tell you to step over to Tom Maggiani's, the ship chandler on Dover Street. He's waiting for you over there. What in the world is he up to now?"

"All I know," I said, "he invited me to come down and eat some black clams."

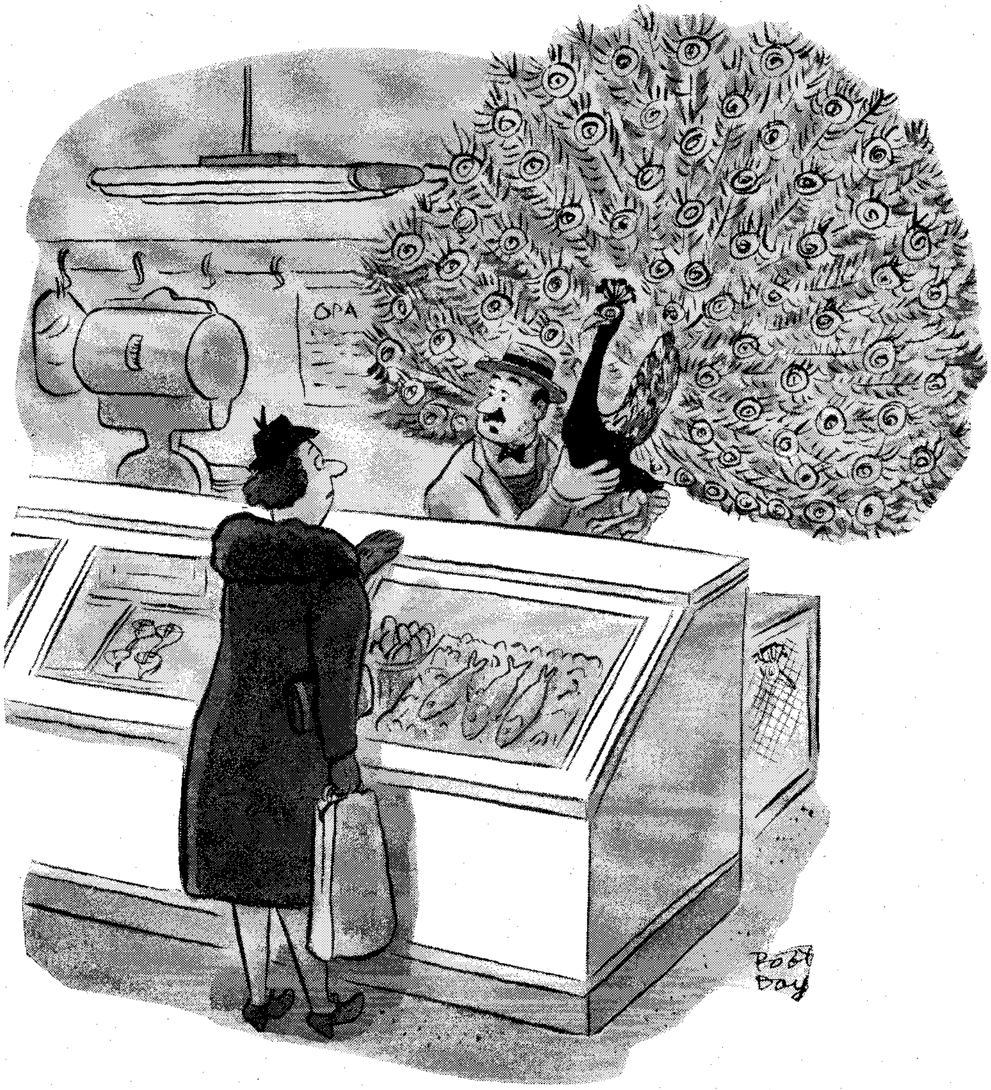
Mr. Trein looked at me suspiciously. "Some what did you say?" he asked.

"Some black clams," I said. "They discovered some black clams up in Rhode Island, and Mr. Flood ordered a bushel."

Mr. Trein glanced knowingly at Mr. Mooney and said, "Did you hear that, P. J.?" Mr. Mooney nodded, and then he tapped his forehead with his index finger and described a circle in the air. I became uneasy. "How *is* Mr. Flood?" I asked.

Mr. Trein frowned. "To tell you the God's green truth," he said, "I'm worried about him. He acted real peculiar this morning, didn't he, P. J.?"

"He did," said Mr. Mooney. "He did, indeed. Black clams, be Jesus! That's another delusion. The old boy's out of his head, no doubt about it. When



"We feel very fortunate that any fowl at all came in."

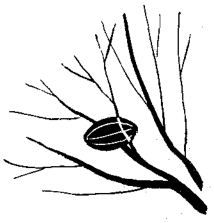
he came downstairs this morning, I was sitting over there reading the paper and I said to him, 'Good morning, Old Man Flood. How you feeling? You look a bit pale.' And he stood and stared at me like he didn't recognize me, like he was deathly afraid of me, and he shouted out, 'Shut up, Old Scratch!' Then he commenced to stomp around the lobby and shake his fist and carry on. 'You got to put a stop to it!' he yelled. 'Coffins! Undertakers! Hearses! Funeral parlors! Cemeteries! Woodlawn! Cypress Hills! Fresh Pond Crematory! Calvary! Green-Wood! It starts the day off wrong! It's more than a man can stand!' That's what he yelled, word for word. Then he got ahold of himself and his mind quit wandering and he looked me straight in the eye and cursed me for a damned old pop-gutted fool. 'I'd be much obliged if you'd keep your trap shut when I come down in the morning, P. J.,' he said to me, 'you damned old pop-gutted fool.' Then he walked about eight or nine feet out of his way and deliberately kicked a chair. I started to inquire what in hell was the matter, but he stomped right past me and went out the side door, mumbling to himself."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Trein, "he just probably got up on the wrong side. Either that or a hangover."

Mr. Mooney snorted. "No, no, no, Gus," he said. "I hate to say this, but Old Man Flood's not long for this world. It's his time to go. I've had my eye on him lately. He's failing, the poor man. He's failing fast. He'll drop off any day now."

I was taken aback by this conversation. I decided that Mr. Flood's gnawing fear of the hereafter had got the best of him and I made up my mind, with misgivings, that I would try to persuade him to go with me and have a talk with a doctor I know at Beekman Hospital, which is at Beekman and Water, on the rim of the fish-market district. I said goodbye to Mr. Trein and Mr. Mooney and started over to Maggiani's. I was quite depressed.

Maggiani's is a fishing-boat chandlery. There are sixteen boats—ground-fish draggers and scallop dredges—that regularly make ten-day voyages from the Fulton piers to the southernmost banks and shoals in the Gulf of Maine, and Maggiani's "grubs" seven of them; that is, it equips them with meat, groceries, and galley gear. The fishermen, most of whom are Scandinavians or Newfoundlanders, are clannish; they don't mix much with the fishmongers, and Maggiani's is their favorite hangout in the market. It is also one of Mr. Flood's favorite hangouts. He sometimes behaves as if Maggiani had him on the payroll; he frequently answers the telephone and on busy days he pitches in and helps make up orders. It is hidden away in the rear half of the ground floor of a converted Revolutionary-period dwelling on Dover Street, a crooked alley that runs beneath the Brooklyn Bridge from Franklin Square to the river. This building is of a type that old-time Manhattan real-estate men call a humpback; it is box-square and three stories high, its tar-papered roof is as steep as an inverted V, it is made of salmon-colored bricks, and it looks proud and noble, ten times nobler than the Chrysler Building. There are several fine humpbacks in the market, a district that contains the oldest and the most patched-up commercial buildings in the city. Maggiani's is poorly illuminated, it is as cool as a cellar in summer and as warm as a kitchen in winter, it smells garlicky, and it is a pleasant place in which to sit and doze. Up front, surrounded by a collection of slat-back chairs and up-ended boxes, is an oblong coal stove with a cooking hob on it. Nearby is a deal table on which are some packs of cards, an accumulation of back numbers of the *Fishing Gazette*, and a greasy *World Almanac*, edition of 1936. There is a big brass spittoon. There is a cat hole in the door, and there are usually two or three burly fish-house cats roving about. Hanging on the walls are a lithograph of President Roosevelt, a rusty swordfish harpoon, a photograph of the officers of the Fisherman's Union of the Atlantic, a fathom chart for the Nantucket Shoals and the Asia Rip, an oar with a mermaid crudely carved on the blade, and a sign which says, "Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone." In the middle of the tile floor, lying on its side and dominating the room, is a hogshead of molasses with "EXTRA FANCY BARBADOS" stencilled on the spigot end; fishing-boat cooks take along from one to three gallons of high-grade molasses every voyage for flapjacks and for beans and brown bread. On the days the boats are in, Maggiani's is packed. On such days, Tommaso Maggiani, the proprietor, a Palermitano, puts complimentary platters of cheese, sliced onions, and salami under fly screens on the counter, and he keeps a pot of coffee on the hob, and the loafing fishermen get up from their seats around the stove, yawn, and fix themselves snacks—what they call "mug-ups"—whenever the spirit moves them.



Mr. Flood was in Maggiani's, standing with his back to the stove. He and Mr. Maggiani, who was snoring in a swivel chair with his heels on his roll-top desk, were the only people in the place. As soon as I got a good look at Mr. Flood, I felt relieved. His eyes were alert, his face was ruddy, his shoulders were erect, he was smoking a big cigar, and he shook hands vigorously. As usual, like a boss fishmonger, he had on rubber boots and a stiff straw hat with holes cut in it, and over his blue serge suit he wore a full-length white apron. He had two loaves of Italian bread, wrapped in a piece of newspaper, under his left arm. I asked him how he felt.

"Well," he said, "there are days when I hate everybody in the world, fat, lean, and in between, and this started out to be one of those days, but I had a drop to drink, and now I love everybody."

"Yes," I said, "they told me up at the Hartford you didn't feel so good this morning."

Mr. Flood gave me a sharp look. "Were you talking to P. J. Mooney?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "Mr. Mooney seemed worried about you."

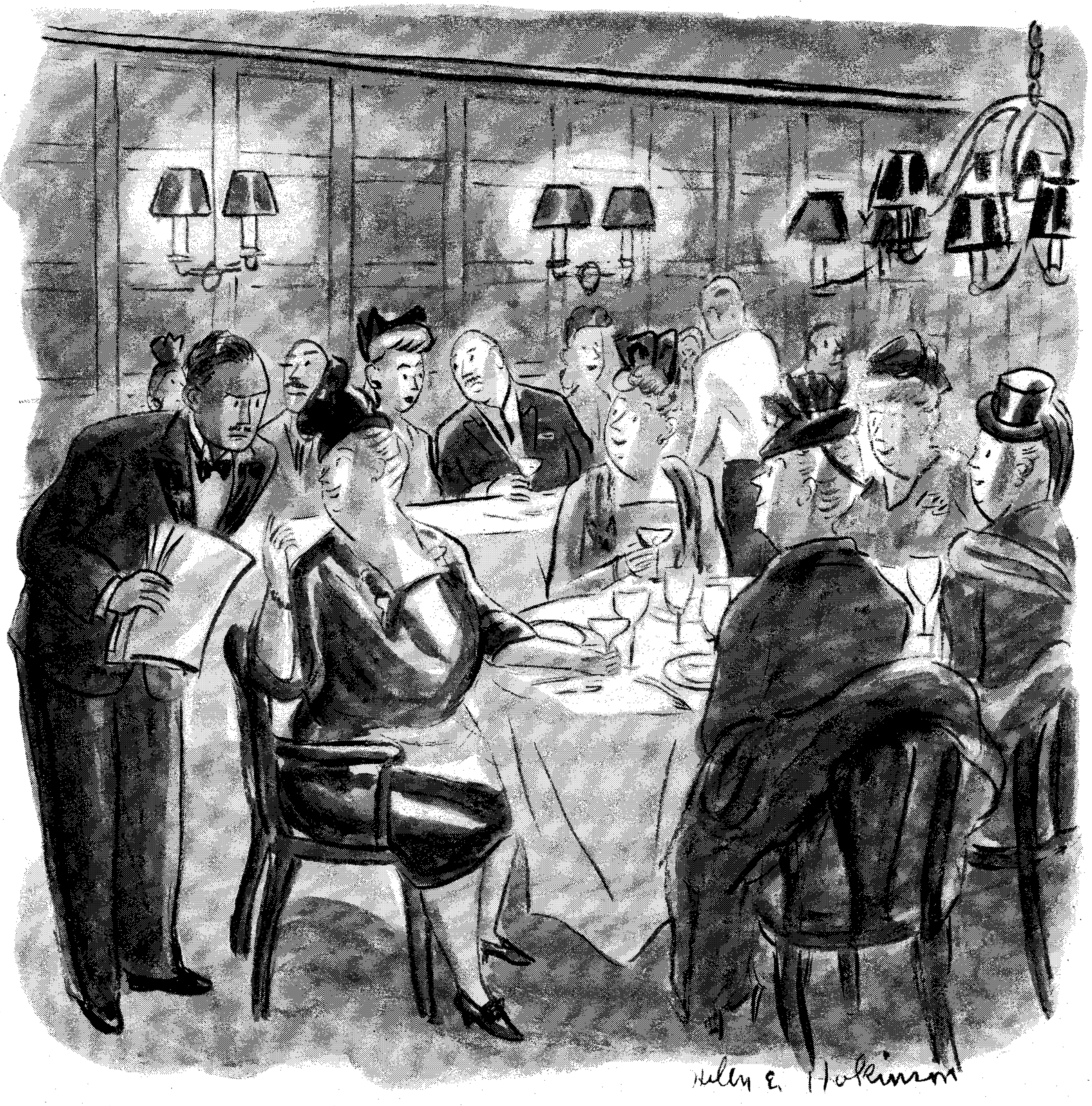
"What in hell did he tell you?"

"For one thing," I said, "he believes those black clams you wrote me about are a delusion. They're not, are they?"

"Are you trying to insult me? What else did he tell you?"

"He said you were failing fast and that he expects you to drop off any day."

Mr. Flood threw up his hands and snickered. "Did he, now?" he said. "Oh, the fat old fool, the miserable, bilious old fool! He got my back up this morning. That's why I brought my clams into here. If I took them up to the Hartford, like I planned, I'd be obliged to offer him some. I used to have a high regard for P. J. Mooney; knows quite a bit about striped-bass fishing, but he's picked up a habit that's so queer—well, it's so queer, so ghouly, so disgusting, so low-down nasty that I don't even like to talk about it. I'll tell you about it later. Here, my boy, have a cigar." He handed me a cigar.



"Do you mind if we sing just one Smith song?"

• •

It was a Belinda Belinda, a cigar that costs sixty cents each; he buys them by the box. He tossed his two loaves on the counter and went into Maggiani's coldroom, a cubicle in back in which sides of beef are hung to age. In a few moments he came shuffling out with a bushel basket in his arms. The basket was heaped with big, pitch-black clams. Grunting, he set it on the counter and tipped it and let about half the contents pour out, cornucopia fashion—an exuberance of clams. The noise awakened Mr. Maggiani, who shouted, "Stop! Stop! Don't you mess up my counter. I just laid new oilcloth on that counter." "Shut up, Tommy," said Mr. Flood, "and go back to sleep."

He strewed about two yards of the counter with clams, and then stepped back and looked at them gloatingly. They were so black they glinted, they were so plump they were almost globular, and they were beautiful. The lips of the shells were tightly shut, a sign of health and freshness—a clam out of water stays shut until it begins to die, and then the adductors, the two muscles that hold the shells together, relinquish their grip and the lips gape. In Fulton Market and on the Boston Fish Pier, quahogs are graded in three sizes—Little Necks, cherrystones, and chowders. These black quahogs were chowders, about three and a half inches from hinge to lip, and they were as uniform as silver dollars. Mr. Flood got out a knife he carries in a belt holster, a kind of fish knife known as a gut-blade, and shucked a clam for me. The meat was a rosy yellow, a lovely color, the color of the flesh next to the stone of a freestone peach. Bay quahogs have splotches of yellow in some seasons, but, with the exception of the liver and the siphons, all of this clam was yellow—the foot, the muscles, the gills, the intestines, even the mantle. I ate the clam and found that it was as tender and sweet-meated, despite its size, as a Little Neck out of Great South Bay, the finest bay clam on the whole coast. Then I drank the juice from the cup of the shell. It was rich, invigorating, and free of grit, but, surprisingly, not as briny as the juice of a bay quahog; that was the only fault I could find with the *Arctica islandica.*

Mr. Maggiani came over with a tray on which he had put three tumblers, a carafe of water, and a fifth of Scotch about three-quarters full. "Clams don't agree with me," he said, "but I think I'll eat five or six dozen, just to be sociable." "Help yourself, Tommy, do," said Mr. Flood. "That's what they're here for. God bless you for the Scotch." Mr. Maggiani fixed us each a drink. He poured an extra gollop in Mr. Flood's tumbler and Mr. Flood smiled. "Old age hasn't taught me a whole lot," he said, "but it's sure taught me the true value of a dollar, a kind word, and a drink of whiskey." We had our drinks. Mr. Flood took six lemons and six limes from the pockets of his apron and halved them with his gut-blade to squeeze on the clams. Then he began slicing one of the Italian loaves. Mr. Flood will not eat factory-made American bread; he calls it gurry, a word applied by fishmongers to the waste that is left after a fish has been dressed. "I doubt a hog would eat it," he says, "unless it was toasted and buttered and marmalade put on it and him about to perish to death." Every weekday morning Mr. Flood walks up to Mrs. Palumbo's *panetteria italiana,* a hole-in-the-wall bakery at 235 Elizabeth Street, and buys two loaves—four on Saturdays. He takes his meals in restaurants in the fish-market district—Sweet's, Libby's, Sloppy Louie's, and the Hartford dining room—and he always brings his own bread. Like most Sicilian neighborhood bakers, Mrs. Palumbo turns out loaves in a multitude of shapes, some of which are symbols that protect against the Evil Eye. The loaves that Mr. Flood had this day were long and whole-wheat and S-shaped and decorated with gashes.

Mr. Maggiani, watching Mr. Flood slice, said, "Hugh, do you know the name of that loaf?"

"I heard it once," Mr. Flood said, "but it's slipped my mind."

THE CALIFORNIANS

Beautiful and blond they come, the Californians,
Holding their blond beautiful children by the hand;
They come with healthy sunlight in tall hair;
Smiling and empty they stride back over the land.

Tanned and tempting, they reverse the pioneer
And glide back to Atlantic shores from their state,
And shows on Broadway have tall, oh, very tall girls,
To replace the shorter kind we generate.

California men put airplanes on like shoes
To swoop through the air they beautifully advertise,
And the women of California are splendid women,
With nothing, nothing, nothing behind their eyes.

Oranges, movies, smiles, and rainless weather,
Delightful California, you spread to our view,
And the whitest teeth, the brownest, most strokable shoulders,
And a hateful wish to be empty and tall like you.

—Theodore Spencer

• •

"It's called a *cosa minuta a zighizaghi,* a small thing with zigzags," Mr. Maggiani said. "The S stands for *sapienza*—wisdom."

Mr. Flood grunted. "Whatever to hell it's called," he said, "it's good. Mrs. Palumbo knows what she's doing. She don't take ads in the papers to tell big black lies about her vitamins, she don't have a radio program rooting and tooting about her enriched bread, she don't wrap in cellophane, she don't even have a telephone. She just goes ahead and bakes the way her great-great-granddaddy baked. Consequently, be Jesus, lo and behold, her bread is fit to eat. I'm not against vitamins, whatever to hell they are, but God took care of that matter away back there in the hitherto—God and nature, and not some big scientist or other. Years back, bread was the staff of life. It looked good, it smelled good, it tasted good, and it had all the vitamins in it a man could stand. Then the bakers fiddled and fooled and improved their methods and got things down to such a fine point that a loaf of bread didn't have any more nourishment in it than a brickbat. Now they're putting the vitamins back in by scientific means—the way God did it don't suit them; it ain't complicated enough—and they've got the brass to get on the radio and brag about it; they should hide their heads in shame."

"I think the same way," said Mr. Maggiani.

We had another round of Scotch. Mr. Maggiani found a knife for me and one for himself, Mr. Flood took off his hat and said the blessing, and the three of us got down to work on the bushel of clams.

"The bed this basket of clams came out of is called Bed Number Two," said Mr. Flood. He is one of those who can talk and eat at once. "It's located two and an eighth miles east-southeast of the Point Judith whistling buoy and the water out there is ninety to a hundred and seventy feet deep. That's why it took so long to find the blackies. The bottom of Number Two is muddy, and it's just about solid with clams. They're as thick as germs. Bay clams come from much shallower water. To give you an idea, the water over most of the quahog beds in Great South Bay is only twelve feet deep. The Rhode Island clammers are working the ocean beds with the same kind of dredge boats that oystermen use, except the cables are longer. They lower a dredge on a steel cable and drag it over the bottom. The dredge plows up the mud and the clams are thrown into a big chain-metal bag that's hung on the tail of the dredge.

SODA-CANDY-LUNCH
PRESCRIPTIONS EXPERTLY FILLED
HOT CHOCOLATE 10¢
CHERRY & LIME COKE 10¢
RASPBERRY FLIP 15¢
ALL ICE CREAM SODAS 15¢
20¢
CARL ROSE

"There'll be no holding him when he gets back to high school."

• •

They drag for fifteen minutes, and then they haul up and unload the bag on the deck. The ocean clammers are making a ton of money. They're getting a dollar to a dollar and a half a bushel."

"That don't sound so good," said Mr. Maggiani. "The last I heard, bay clammers were getting two to two and a half."

"A dredge boat can catch fifty bushels of bay quahogs a day," Mr. Flood said, "if the crew don't mind rupturing themselves. The same boat can catch two hundred and ninety bushels of blackies a day and just coast along. That's the difference. Blackies aren't as good as bays for the raw trade, the half-shell trade. They're more perishable and their shells are twice as brittle. All the clams in the bottom of this basket are probably broken and squashed. They'll figure out a way to ship them in the shell before long, and then you'll see blackies in the window of every seafood restaurant in the city, but so far they're shucking and canning the entire catch. The clam-packing plants in Bristol and East Greenwich and Warren are buying all that's brought to their docks. They put them up in gallon cans and sell them to hotels and restaurants for the chowder pot. Also, the Army heard about the blackies and it's taking one-fourth of the catch. Tommy, quit eating a moment and tell me what you think of these clams."

"The only thing that's got them beat in the shellfish line," said Mr. Maggiani, "is scallops eaten out of the shell—the whole raw scallop, and not just that scallop muscle that they fry in restaurants."

Mr. Flood was pleased. "I tell you, Tommy," he said, "it's been my experience that just about any animal that lives in a shell and comes out of salty water is good eating. Back in 1940 the oyster beds in Great Peconic Bay became infested with millions of gastropod pests called quarterdecks, a kind of limpet, the *Crepidula fornicata*. These pests fix themselves to oyster shells in great stacks and clusters, one on top of the other, and they smother the oysters to death. Around Christmas that winter I went out on the bay with a friend of mine, Drew Radel, whose family owns the Robbins Island beds. He fattens his stock in the North Race, a swift current of water between Great and Little Peconic, and they're the biggest, finest oysters in the United States. They're so big and fine that back before the war Drew used to ship hundreds of barrels by fast ocean liner to Paris, London, and Dublin, the chief oyster-eating cities of Europe. Drew took me to a ruined bed in the Race, a bed that had three thousand bushels of oysters in it, and thirteen thousand bushels of quarterdecks. It was enough to break your heart. I took a quarterdeck in my hand, an animal about an inch and a half long, and I thought to myself, 'I wonder how you taste.' I got my knife out and ate one, and Drew and the dredge-boat captain looked at me like I was an outcast from human society. I ate another, and I kept on eating, and I said to Drew, 'Drew, my boy,' I said, 'it's a sacrilegious thing to say, and I'm ashamed of myself, but the little buggers taste damned near as good as oysters.' He broke down and ate a few and he had to agree with me. Said they tasted to him like the tomally of a lobster. I told him he should give them a French name and bribe the Waldorf-Astoria to put some on the menu at three dollars and a half a dozen. 'Create a demand for them,' I said, 'and you got the problem solved.' He said he wouldn't deal in the damned things for any amount of money. Anyhow, next year they vanished. They come and go in cycles, like most pests."

THE wind off the river shook Maggiani's windows. Mr. Flood went over to the stove, punched the fire, threw in a shovelful of coal, and returned to the clams. He was quiet for a while, brooding. Then he began to talk again. "I promised to tell you about Mr. Mooney's queer habit, didn't I?" he said to me.

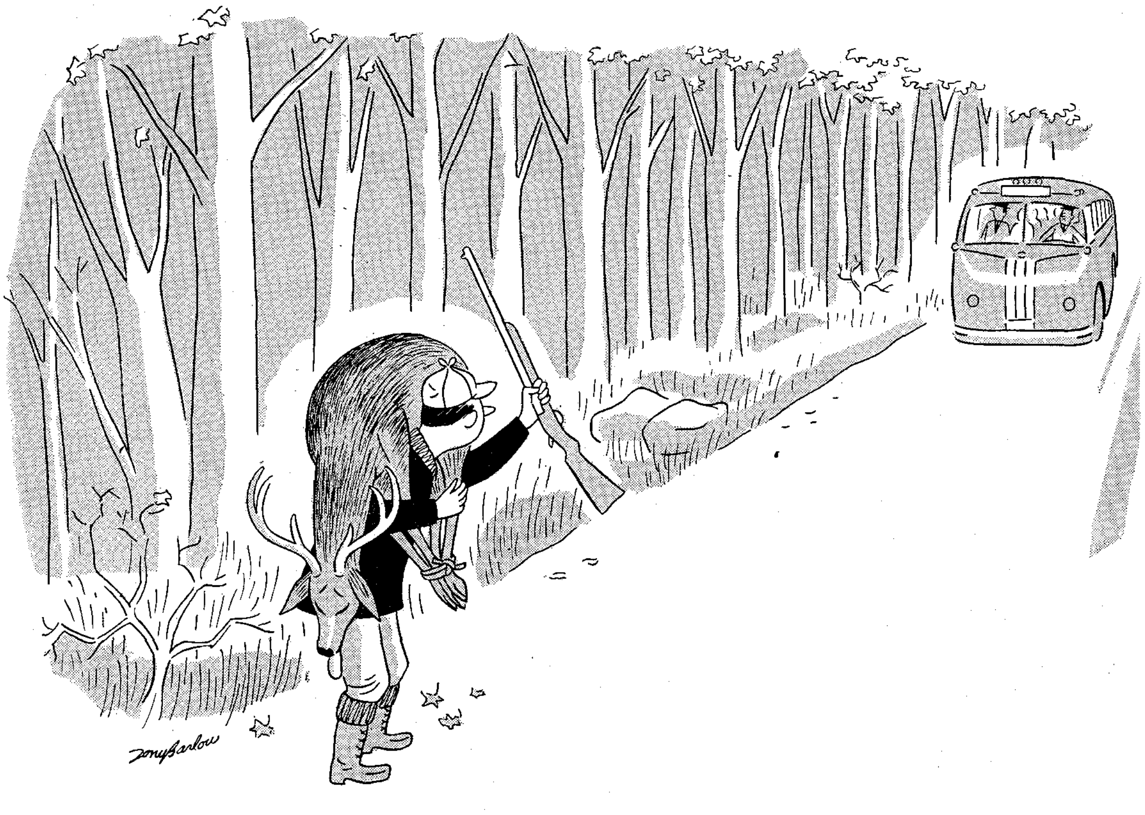
"Yes, sir," I said.

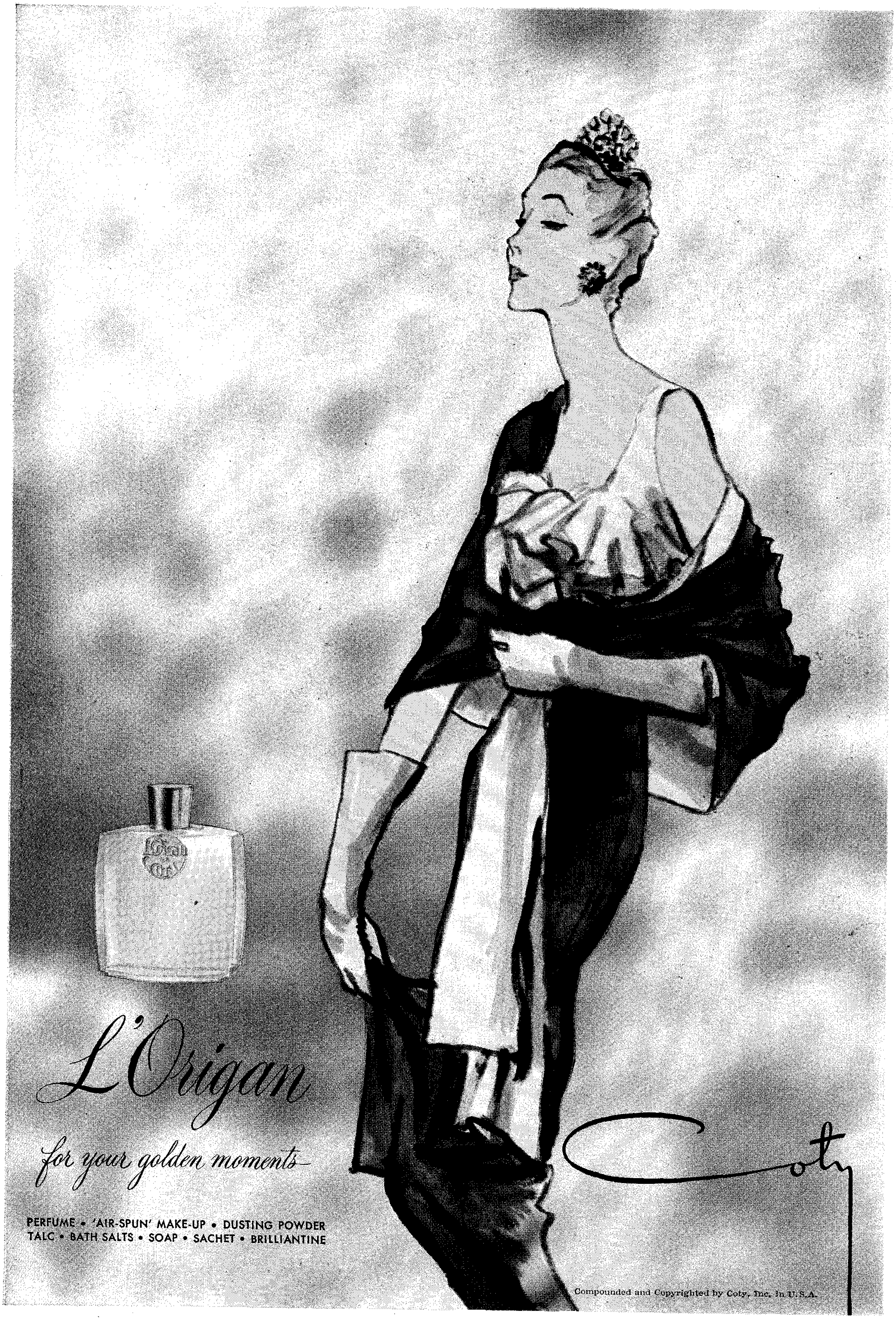
"This is something I got no business

telling a young man," Mr. Flood said, "but the pleasantest news to any human being over seventy-five is the news that some other human being around that age just died. That's provided the deceased ain't related, and sometimes even if he is. You put on a long face, and you tell everybody how sad and sorrowful it makes you feel, but you think to yourself, 'Well, I outlived him. Thank the Lord it was him and not me.' You think to yourself, 'One less. More room for me.' I've made quite a study of the matter, and I'm yet to find any agy man or any agy woman that don't feel the same deep down inside. It cheers you up somehow, God forgive me for saying so. I used to be ashamed of myself, but the way I figure, you can't help yourself, it's just nature. There's about a dozen and a half old crocks around seventy-five to eighty-five up at the Hartford, and here a few months back, the way it happens sometimes, they all got blue at once. Everybody had been sour-faced for days and getting sourer by the minute; they were all talked out; they had got on each other's nerves; a man would order a beer and go away down to the end of the bar by himself and drink it; you would say something to a man and he wouldn't answer you. It had just about got to the point where they were spitting in each other's eye. One afternoon around four I walked in and they were all up at the bar, the whole, entire mob, buying each other drinks, whacking each other on the shoulder. Two or three had reached the singing stage. Everybody was friends again. I asked one what happened, and he said to me, 'Didn't you hear the news? Old Dan up the street dropped dead an hour ago, the poor man. In the middle of cutting a customer's hair he keeled over and passed away.' Old Dan was a barber on Fulton Street; had a two-chair shop down here for fifty years; all the Hartford crowd went to him; a highly dignified man; everybody liked him; not an enemy in the world. I thought to myself, 'You heathen monsters! A poor old soul drops dead on the floor and it cheers you up!' But I got to be honest. In a minute I was hanging on the bar with the rest of them, going on about how sad it was, and what a fine man Old Dan had been, and how he'd given me a shave and a shampoo only the day before, and drinking more than I could handle, and feeling the best I had in I don't know when.

"Well, Mr. P. J. Mooney has an awful, awful case of what I'm talking about, the worst by far I ever saw. He comes downstairs in the morning in a hell of a hurry, and he grabs the *Times* and the Brooklyn *Eagle* and opens them up to the obituary page. Those papers have the best obituaries, all the details. And he sits there, drinking his coffee, happy, humming a song, reading up on who died since yesterday. And he talks to himself. He says, 'Well, my friend,' he says, looking at the picture of some poor deceased or other, 'I outlived you. You may have been one of the biggest investment bankers of our time, you may have left a thirty-million estate, you may have been a leader in social and financial circles in New York and Palm Beach, but I outlived you. You're in the funeral parlor, you old s. o. b., you and your thirty million, and here I am, P. J. Mooney, esquire, eating a fine big plate of ham and eggs, and I'm not going to have two cups of coffee this morning, I'm going to have three.' All that used to tickle me somewhat. I'd come downstairs and I'd say to him, 'Any good ones this morning, P. J.?' And he'd answer back, real cheerful, 'The president of a big steel company, well along in years, eighty-seven, fell and broke his hip, and a big doctor, a stomach specialist, seventy-three, had a stroke. It's sad,' he'd say, 'real sad.' And he'd sit there and give you all the details, the name of the undertaker that had the job, the name of the cemetery, how long was the final illness, who survived, and the like of that.

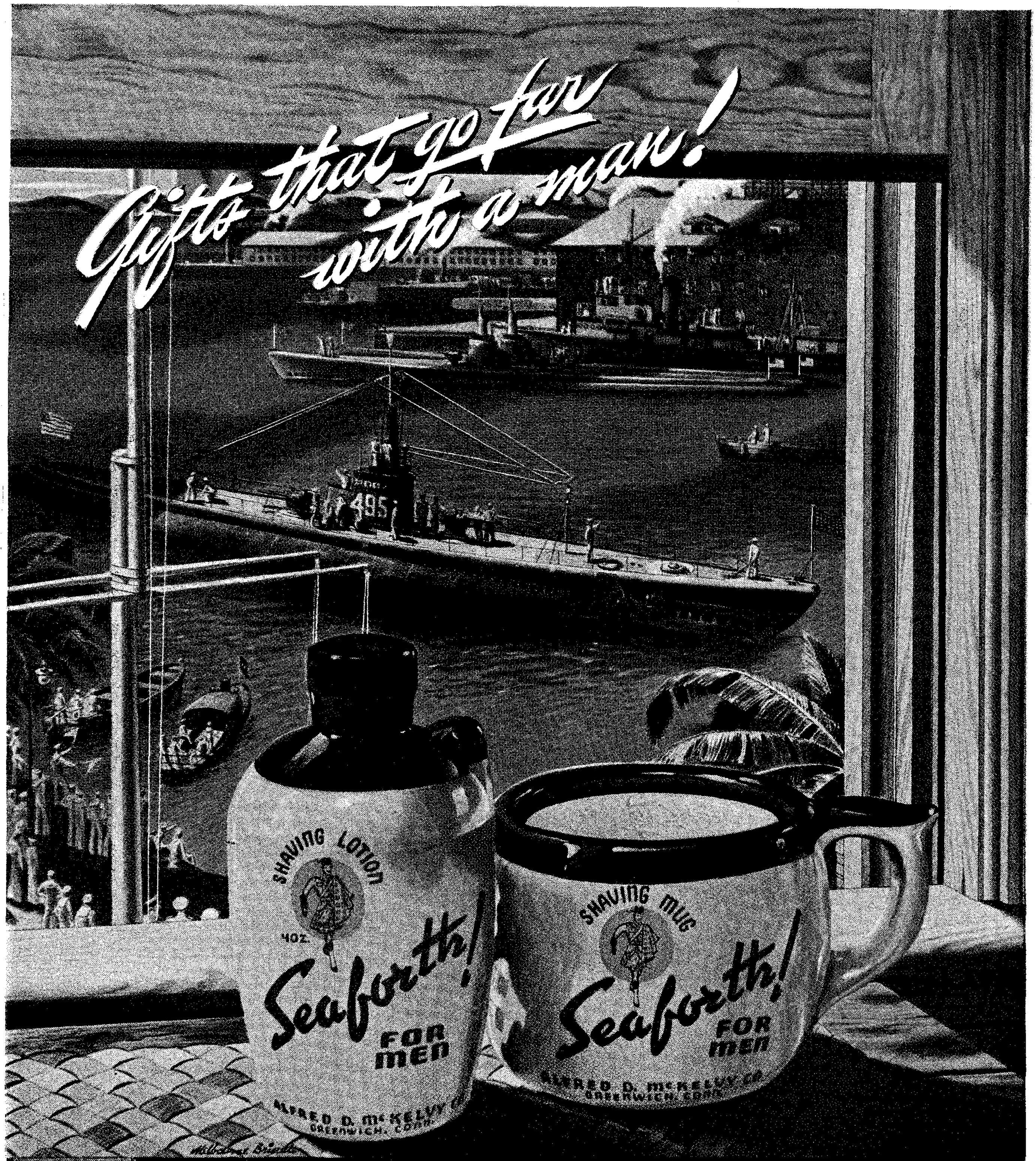
"Here lately, the past month or so, in addition to studying the obituaries, P. J. has taken to studying the old men at the Hartford. I caught him several times staring at this one and that one, looking them over, eying them, and I knew for certain what he was doing; he was estimating how much longer they had to live. One day I caught him eying me. It gave me a turn. It made me uneasy. It upset me. And he's taken to inquiring about people's health; takes a great interest in how you feel. He says, 'Did you rest well last night?' And he says, 'You sure got the trembles. You can't drink nowhere near as much as you used to, can you, now?' And he says, 'Mr. Flood, it seems to me you're showing your age this morning. We're not getting any younger, none of us.' And last night he came out with a mighty upsetting question. 'Mr. Flood,' he said, 'if you were flat on your back with a serious illness and the doctor told you there was no hope left, what would you do?' And I said to him, 'Why, P. J., I would put on the God-damnedest exhibition that ever a dying man put on in the history of the civilized world. I would moan and groan and blubber and boohoo until the bricks came loose in the wall. I wouldn't remain in bed. I




L'Origan
for your golden moments
Coty

PERFUME • 'AIR-SPUN' MAKE-UP • DUSTING POWDER
TALC • BATH SALTS • SOAP • SACHET • BRILLIANTINE

Compounded and Copyrighted by Coty, Inc. in U.S.A.


Gifts that go far with a man!
495
SHAVING LOTION
4 OZ.
Seaforth!
FOR MEN
ALFRED D. McKELVY CO.
GREENWICH, CONN.
SHAVING MUG
Seaforth!
FOR MEN
ALFRED D. McKELVY CO.
GREENWICH, CONN.

Seaforth
Seaforth

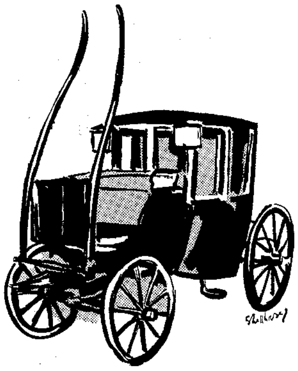
FOR CHRISTMAS give that man a refreshing new sensation . . . "That Wonderful Seaforth Feeling." Get him Seaforth Toiletries, in their sturdy polished mugs and jugs, $1 plus tax—at leading stores everywhere.

WHEREVER HE GOES, this "Little General" Travel Kit follows and perfects his shaves. In the two tall stoneware jugs:—Talc and Shaving Lotion or Talc and Men's Cologne. $2 plus tax.

FOR A BETTER DAY...the Seaforth "Big Five" . . . Lotion, Talc, Hair Dressing, Shaving Soap in mug, and Hand Soap. It's a handsome boxful of "That Wonderful Seaforth Feeling." $5 plus tax.

ALFRED D. McKELVY COMPANY
10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

would get up from there and put me on a pair of striped pants and a box-back coat and I would grab the telephone and get in touch with preachers of all descriptions—preachers, priests, rabbis, the Salvation Army, the Mohammedans, Father Divine, any and all that would come, and I'd say to them, "Pray, brothers, pray! It can't do no harm and it might possibly do some good." And while they prayed I'd sit there and sing the "Rock of Ages" and drink all the liquor that the doctor would allow.' I thought that'd shut him up, but I was just wasting my breath. Next he wanted to know had I made my will, had I given much thought to what I wanted cut on my tombstone, did I have any favorite hymns I wanted sung at my funeral. 'Shut up,' I said to him, 'for the love of God, shut up!' And this morning I came downstairs, and I had a hangover to begin with, a katzenjammer, and he had that estimating look in his eye, and he said to me, 'Good morning, Old Man Flood. How you feeling? You look a bit pale.' And I flew off the handle and danced around and made a holy, ballywhacking show of myself. If he inquires about my health one more time, if he so much as says good morning, I'm going to answer him politely, like a gentleman, and I'm going to wait until he looks the other way, and then I'm going to pick up something heavy and lay him out."



"The way I look at it," said Mr. Maggiani, "those questions Mr. Mooney asks you, they're mighty damned personal questions. I wouldn't stand for it."

"I'm not going to stand for it any longer," said Mr. Flood. "I'm going to put my foot down. All I want in this world is a little peace and quiet, and he gets me all raced up. Here a while back I heard a preacher talking on the radio about the peacefulness of the old, and I thought to myself, 'You ignorant man!' I'm ninety-four years old and I never yet had any peace, to speak of. My mind is just a turmoil of regrets. It's not what I did I regret, it's what I didn't do. Except for the bottle, I always walked the straight and narrow; a family man, a good provider, never cut up, never did ugly, and I regret it. In the summer of 1902 I came real close to getting in serious trouble with a married woman, but I had a fight with my conscience and my conscience won, and what's the result? I had two wives, good, Christian women, and I can't hardly remember what either of them looked like, but I can remember the face on that woman so clear it hurts, and there's never a day passes I don't think about her, and there's never a day passes I don't curse myself. 'What kind of a timid, dried-up, weevily fellow were you?' I say to myself. 'You should've said to hell with what's right and what's wrong, the devil take the hindmost. You'd have something to remember, you'd be happier now.' She's out in Woodlawn, six feet under, and she's been there twenty-two years, God rest her, and here I am, just an old, old man with nothing left but a belly and a brain and a dollar or two."

"Life is sad," said Mr. Maggiani.

"And the older I get," continued Mr. Flood, "the more short-tongued I get. I got no time to waste on fools. There's a young Southern fellow comes into the Hartford for a drop or two every night before he gets on the 'L'; comes from Alabama; works in one of those cotton offices on Hanover Square. Seemed to be a likable young fellow. I got in the habit of having a whiskey with him. He'd buy a round, I'd buy a round. Night before last, when he dropped in, I was sitting at a table with a colored man. When I was in the house-wrecking business, this colored man was my boss foreman. He was in my employ thirty-six years; practically ran the business; one of the finest men I've ever known; raised eight children; one's an Army doctor in France. In the old days, when my second wife was still alive, he and his wife came to our house for dinner, and me and my wife went to his house for dinner; played cards, drank beer, told stories, listened to the phonograph. When I retired, I pensioned him off. He bought a farm on Long Island, and whenever he's in town he pays me a visit and we talk about the days gone by. Tommy, you remember Peter Thompson. He's been in here with me."

"Sure," said Mr. Maggiani. "Fellow that runs the duck farm."

"That's right," said Mr. Flood. "Well, Peter and I finished our talk, and I walked to the door with him, and we shook hands, and he left. And I went over to the bar to have a drink with this young Southern fellow, and he says, 'That was a nigger you were

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
ETHEL BARRYMORE
EMBEZZLED HEAVEN
A New Play by L. BUSH-FEKETE & MARY HELEN FAY
Based on a Novel by FRANZ WERFEL
with ALBERT BASSERMAN
Eduard Franz • Sanford Meisner • Martin Blaine
NATIONAL THEATRE, W. 41st St. MATS. THURS. & SAT.

(in association with Jack H. Skirball)
JACOBOWSKY and the COLONEL
The FRANZ WERFEL - S. N. BEHRMAN COMEDY
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
LOUIS CALHERN • OSCAR KARLWEIS
Marianne Stewart • Harold Vermilyea
MARTIN BECK Thea. W. 45th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

THE MUSICAL HIT
OKLAHOMA!
Based on LYNN RIGGS' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Betty GARDE • Harry STOCKWELL • Joseph BULOFF • Evelyn WYCKOFF
ST. JAMES. W. 44th St. Evgs. 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"AN IRRESISTIBLE DELIGHT!"
—BARNES, Herald Trib.
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr.
presents
Margaret SULLAVAN & Elliott NUGENT
in JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S Comedy
the Voice of the Turtle
with AUDREY CHRISTIE
MOROSCO, 45th St. W. of B'way.
Evenings 8:35 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:35

"No. 1 on the Hit Parade." Walter Winchell
EDWIN LESTER presents
The new operetta triumph
SONG OF NORWAY
Based on life & music of EDVARD GRIEG
IMPERIAL Th. 45th W. of B'way. Evgs 8:30 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"THRILLS, LAUGHS, SUSPENSE, EXCITEMENT." Rascoe, World-Tel.
AGATHA CHRISTIE'S Mystery Comedy
10 LITTLE INDIANS
BROADHURST THEA. • W. 44th St.
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

BROCK PEMBERTON presents
Frank Fay
in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Theatre, E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with JOAN TETZEL
MUSIC BOX, W. 45th St. • Matinees Thurs. & Sat.

Additional Amusement Advertising on pages 42 & 50

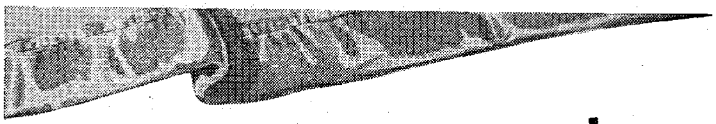
sitting down with, wasn't it?' And I said, 'That was an old, old friend of mine.' And he began to talk about the colored people, the ugliest talk I think I ever heard, and I shut him right up. 'I'm an old-time New Yorker,' I said to him, 'the melting-pot type, the Tammany type before Tammany went to seed, all for one, one for all, a man's race and color is his own business, and I be damned if I'll listen to that kind of talk.' And he says, 'You're a troublemaker. What race do you belong to, anyhow?' 'The human race,' I said. 'I come from the womb and I'm bound for the tomb, the same as you, the same as King George the Six, the same as Johnny Squat. And as for you,' I said, 'I'll never take another drink with you. It would be beneath me to do so.' Now that's a heathen kind of thing to happen in New York City. I'm going over and talk to the Mayor one of these days, tell him about a plan I have. I hope it don't sound foolish, but I got a plan for a parade. The population is all split up; they don't even parade with each other. The Italians parade on Columbus Day, the Poles parade on Pulaski Day, the Irish parade on St. Patrick's Day, and all down the line. My plan is to have a citywide Human Race Parade. An all-day, all-night parade up Fifth Avenue. The only qualification you'll need to march in this parade, you have to belong to the human race. The cops even, they won't stand and watch, they'll get right in and march. Tommy, how about you, would you march in the Human Race Parade?"

"I'd enjoy it," said Mr. Maggiani.

Mr. Flood sighed and tossed his gut-blade on the counter. "I'm full," he said. "I've had my bait of clams."

"Me, too," said Mr. Maggiani. "There's no law says we got to make hogs of ourselves."

MR. FLOOD got a rag and a pan of water and cleaned off the oilcloth counter, and I gathered up the empty shells and put them in a trash bucket. Mr. Maggiani carried what was left of the basket of blackies back to the coldroom. Then the three of us sat down by the stove. Mr. Maggiani put a pot of coffee on the hob. We heard steps in the hall, the door opened, and in came a friend of Mr. Flood's, a grim old Yankee named Jack Murchison, who is a waiter in Libby's Oyster House. Libby's is one of the few New England restaurants in the city. It was established on Fulton Street in 1840 by Captain Oliver Libby of Wellfleet, Cape Cod. It is unpretentious, its chefs and



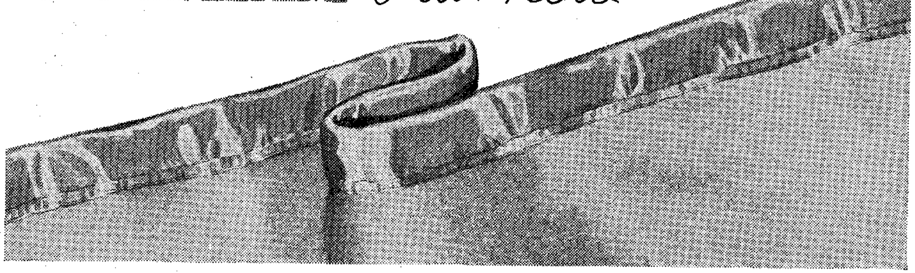
Those beautiful, all-wool Chatham Blankets are here!

Three and three-quarter pounds of all-wool warmth and loveliness —that's the Chatham WOOLWICH. A blanket of finest quality... soft-textured, thick and durable. Full double bed size (72x84). In four pretty colors: Rose, Blue, Green, Cedar, with matching rayon satin binding. About $11. (*Slightly higher in the West*).

BE SURE—look for the Chatham Informative Label. It gives full specifications, enables you to *compare* values.

NOW ON SALE AT:
B. ALTMAN & CO. • JAMES McCREERY & CO.
BLOOMINGDALE'S • STERN BROTHERS • GIMBEL BROTHERS
LORD & TAYLOR • JAMES McCUTCHEON & CO.

CHATHAM Blankets



JUVENIA

JUVENIA
accuracy and elegance since 1860

In New York at
667 Fifth Avenue GEORG JENSEN INC. New York 22, N. Y.

waiters are despotic and opinionated but highly skilled, it has Daniel Webster fish chowder on Wednesdays and Fridays, it boils or broils ninety-nine fish orders for every one it fries, and many boss fishmongers believe that it is by far the finest sea-food restaurant in the United States.

"Been down to the river for a breath of air," Mr. Murchison said. "Sat on the stringpiece for fifteen minutes and I'm cold to the bone."

"Draw up a chair, Jack," said Mr. Flood, "and take the weight off your feet."

Mr. Murchison lifted the tails of his overcoat and stood with his back to the stove for a few minutes. Then he sat down and sighed with satisfaction. "Hugh," he said to Mr. Flood, "got something I want to show you." He took his wallet from a hip pocket, drew out a newspaper clipping, and gave it to me to pass over to Mr. Flood, who was sitting on the other side of the stove. It was a clipping of Lucius Beebe's column, "This New York," in the *Herald Tribune*.

Mr. Flood glanced at it and said, "Oh, God, what's this? Is he one of those ignorant fellows writes about restaurants in the papers, ohs and ahs about everything they put before him? Every paper nowadays has a fellow writing about restaurants, an expert, giving his opinion, a fellow that if he was out of a job and went to a restaurant to get one, this expert on cooking, this Mr. Know-it-all, the practical knowledge he has, why, they wouldn't trust him to peel the potatoes for a stew."

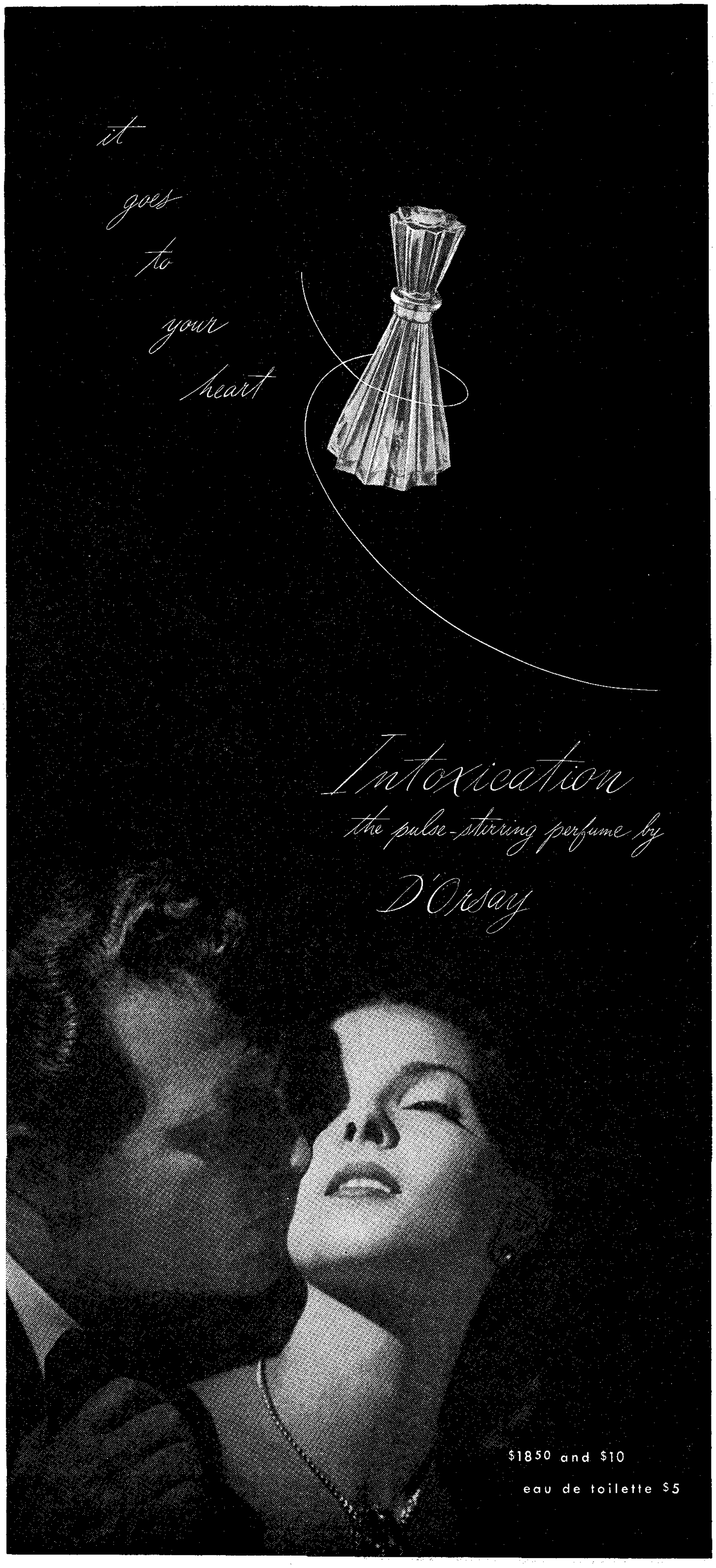
"This gentleman is a goormy," said Mr. Murchison. "Go ahead and read what he says."

Mr. Flood read a paragraph or two. Then he groaned and handed the clipping to me. "God defend us, son," he said. "Read this."

In the column, Mr. Beebe described a dinner that had been "run up" for him and a friend by Edmond Berger, the *chef de cuisine* of the Colony Restaurant. He gave the menu in full. One item, the fish course, was "Fillet de Sole en Bateau Beebe." "The sole, courteously created in the name of this department by Chef Berger for the occasion," Mr. Beebe wrote, "was a delicate fillet superimposed on a half baked banana and a trick worth remembering."

"Good God A'mighty!" said Mr. Flood.

"Sounds nice, don't it?" asked Mr. Murchison. "A half baked bananny with a delicate piece of flounder superimposed on the top of it. While he was



MICHAEL TODD PRODUCTIONS
MAE WEST
IN PERSON
Catherine was Great
Directed by ROY HARGRAVE
ROYALE THEATRE, 45th St. West of Broadway
Every Eve. (ex. Mon.) 8:40; Mats. Sat. & Sun. 2:40

BOBBY CLARK in
Mexican Hayride
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
with GEORGE GIVOT PAUL HAAKON WILBUR EVANS
SONGS BY COLE PORTER
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th Street
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30

"BRIGHT NEW MUSICAL HIT."—LIFE
BLOOMER GIRL
—HAROLD ARLEN—E. Y. HARBURG, Songs
CELESTE HOLM MARGARET DOUGLASS JOAN McCRACKEN DAVID BROOKS
DOOLEY WILSON MABEL TALIAFERRO MATT BRIGGS
SHUBERT Theatre, W. 44th St. CI. 6-5990
Evs. 8:30—Mon. thru Thurs. $1.20 to $5.50; Fri. & Sat. $1.20 to $6. Tax Incl. Mats. WED. & SAT. 2:30

"Hilarious, Irresistible."
—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY
with SIDNEY BLACKMER - LOIS WILSON
PLYMOUTH Theatre, 45th St. West of B'way
Eves. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

MAX GORDON presents
THE LATE GEORGE APLEY
By JOHN P. MARQUAND & GEO. S. KAUFMAN
Based on Mr. Marquand's Pulitzer Prize Novel
Staged by MR. KAUFMAN
LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way. CH 4-4256
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:40

"BERGNER is MAGNIFICENT"
Life Magazine
Robert REUD & Paul CZINNER present
ELISABETH BERGNER
in The TWO MRS. CARROLLS
By Martin Vale
with ONSLOW STEVENS
2nd YEAR!
BOOTH Thea., W. 45 St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat.

FRITZ KREISLER'S OPERETTA
Rhapsody
EVES. 8:30 MATS. WED. & SAT.
CENTURY THEATRE
7th Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121

HERMAN SHUMLIN presents
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S New Play
CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER * DENNIS KING * DUDLEY DIGGES
in The Searching Wind
with BARBARA O'NEIL
FULTON W. 46 St. Evs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

at it, why didn't he tie a red ribbon around it?"

"Next they'll be putting a cherry on boiled codfish," said Mr. Flood. "How would that be, a delicate piece of codfish with a cherry superimposed on the top of it?"

The two old men cackled.

"Tell me the truth, Hugh," said Mr. Murchison, "what in the world do you think of a thing like that?"

"I tell you what I think," said Mr. Flood. "I got my money in the Corn Exchange Bank. And if I was to go into some restaurant and see the president of the Corn Exchange Bank eating a thing like that, why, I would turn right around and walk out of there, and I'd hightail it over to the Corn Exchange Bank and draw out every red cent. It would destroy my confidence."

"President, hell," said Mr. Murchison. "If I was to see the janitor of the Corn Exchange Bank eating a thing like that, I'd draw *my* money out."

"Of course," said Mr. Flood, "you got to take into consideration this fellow is a gourmet. A thing like that is just messy enough to suit a gourmet. They got bellies like schoolgirls; they can eat anything, just so it's messy."

"We get a lot of goormies in Libby's," said Mr. Murchison. "I can spot a goormy right off. Moment he sits down he wants to know do we have any boolybooze."

"Bouillabaisse," said Mr. Flood.

"Yes," said Mr. Murchison, "and I tell him, 'Quit showing off! We don't carry no boolybooze. Never did. There's a time and a place for everything. If you was to go into a restaurant in France,' I ask him, 'would you call for some Daniel Webster fish chowder?' I love a hearty eater, but I do despise a goormy. All they know is boolybooze and pompano and something that's out of season, nothing else will do. And when they get through eating they don't settle their check and go on about their business. No, they sit there and deliver you a lecture on what they et, how good it was, how it was almost as good as a piece of fish they had in the Caffy dee lah Pooty-doo in Paris, France, on January 27, 1928; they remember every meal they ever et, or make out they do. And every goormy I ever saw is an expert on herbs. Herbs, herbs, herbs! If you let one get started on the subject of herbs he'll talk you deef, dumb, and blind. Way I feel about herbs, on any fish I ever saw, pepper and salt and a spoon of melted butter is herbs aplenty."

"Let's see that clipping again," Mr. Flood said. He took the Beebe column and read it slowly from start to finish. Then he handed it back to me. "Burn a rag," he said.

Mr. Maggiani lifted the pot of coffee off the hob and poured us each a mug. Then he stepped over to the counter and got his Scotch bottle. There was an ounce or two left in it, and he poured this into Mr. Murchison's coffee.

"Much obliged, Tommy," said Mr. Murchison. "It was cold out."

"I know it," said Mr. Maggiani. "I heard the wind whistling." Mr. Maggiani turned to Mr. Flood. "Hugh," he said, "there's something I was going to ask you. You've got enough money put away you could live high if you wanted to. Why in God's name do you live in an attic in a back-street hotel and hang out in the fish market when you could go down to Miami, Florida, and sit in the sun?"

"You mean why don't I run with the rich?" said Mr. Flood. "I'll tell you why. It's dangerous. If you run with the rich, pretty soon you get to feeling the way they feel. You worry, you get that scared look in your eye, you don't enjoy what you eat, you get the stomach jerks and the nervous breakdown, and then you die." He bit the end off one of his sixty-cent cigars and spat it into the scuttle. He held a splinter in the stove until it caught fire, and then he lit the cigar. "Tommy, my boy," he continued, "nobody knows why they do anything. I could give you one dozen reasons why I prefer the Fulton Fish Market to Miami, Florida, and none would be the right one. The right reason is something obscure and way off and I don't even know it myself. It's like the old farmer who wouldn't tell the drummer the time of day."

"What you talking about?" asked Mr. Maggiani.

"It's an old, old story," Mr. Flood said. "I've heard it told sixteen different ways. I even heard a muxed-up version one night years ago in a vaudeville show. I'll tell it the way my daddy used to tell it. There was an old farmer lived beside a little branch-line railroad in south Jersey, and every so often he'd get on the train and go over to Trenton and buy himself a crock of gin. He'd buy it right at the distillery door, the old Bossert & Stockton Pure Gin Distillery, and save himself a dime or two. One morning he went to Trenton and bought his crock, and that afternoon he got on the train for the trip home. Just as the train pulled out, he took his watch from his vest pocket, a fine gold watch in a fancy hunting case, and he looked at it, and then he snapped it shut and put it back in his pocket. And there was a drummer sitting across the aisle. This drummer leaned over and said, 'Friend, what time is it?' The farmer took a look at him and said, 'Won't tell you.' The drummer thought he was hard of hearing and spoke louder. 'Friend,' he shouted out, 'what time is it?' 'Won't tell you,' said the farmer. The drummer thought a moment and then he said, 'Friend, all I asked was the time of day. It don't cost anything to tell the time of day.' 'Won't tell you,' said the farmer. 'Well, look here, for the Lord's sake,' said the drummer, 'why won't you tell me the time of day?' 'If I was to tell you the time of day,' the farmer said, 'we'd get into a conversation, and I got a crock of spirits down on the floor between my feet, and in a minute I'm going to take a drink, and if we were having a conversation I'd ask you to take a drink with me, and you would, and presently I'd take another, and I'd ask you to do the same, and you would, and we'd get to drinking, and by and by the train'd pull up to the stop where I get off, and I'd ask you why don't you get off and spend the afternoon with me, and you would, and we'd walk up to my house and sit on the front porch and drink and sing, and along about dark my old lady would come out and ask you to take supper with us, and you would, and after supper I'd ask if you'd care to drink some more, and you would, and it'd get to be real late and I'd ask you to spend the night in the spare room, and you would, and along about two o'clock in the morning I'd get up to go to the pump, and I'd pass my daughter's room, and there you'd be, in there with my daughter, and I'd have to turn the bureau upside down and get out my pistol, and my old lady would have to get dressed and hitch up the horse and go down the road and get the preacher, and I don't want no God-damned son-in-law who don't own a watch.' "

—JOSEPH MITCHELL

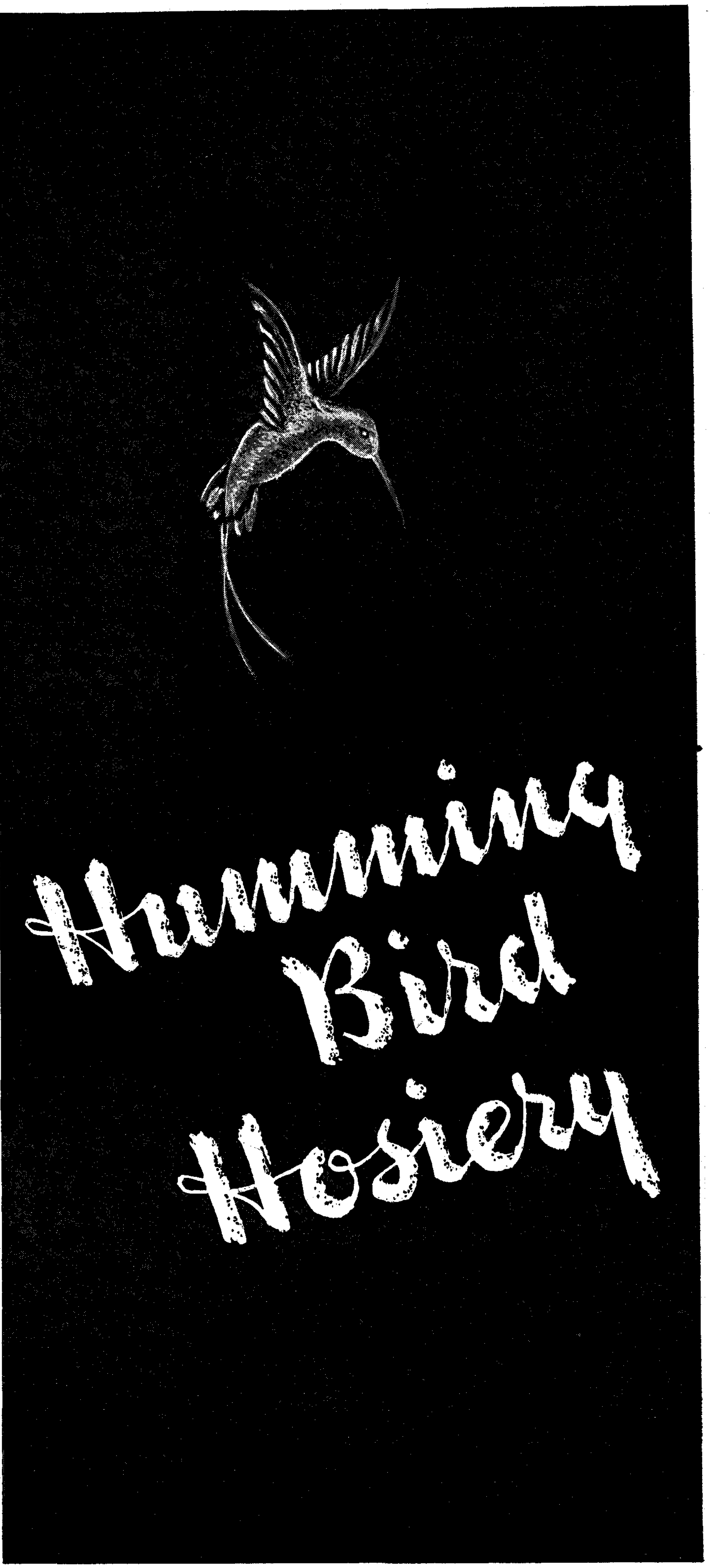
•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Herald Tribune*]

LONDON (UP).—When the ammunition in his machine guns was exhausted after he shot down two German planes today, Second Lieutenant Sherman Armsby, of Baltimore, pulled a trick out of the bag to chalk up a third.

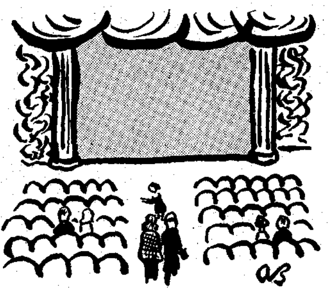
Armsby, reluctantly telling one of the tallest, true stories of the air war, said he raced toward the third German plane and squeezed the trigger button, but nothing happened.



THE THEATRE

MISS THOMPSON WITH MUSIC

JUST how it happened to occur to anybody that "Rain" ought to be revived and equipped with music I certainly don't know, but on the whole it seems to have been a good idea. Dramatically, of course, the old play, now known as "Sadie Thompson," isn't quite what it used to be twenty-two years ago, when its treatment of blatant sex and clerical repression in Pago Pago shocked and delighted a generation on the whole rather carefully brought up. Today, such superheated episodes as Sadie's denunciation of the Reverend Davidson ("You psalm-singing son of a bitch!") and his own revealing dream about the mountains of Nebraska (How everybody loved that one!) aren't exactly quaint, but they aren't very alarming, either. The opening-night audience at the Alvin was inclined to giggle rather than gasp, proving, I suppose, that we've come a long way since the Harding administration. As a matter of fact, the whole story of Davidson's struggle for Sadie's soul and his own is so broad in design, so ingenuous in its characterization that the girls and music seem practically a necessity. Howard Dietz and Rouben Mamoulian aren't kidding "Rain" in any overt sense, but they do manage to convey the idea that the whole thing strikes them as just a little bit silly.



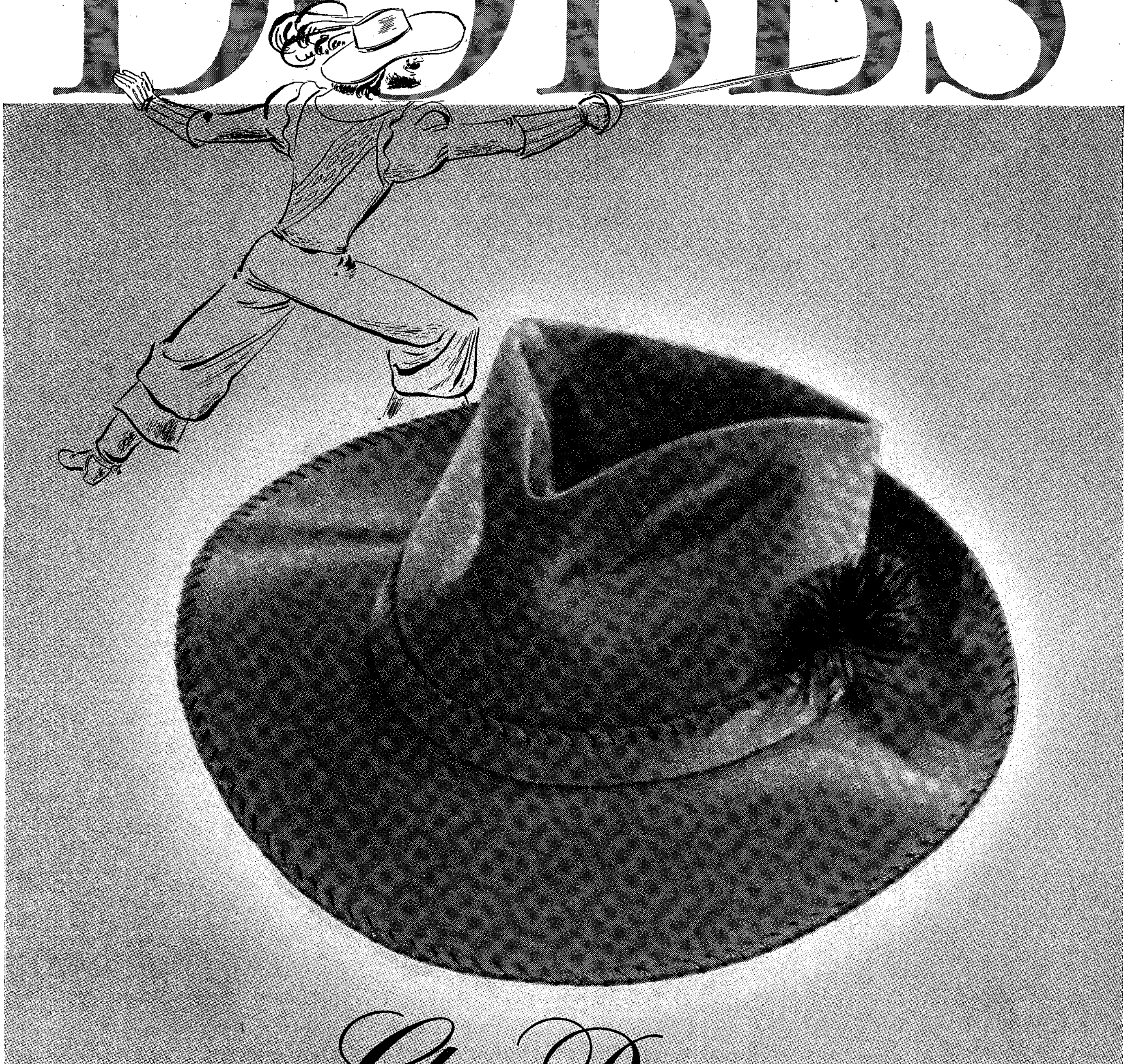
Their musical and visual additions to the play are, I think, generally admirable, and surprisingly enough fail to create that confusion of mood you'd naturally expect in such a strange wedding of theatrical forms. The girls who sing American songs and execute Polynesian dances are as appetizing a bunch as I've seen on any stage in a long time, and the choreography, while not startlingly original (there are limits, after all, to the number of ways in which a lady can rotate her stern), is decorative and witty, especially one number in which the girls, obeying a decree from their pastor, show up in Mother Hubbards. Vernon Duke's music is possibly a trifle uneven. There are a few songs that are monotonous or else too apparently derived from tunes he has written before, but there are also several very fine ones, like "Poor as a Church Mouse" and "Love's a Funny Present." Mr. Dietz's lyrics, which are sometimes lost, since June Havoc's pleasant, accurate little voice doesn't carry very far, are a pleasant combination of good humor and sentiment, never an easy thing to achieve. Boris Aronson's two sets—the general store and a clearing in the jungle—are intelligently stylized and he has been very successful with a montage effect, a series of blackouts having something to do with what goes on in Sadie's head while Davidson and Sergeant O'Hara are doing their best to drive her crazy. This involves the use of a "living curtain" and I guess it is too intricate to explain here, but it is an example of original stage technique at its best. Motley's costumes for the cast in general are stunning, and the dresses worn by Miss Havoc ("from studies by Azadia Newman for her painting of 'Sadie Thompson,'" whatever that may mean) are magnificently vulgar, but I miss those high white shoes Jeanne Eagels used to wear.

Miss Havoc's performance, whether as the brash prostitute or the desperate penitent, is just about perfect, and she accomplishes the very difficult transitions from semi-serious drama to musical comedy with great resourcefulness. Lansing Hatfield has a tough part as the tormented cleric, since the new Davidson appears to be a subtle caricature, or overemphasis, of the old, and it is a hard mood to sustain. However, he is impressive to look at and he has an excellent voice for the rather ecclesiastical music he is asked to deliver, so it's probably ungracious to complain. Ralph Dumke as Trader Joe Horn, James Newill as Sergeant O'Hara, and Zolya Talma as Mrs. Davidson are the others principally involved in the dramatic action, and they all seem admirably cast. Two specialty dancers, Beatrice Kraft (eccentric) and Milada Mladova (restrained), do a lot to ginger up the evening. So, of course, do a lot of other engaging people, whose names, unfortunately, I can't list here.

LIKE "The Women," in which she appeared, Ilka Chase's play, called "In Bed We Cry," is probably best classified as a study of the humor of the bitch, although there are indications here and there that the authoress was under the impression that she was considering a social problem. It has about it a distinctly upper-crust air—a combination, you might say, of rapid, metallic conversation and a fashionable vacancy of thought. It has love, adultery, political theory, a lowdown on the cosmetics and interior-decorating businesses, three extremely worldly sets, and no less than seven costume changes for the star, who also happens to be Miss Chase. It has, in fact, practically everything except the sound and shape of the drama.

As you may have read somewhere or other, the piece at the Belasco was adapted from a novel of the same name (and by the same hand), which had hell's own success with the ladies who haunt lending libraries. Before I went to the theatre, I dutifully examined this book and I have to report that it is among the most exasperating documents in the English language. Miss Chase is one of those writers who can't put down a verb without a qualifying adverb, especially when she comes to the word "said." In the first twenty-five pages, by my hasty count, we have people speaking "shortly" (three times), "mildly" (twice), "quietly" (twice), "stiffly," "impatiently," "urgently," "derisively," "tartly," "coldly," "briskly," "cheerfully," "dryly," "helplessly," "lightly," "sagely," "listlessly," "steadily," and "reasonably," and on the few occasions when these words are missing they are supplanted by such phrases as "with lazy amusement" or "with unaccustomed meekness." They are clearly men and women of considerable emotional range. Miss Chase is also the kind of writer who has a way of placing especially valuable thoughts in italics, as *"I suspect the beast in him is a splendid creature, but I pine for true love, too"* or *"A philanderer is a poor thing because no matter how many women may love him he is incapable of giving to any one of them delight and satisfaction whole and shining. Each one holds in her hand only glinting fragments ephemeral and spurious."* Not to extend this catalogue too far, she is, finally, the kind of writer whose anxiety to avoid clichés involves her in some ex-

DOBBS



Gay Prince

A JAUNTY SADDLE-STITCHED HAT OF GLOVE-SUEDE SOFTNESS

Here's a hat that makes a lot of sense in these times. You can wear it with pride both in town and country. At a glance you can see its outstanding style, its jaunty lines, its smart saddle-stitching. At your touch you can feel its inherent quality, its suede-softness, its superior, limber felt. It's a DOBBS, of course. What more could be said save . . . the Gay Prince comes in exclusive DOBBS colors and costs $12.50.

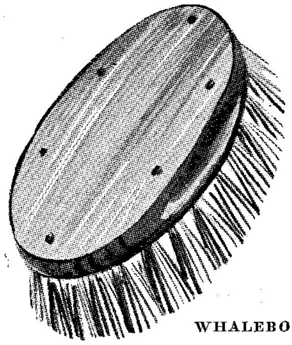
AVAILABLE AT FINE STORES • NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTERS • RETAIL STORE: PARK AVENUE AT 53RD STREET

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
at Rockefeller Center, New York 22

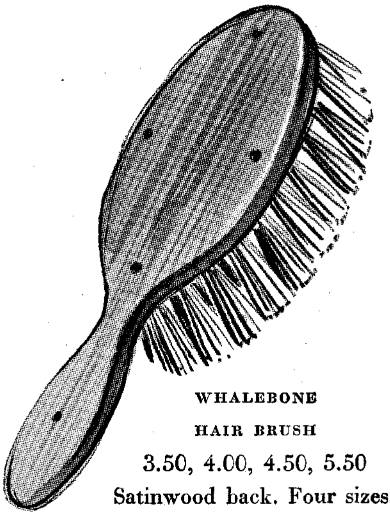
In Brushes

Kent

Since 1777



WHALEBONE
MILITARY BRUSH
10.00 and 11.00 pr.
Glowing satinwood back.



WHALEBONE
HAIR BRUSH
3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.50
Satinwood back. Four sizes.

In today's Kent brushes you will find the same high standards of quality and workmanship which have made them world famous through the years; years which have produced for their makers an enviable heritage of fine brushmaking. Main Floor.

tremely peculiar sentences: "If Moreley could have hurled it, Timothy would have been felled by his glance."

The ethics of reviewing a book while theoretically talking about a play are, I suppose, questionable, but I know of no better way to give you the special quality of the goings on at the Belasco. The last paragraph of the novel, in which the heroine is attempting to give one of her perfumes a name that will also describe her own private desperation, reads, "Devon's soft red mouth curved in gentle raillery; in the shadow of her wide hatbrim, her eyes, a little sad, a little mocking, glowed like dark jewels. 'Midnight tears,' she said." This is almost exactly the artistic level that has been achieved on the stage.

Having gone this far, I see that I have neglected to tell you what "In Bed We Cry" is all about. Well, in the briefest possible compass, it is the story of a lady beautician whose husband leaves her because he is a pure scientist and can't reconcile himself to inventing various kinds of goo to put on ladies' faces. She takes a lover, a European refugee, and is made very unhappy by his promiscuous, Continental ways. In the end, she learns that her husband has been killed in the war, and this, for some reason presumably clear to Miss Chase, frees her from the humiliating spell of her gigolo. There is a good deal more to it than that, of course, but I doubt if it's important. The title, incidentally, is taken from the works of one Isaac de Benserade, 1612-1691, and how the authoress happened to dig *him* up is a very fascinating puzzle.

There is not much to say about Miss Chase's performance except that she is a crisp and expert comedienne but inclined to be a little overemphatic in her more serious moods. Her assorted admirers include Frederic Tozere, Francis DeSales, and Paul McGrath, and of these only Mr. McGrath is permitted to resemble a human being. Ruth Matteson looks very beautiful as an actress on the loose and was, I'm afraid, the only thing about the whole performance that aroused the splendid beast in me.

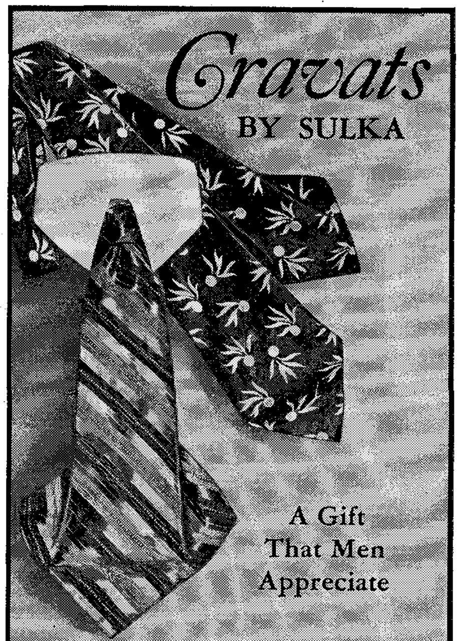
—Wolcott Gibbs

•

WHICH COLUMN ON PAGE 12 OF THE POMONA COLLEGE "NEWS LETTER" D'YA READ?

Ensign Harry O. Sheppard is on sea duty with the fleet in the Atlantic.—*Page 12, column 1.*

Ensign Harry O. Sheppard is recognition instructor and assistant navigator aboard an aircraft carrier in the South Pacific.—*Page 12, column 2.*



Cravats
BY SULKA

A Gift
That Men
Appreciate

At Sulka's your selection is not limited to a few styles—
Distinctive Crepes
—Twills—Moires—
Woven English Effects
Interesting Assortments—all
Appropriate as Gifts for Men
—*$3.50 to $7.00*

Selections by Mail on Request

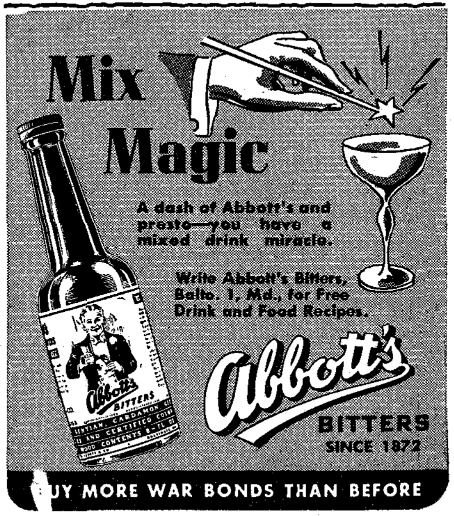
A. Sulka & Company
661 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK (22)
6 SO. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO (3)

Three White Turkeys
IN NEW YORK

Uptown . . . downtown . . . midtown—each White Turkey serves real old-fashioned meals amid charming Americana. Delicious cocktails. The HUNT ROOM at 49th St. restaurant is especially popular with men.

THE WHITE TURKEYS
OPEN SUNDAYS

12 EAST 49th STREET *off Fifth Ave.* PL-3-1181
220 MADISON AVENUE *at 37th St.* MU-3-1581
ONE UNIVERSITY PLACE *at Wash. Sq.* AL-4-3677



Mix Magic

A dash of Abbott's and presto—you have a mixed drink miracle.

Write Abbott's Bitters, Balto. 1, Md., for Free Drink and Food Recipes.

Abbott's
BITTERS
SINCE 1872

UY MORE WAR BONDS THAN BEFORE

OF ALL THINGS

THE German government has been quite successful in keeping prices under control. For instance, at this writing, rumors about what has happened to Hitler are being quoted at a dime a dozen.

•

The government of Eire refuses to make a definite promise that it will not grant the right of asylum to Axis war criminals. The Irish may have heard the reports that a Certain Party is in the market for a good, strong booby hatch.

•

Nazi propagandists boast about the Wehrmacht's brilliant success in trading space for time. They do not tell the German people, however, what they are going to do when they run out of both.

•

There was such a high mortality rate among members of the Dies Committee in the primaries and the election that it is unlikely that the next House will vote to continue the group's activities. Few congressmen like to serve on suicide squads.

•

Wire-tapping in Albany has disclosed, Prosecutor Monaghan says, some intimate conversations between Boss Daniel P. O'Connell and several Supreme Court justices. This may be what Churchill calls a repulsive form of free speech.

•

Forty prominent lawyers and jurists have asked that the existing World Court be included in the peace plan. In that way we might sneak into the tribunal without asking the permission of Coughlin and Hearst.

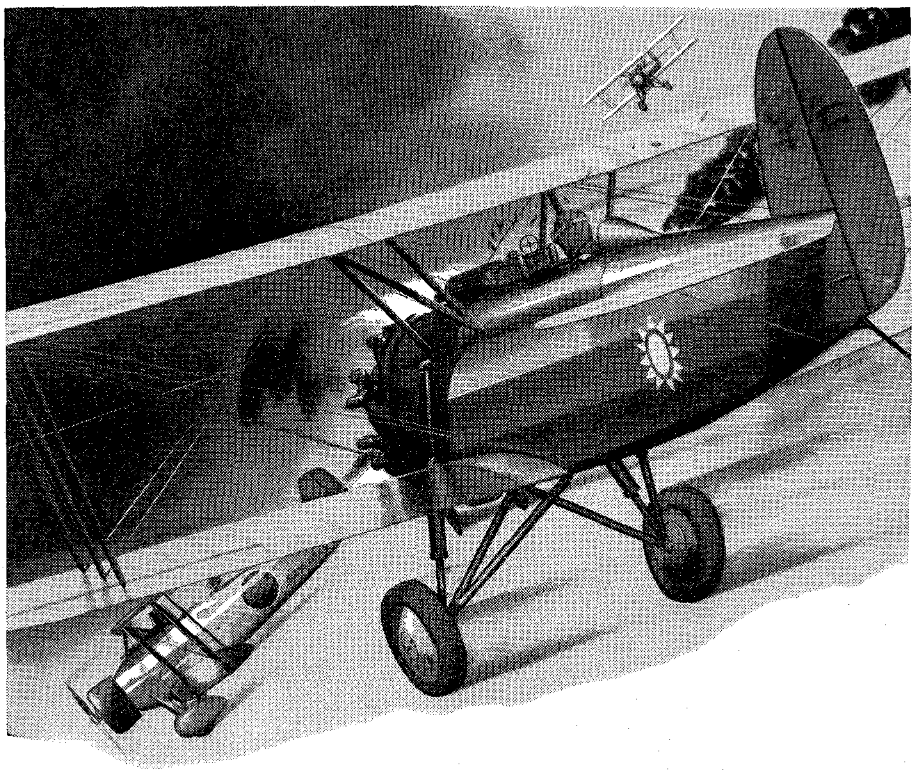
•

Some of our citizens are angry because of what Noel Coward has said about Brooklyn soldiers. The matter should be dropped, because this is no time for a war between the Borough of Brooklyn and the British Empire.

•

The resignation of Chairman Edwin F. Jaeckle suggests that there is confusion and discord in the Republican State Committee. Here is a little job for the Rested Young Man when he comes home from Georgia.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



First to Fight

The recent participation of WACO-designed, troop-carrying gliders in the Burma campaign was not WACO's first brush with the Rising Sun . . . for back in 1932, when the Japs first undertook the conquest of Shanghai, six WACO planes bearing the insignia of the Canton (Chinese) Air Force were among the first to fight!

Then, as in Burma 12 years later, Hirohito's boys came out a bad second best. Mounting two 30-cal. machine guns, these six WACO Straight Wings shot down a Jap observation ship and several seaplanes . . . and flew escort for three Vought Corsair O2U's which, acting as bombers, plastered an enemy landing field.

Although designed for commercial service, these early WACO planes took to combat like the Jap navy takes to its heels . . . demonstrated the same rugged dependability, stability and maneuverability that today characterize the performance of WACO gliders on every front . . . that tomorrow will characterize the WACO you'll want to fly. THE WACO AIRCRAFT COMPANY, 611 Peters Avenue, Troy, Ohio, U. S. A.

Waco

WACO AIRPLANES

ALL ARMY CARGO-TRANSPORT GLIDERS ARE WACO DESIGNED

LISTEN: NOVEMBER 25, 1944

On Thursday, December 7—CBS War Bond Day—at 8 p.m. EWT a group of seasoned veterans will describe on CBS their personal experiences in the major battles which America has fought since Pearl Harbor. The 55-minute program written and directed by Robert Lewis Shayon will climax CBS support of the Sixth War Loan Drive. (*Variety* politely called the corresponding program put on by CBS last June during the last drive "one of the best jobs ever done.")

The bond program series started on November 19 when CBS brought its microphone into five American homes to interview the families of men in the army, navy, marines, air forces and merchant marine. That same day a second program went on the CBS air, a cantata based on President Roosevelt's D-Day prayer, music by Lyn Murray, words by Millard Lampell.

Beginning Tuesday, November 21 and on the three following Monday nights CBS and the American Hotel Association salute America's war workers at 11:30 p.m. EWT with broadcasts originating in New York, Seattle, Kansas City, Houston, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Memphis.

In the planning stage are a dozen other programs with outstanding performers scheduled throughout the last weeks of the drive.

When the Sixth War Loan Drive ends on December 16, CBS will have about 25 programs to show for it and you should have a fuller safe-deposit box.

★

Americans broke all records for radio listening during the 3½ hour period on Election Night between 7 and 10:30 p.m. according to a Hooper survey. More than half the total population tuned in the returns. The two previous peaks in sustained radio listening were established on December 7, 1941 and June 6 last. Radio sets-in-use on Election Night gained 5% over Pearl Harbor and 45% over D-Day. One good reason why is the swift election coverage by the CBS news staff throughout the U.S.

★

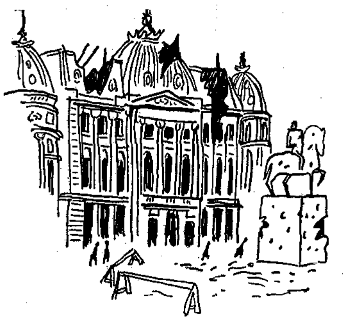
(Please buy another War Bond today)

This is CBS
...THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

LETTER FROM BUCHAREST

OCTOBER 15 (DELAYED)

THE Bucharestians, who like to think of their city as the Paris of the Balkans, were pleased when they finally learned that August 23rd, the day King Michael announced that he had signed an armistice with the Soviet Union and that Rumania would soon be fighting on the side of the Allies, was also the day Paris was liberated. The coincidence was regarded as much more than that by many Rumanians. They found it easy to believe that the events of August 23rd were additional evidence of the spiritual affinity they insist exists between the two capitals. Like the liberation of Paris, the liberation of Bucharest was not immediately apparent to the people. As bewildered as the Rumanian troops were by the declaration that turned their old friends into their new enemies, they managed, in a few hours, to round up most of the Iron Guard, Rumania's native Fascist organization, to drive the German garrison troops out of the city, and to trap the German Minister to Rumania, Baron Manfred von Killinger, in his suite at the Hotel Ambassador. (Von Killinger, who had achieved a degree of unpopularity notable even for a Nazi, made the liberation official by sensibly, if melodramatically, machine-gunning his German mistress to death and killing himself with a pistol before he could be arrested.) The German soldiers, however, retreated only as far as their principal Rumanian airport, five miles from town. They held out there for four days, while their planes, manned by men who apparently were enraged at the thought of being outwitted by mere Rumanians, bombed and strafed the city almost incessantly. Bucharestians say that the four-day blitz they endured was more like a tantrum than a tactical operation. The German bombs hit few military objectives but wrecked the center of the capital. The Ateneul, a large public auditorium, was almost entirely destroyed, and the National Theatre, the opera house, the Royal Palace, several hospitals, the luxurious Athénée Palace Hotel, and the famous French restaurants and shops along the Calea Victoriei (Bucharest's Rue de la Paix) were badly damaged. Dive-bombers strafed the Cismigiu, the public gardens, killing or wounding hundreds of people. One hysterical machine-gunner concentrated his fire on the bronze equestrian statue of ex-King Carol that stands in front of the Royal Palace. Some Bucharestians say that this was the only agreeable moment in the bombardment and that it contributed a good deal to civilian morale. By the end of the four days, when the approach of the Russian Army had frightened the Germans away and ended the blitz, the news from Paris had come through. It was not difficult for the people of Bucharest to convince themselves that in their four-day ordeal they had earned their freedom, as well as something like equal standing with the street fighters of Paris.



BUCHAREST became a self-conscious disciple of Paris in the late nineteenth century, but the enthusiastic Bucharestians seem to have confused French culture with Parisian fashions in clothes and night life. There are several theories about the derivation of the city's name. The one endorsed by the Francophiles derives the name from the Rumanian word *bucurie*, which means "gaiety." The influence of the Turks, who dominated the Balkans for centuries, is still apparent in the style of the houses on the outskirts of the city, but the elegant center of town, particularly around the Royal Palace and the other government buildings, is very French. Kisilev Avenue is a copy of the Champs Elysées, and there is even an Arc de Triomphe. The leading department store is called the Galeries Lafayette, and there is also a Bon Marché. French was compulsory in the schools until the Germans moved in, and most of the people speak French almost as fluently as they do Rumanian. The best restaurants are French and their menus are printed in French as well as Rumanian. (During the German occupation the menus became trilingual.) Even after four years of playing host to the acquisitive Nazis and after the great damage caused by Allied air raids and the Germans' farewell blitz, Bucharest still looks a good deal like Paris, but a sadly down-at-the-heels Paris.

Some Bucharestians were distressed when Rumania entered the war as an Axis satellite, in November, 1940, but most of them contented themselves with the thought that France appeared to be moving into the Axis, too. At worst, it seemed that Rumania had picked the winning side. The Germans who streamed into Bucharest, however, turned out to be the same disagreeable people they had always been. Nazi lieutenants refused to salute Rumanian colonels, and before long Rumanian colonels found themselves saluting not only German lieutenants but German corporals. When the casualties began arriving from the disastrous Russian front, the Germans took over all the hospitals and schools, the university, and other large buildings in Bucharest for their own wounded. The Rumanians, whose losses in Russia ran around a half million, had to put their wounded in people's houses and in small shops.

Very early in the collaboration, the Germans set about plundering Rumania. Rumanian oil, of course, had top priority, and right behind it came Rumanian agricultural produce. After the Nazis had built up an organization to drain off this wealth, they settled down to petty larceny. They confiscated practically all the bedding in the city, permitting each citizen to keep only one blanket and one sheet. They worked out a needlessly devious plan to acquire what sugar, soap, flour, canned goods, and other staples remained here. Of these, sugar was first to get their attention. Soon after Christmas of 1940, the newspapers, under the direction of the Germans, announced that it was probable that sugar would be rationed within a few weeks. Thousands of Bucharest housewives, who are not unlike housewives elsewhere, read the news and hurried out to the stores to lay in a supply of sugar. The Germans waited three days. Then, before dawn on the fourth morning, Iron Guard detachments, under orders from the Germans, went through the residential districts telling the housewives that sugar had been rationed and that they must deliver whatever surplus they had or be arrested for hoarding. The Iron Guardists gathered up the sugar and obediently delivered it to the Germans. The same procedure enabled the Germans to accumulate, with every semblance of legality, much of the remaining stocks of other commodities before the citizens caught on. Taxes, normally high in Bucharest, went higher as the war progressed. In the spring of 1941, the Nazis levied on the citizens of all Rumanian towns a tax that had to be paid in clothing and shoes. The levy continued in force for several months after most men had been re-

EARLY AMERICAN
Friendship's Garden
*

DAILY GARLAND OF

Enchantment

Two toiletry essentials in one lilting bouquet to enjoy after your bath. The flower-fresh toilet water and mist-fine dusting powder—in Friendship's Garden, the fragrance that echoes the language of the flowers. Each $1.00.† In flower-festooned Plantation Box, as illustrated, $2.00.†

Each a Shulton Original.

You'll look lovely in a uniform—
but more important, there's an
urgent need for women in the Service.
JOIN THE WAC

†Plus Tax

*Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. • SHULTON, INC. • Rockefeller Center • New York 20, N.Y.

AMERICA'S NEW
Ballet INTERNATIONAL
"A SURE-SHOT HIT!" —Quirk, News
"A gala event that proved to be a milestone in the cultural life of New York and those responsible for it deserve a big round of applause." —GRENA BENNETT, Journal-American
INTERNATIONAL THEATRE
COLUMBUS CIRCLE at 59th ST.
Evgs. incl. Sunday 8:30 and Sat. & Sun. Mats. 2:30
Prices all Perfs. $1.20 to $4.20 Tax Inc. No Mon. Perf.

GEORGE ABBOTT'S 2 Comedy Hits
"SNAFU"
By LOUIS SOLOMON & HAROLD BUCHMAN
HUDSON Thea., W. 44 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
2ND YEAR
KISS and TELL
By F. HUGH HERBERT
BILTMORE THEA., W. 47 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
MARY MARTIN
JOHN BOLES
One Touch of Venus
Music by KURT WEILL
Book by S. J. PERELMAN & OGDEN NASH : Lyrics by OGDEN NASH
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
Dances by Agnes de Mille
Associate producer JOHN WILDBERG
46TH ST. Theatre, West of Broadway
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"Most important American comedy-drama in 20 years."—RASCOE, World-Telegram
Anna Lucasta
MANSFIELD Theatre 47 St. W. of B'way.
Evgs. 8:40 Mats. Wed., & Sat. 2:40

"A SMASH HIT... a distinguished play." —MARCH OF TIME
Soldier's Wife
ROSE FRANKEN'S COMEDY HIT
GOLDEN Theatre, West 45th St.

MOTION PICTURE
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
50th St. & 6th Ave.
Irene DUNNE • Charles BOYER
"TOGETHER AGAIN"
with Charles COBURN
A Columbia Picture
Spectacular Stage Presentation
1st Mezzanine Seats Reserved. Circle 6-4600

An Old World Spot off 5th Ave.
Cortile
37 West 43rd St.
36 West 44th St.
(Opposite Stern's)
Luncheon from 50c
Cocktail Bar
Dinner from 75c

duced to one suit and one pair of shoes, and to pay the tax they bought cloth, as long as there was any to be had, and hired tailors to make up suits to deliver to the Nazi tax collectors. This led the Bucharestians to a mild form of sabotage; it became the custom for tailors to make the tax clothes very small. Many of them were scaled to fit a jockey.

Like most oppressed peoples, the Bucharestians took what pleasure they could in hoodwinking the Nazis in various small ways. The Germans staged frequent parades and military demonstrations and rounded up the people to provide a cheering crowd. They were instructed to shout, "Horia Sima! [the name of the Iron Guard leader], Führer! Duce!" Instead, the people cried, "Horia Sima! *Fluier! Dulce!*" Their chant sounded all right to the Germans, but actually it was nonsense, because "*fluier dulce*" is Rumanian for "sweet whistle." It was a trivial duplicity, but it made some of the people feel witty and Gallic, and it gave many of them a sense of participating, without much risk, in a kind of underground movement. Others, to whom the words "Führer" and "Duce" had no meaning, innocently believed that "sweet whistle" was what the Germans had wanted them to yell.

IN the second year of the first World War, when Rumania was trying to decide which side to plump for, Kaiser Wilhelm is supposed to have remarked, "Rumanian is not a nationality; it is a profession." When, in the current war, the Soviet troops entered Bucharest, on August 31st, they were welcomed, professionally, by the Bucharestians. Some of the loudest cheers came from Rumanian soldiers—now carefully disguised in civilian clothes—who had joyfully participated in the looting of Odessa and other Russian cities. The Russian soldiers, who were trying hard to adjust themselves to the disappointing realization that they were not entering the capital of a despised and conquered enemy but the home of a new ally, accepted the ovations gloomily. It was all highly embarrassing. A week or so later, the ragtag and bobtail Rumanian Communist Party organized a big celebration in an athletic field. About three thousand Rumanians, practically the full strength of the party in Bucharest, which has a population of almost seven hundred thousand, turned out. After the usual program of exhausting speeches, the members, waving Russian, Rumanian, and a few American flags, paraded down the Boulevard I. C. Bratianu, the capital's second most important street, shouting "Hurrah for the Red Army!," "The Red Army is great!," and "Hail Marshal Stalin!" They achieved little more than a small and temporary traffic jam. Russian soldiers, strolling along the sidewalks, hardly bothered to look up; to them, apparently, a Rumanian Communist was simply another Rumanian.

The Rumanian Communists seem to have been the last people in Bucharest to realize that the Russians' interest in the city was mainly military, and not very pressing at that. In fact, the guarding of the highways entering the capital was turned over to the Red Army's women troops. The Russians revived the ten-o'clock curfew that the Germans had established and that the Rumanians had discontinued, and then those of the Russians who remained in the city proceeded to have as good a time as they could. The officers usually amused themselves by gathering in a café, having a few drinks, and then discharging their pistols in Wild West fashion at the ceiling. The managing of civil affairs was turned over to King Michael's patchwork coalition government, which, after over a month, is still too weak to do much more than hold hand-wringing conferences. It is difficult for the most optimistic and least perturbed Bucharestians to distinguish between the occupation and the liberation. One thoughtful citizen, in a conversation with a member of the small American military mission that reached here a few weeks ago, explained the uneasiness of his countrymen in a parable which compares the Bucharestian to a burglar. "The burglar has broken into a house," he said, "and he is standing with his hand in the family safe. Suddenly a light goes on and there is a policeman pointing a pistol at him. But, instead of instantly shooting or arresting the bur-

REPAIRING
THE RAPID SHOE REPAIR
MEN'S HALF SOLES
LADIES LIFTS
B. Tobias

glar, the policeman just smiles and leans against the wall. Nothing happens, you see, but the policeman continues to point his pistol, and the burglar, who has been caught in the act, knows that sooner or later something will happen. The situation isn't normal, so the burglar is all the more frightened."

THE Bucharestians are, however, trying hard to pretend that everything will turn out well, and to keep up their courage they have revived what they can of their old prewar Parisian life. Inflation, which the helpless government seems unable to control, has doubled and trebled prices that were high long before Rumania's liberation. But a surprisingly large number of people still have enough money to jam the cafés and other places of entertainment. Many citizens have relatives in the country whom they visit now and then to get small supplies of food, which they bring back to the city. What they don't eat, they exchange for money on the black market. The cafés managed to withhold an impressive quantity of French champagne and brandy from the Germans, so liquor, for those who can pay for it, is plentiful. The men of Bucharest have always been among the most determined boulevardiers in Europe and they stroll along the avenues these days with a determination that can startle an American. Bucharest's dandies are a shabby lot, in the remains of their 1939 suits—the padding at the shoulders sagging, the peaked lapels limp and fluttering, the trousers stained and baggy, too frail to stand cleaning or pressing. The bright neckties, however, are still tied in the minute knot that is fashionable here and the ends still hang fashionably below the bottom of the jacket. The American Army officers stationed in Bucharest no longer mind the stir their well-made uniforms cause among the boulevardiers. It is not unusual for an American officer to walk down the street surrounded by a crowd of admirers, the Bucharestians behind him enviously studying his clothes, the ones flanking him feeling the material of his blouse, and the ones in front of him walking backwards in order to enjoy the sartorial treat.

The people of Bucharest have an admiration for almost everything American that is nearly as intense as their enthusiasm for French culture. Naturally, American movies were prohibited in Bucharest by the Nazis during their stay, but the day after the German blitz ended, all the cinemas were once more showing 1938 and 1939 Hollywood

Marlboro
The Cigarette of Distinction
For Him or Her { PLAIN ENDS / IVORY TIPS
Specially for Her { BEAUTY TIPS (red)
KEEN UP your smoking pleasure with MARLBORO'S superb blend of choice tobaccos. Merely a penny or two more!
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO CIGARETTES
Philip Morris & Co. Ltd. Inc.
PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC.
MADE IN U.S.A.
Give a Fighter a future
WAR BONDS
C. Bolegard

Cigarette of successful men and lovely women

productions. No American film maker has ever come through with a title inflammatory enough to satisfy the Rumanian taste, so all the names are changed. "Flying Down to Rio," for example, became "Blue Night of Love." Simple Hollywood films in the boy-meets-girl pattern appear under such promising titles as "Kidnapped on the Wedding Night," "One Night of Passion," and "Love's Night of Destiny." The Bucharestians do not appear to find such deceptions annoying. The women in the audience sob ecstatically, and the linguists shout with pleasure when they hear an actor on the screen speak such familiar words as "O.K.," "Goodbye," and "Please."

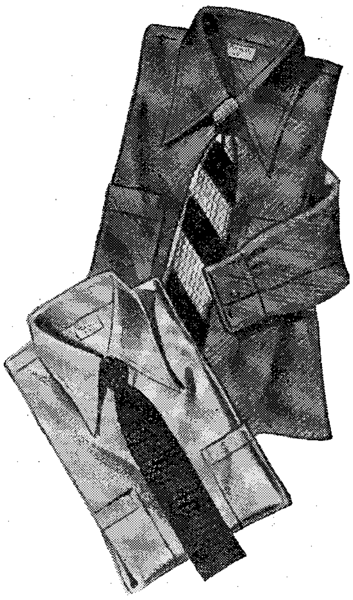
The shut-in life that Bucharest led under the rigid Nazi censorship has made the people hungry for news. Some ten newspapers were published here before the war. Under the Germans, all but four or five papers, and those collaborationist, folded up. Bucharest journalism is now having a frantic boom. Readers have their choice of more than twenty papers, and many others are being planned. The surprising revelation that the war in the Pacific did not end in a smashing Japanese victory a few weeks after Pearl Harbor, as they had been led to believe, has made the Rumanians want to know everything that has happened in the world since November, 1940. They have a lot to learn. —B. R.

●

REPROCESSED

Now that merchandise markings
Must frankly affirm
If silk is synthetic
Or spun by a worm,
Whether wool has been shorn
From the sheep on the green
Or concocted from coal
By a cunning machine,
Will wolves in sheep's clothing
Be fined a fat fee
For disguises not labelled
Legitimately,
Or the Mother Goose black sheep
Who baas "Three bags full"
Cry "One-third of acetate
And two-thirds of wool"?
Will weary insomniacs,
Summoning sleep,
Count the reprocessed fleeces
In each score of sheep?
Let moths munch my motley
If now from today on
My woolgathering wits
Must content them with rayon!

—Jean Batchelor


Rogers Peet . . Authentic Fashions

Color is Style!

APPLE GREEN
BARN RED
BEIGE TAN
BURGUNDY RED
CHAMOIS YELLOW
COCOA BROWN
COPEN BLUE

All-wool
FLANNEL
SHIRTS
$10

Rogers Peet Company
A label that spells character

Just the right weight—for comfort!
Not too heavy! Not too light.

In New York: Fifth Avenue *at* 41st Street | 13th Street *at* Broadway | Warren Street *at* Broadway | *And in Boston:* Tremont St. *at* Bromfield St.

PORTRAIT
OF
A MAN
....by a
Photographer
of Men

FABIAN BACHRACH • 507 FIFTH AVENUE
Bradford Bachrach • Photographer of Women • 683 Fifth Avenue

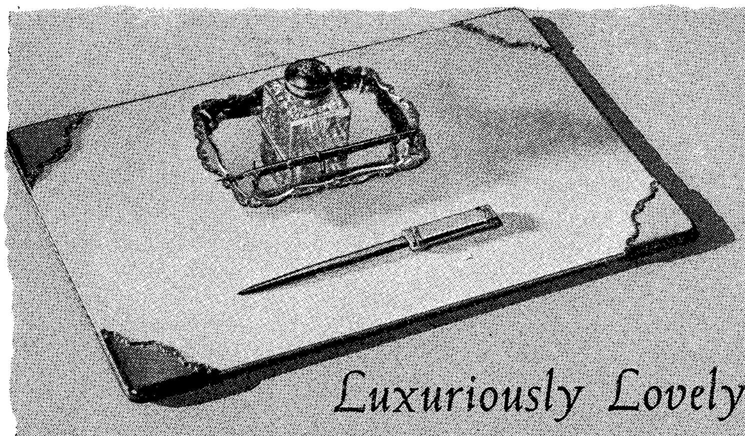
FOOTBALL

It Is Time for a Change

"DON'T you know there's a war on?" has been a handy excuse, in all fields of endeavor, for a number of odd performances in the past three years, none of them more peculiar than the refusal of the football rules committee to consider putting into effect several rather sensible suggestions for changes in the code this season. The result has been a considerable amount of quiet but definite confusion. The group of Eastern coaches who had proposed the alterations came to a gentlemen's agreement to adopt them anyway, but the rest of the trade stuck to the old national rules. This was a beautiful demonstration of the fact that we are living in a democracy and not a dictatorship, as well as an instance of the triumph of the doctrine of states' rights. As a practical matter, however, it was not so good. In the first place, the Eastern colleges had to dicker with their Southern and Western opponents about what rules would apply when they met; in the second place, the players and the officials had a lot of extra things to keep in mind, and you know football officials. For instance, Navy played Purdue on Saturday under the old rules. The week before, it played Cornell under the new Eastern rules. The week before that, it played Notre Dame under the old rules.

The negotiations with the Southern colleges had even stranger results. Navy played three Southern schools; North Carolina Pre-Flight accepted the new rules, but Georgia Tech and Duke insisted on the old ones. However, when Duke played Penn, it agreed to abide by two of the new ones. And Michigan, which is certainly not a Southern college, must have been in a Southern frame of mind when it decided that it could be erratic too and agreed to accept *one* of the new rules when it came to Philadelphia to play Pennsylvania. If you care to figure this all out, you will find that it would have been possible for you to see football played under four sets of rules this season—five, if you count the professional teams. By last week, the mutterings that something would have to be done about this before next year had become fairly audible.

Speaking of professional teams brings to mind the experience of Sampson



Luxuriously Lovely

STERLING SILVER DESK SET!

Just one look and you *know* it's lovely! This 4-piece Sterling silver desk set has a graceful letter opener, finely worked pen holder, deep inkstand with a sparkling crystal base, and a large 12¼" x 19¼" pad. Rich, dignified, simple—here's all you can hope for in a truly exquisite desk set. $270.00, *Federal Tax included*

Hammacher Schlemmer

145 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. VOl. 5-4700

A TREAT GROWS IN BROOKLYN

Brooklyn, Boston, Baltimore, Bucyrus, *everywhere*—supplies of that grand treat, Carstairs White Seal whiskey, are growing. And so is the number of people now able to enjoy its superb quality—the quality we maintained even during shortage days. If you want to see how *much* they enjoy it, just listen at any good bar to the requests for The Perfectly Balanced Blend—and to the sighs of pleasure that follow. You'll soon join in!

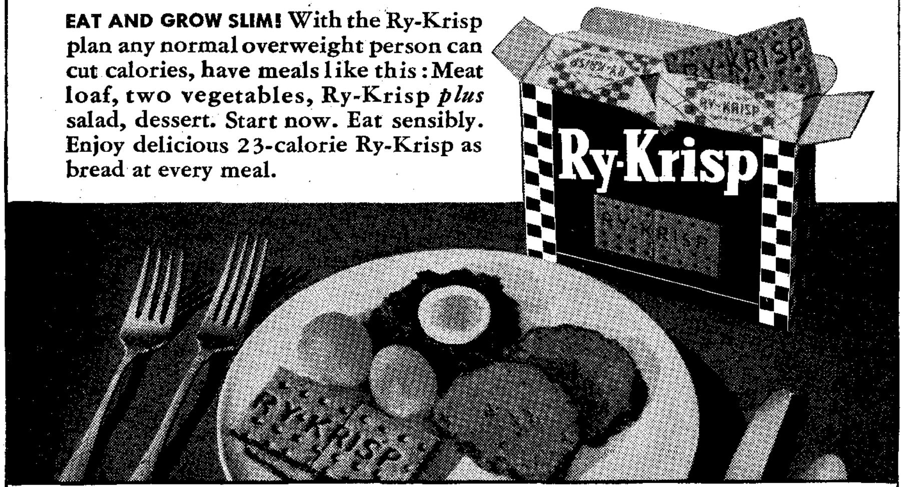
THE MAN WHO CARES SAYS: CARSTAIRS

BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof, 72% Grain Neutral Spirits.
Carstairs Bros. Distilling Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md.

Helene Hokinson

"No pleasure to measure? Better reduce the Ry-Krisp way!"

EAT AND GROW SLIM! With the Ry-Krisp plan any normal overweight person can cut calories, have meals like this: Meat loaf, two vegetables, Ry-Krisp *plus* salad, dessert. Start now. Eat sensibly. Enjoy delicious 23-calorie Ry-Krisp as bread at every meal.



FREE **MENUS, RECIPES AND SIMPLE REDUCING PLAN FOR NORMAL OVERWEIGHT. WRITE RY-KRISP, 21 CHECKERBOARD SQ., ST. LOUIS 2, MO.**

The ***Largest Oranges***

you have ever seen!

30 LB. DREAM BASKET bulging full of Florida's finest tree-ripened Indian River oranges and grapefruit. Luscious fruit with a tangy taste.

CHRISTMAS GIFT PACK . . . shipped express prepaid . . . $5

Let us send Florida sunshine to you and your friends and those in service—in these shipments of fresh-picked, matchless, mammoth fruit with more zip, flavor, tang, and juice than any oranges and grapefruit you ever tasted!

ENCLOSE CHECK OR MONEY ORDER

ALSO
SPECIAL BASKET
same pack fruit—
55 lbs. **$10**

FULL CRATE
same pack fruit—
90 lbs. **$15**

SHIPPED DIRECTLY FROM
BLAKE GROVES
EAU GALLIE • FLORIDA

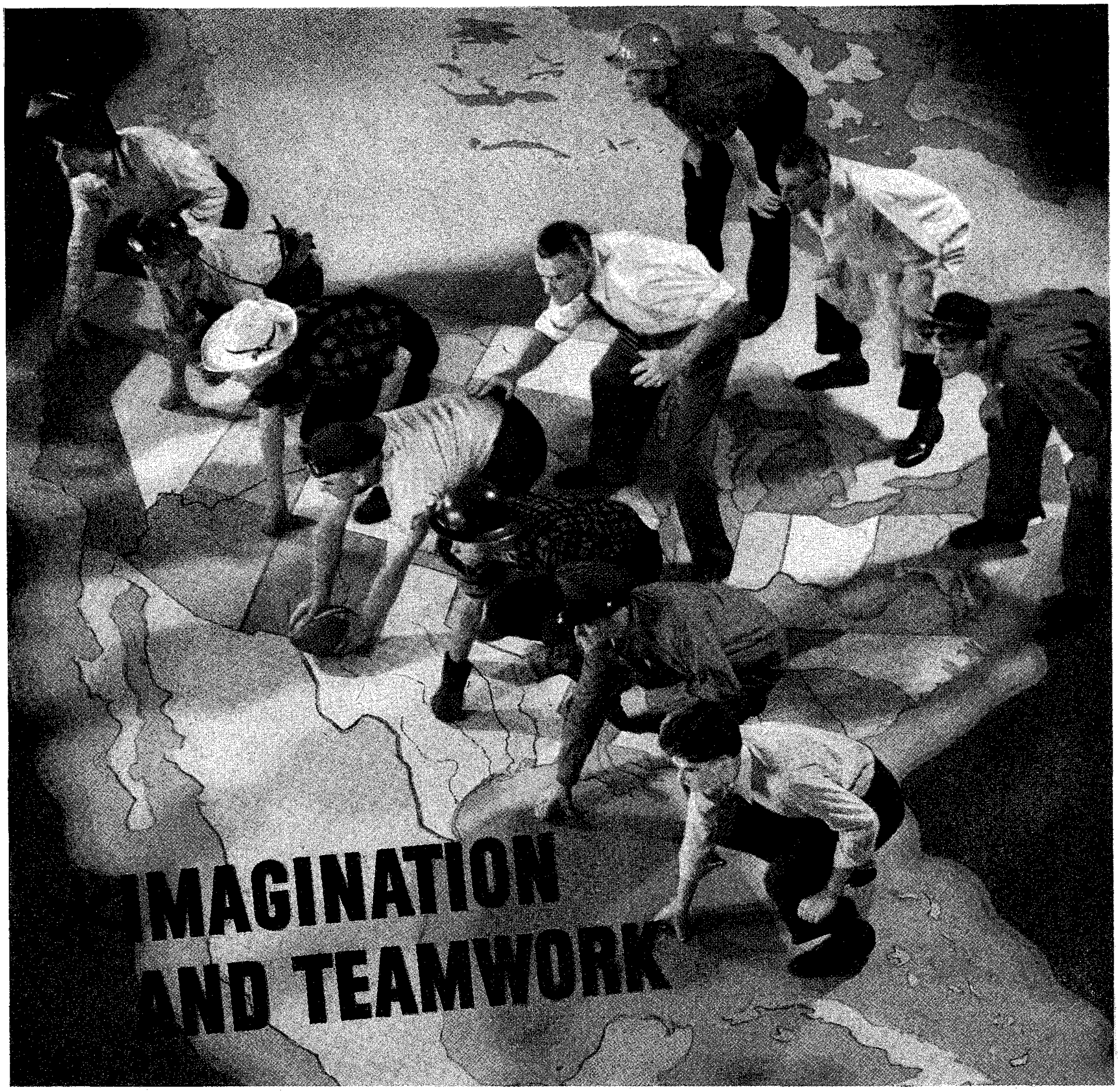
Naval Training Station, which played the first half of its season against National League teams and the second half against colleges. The National League rules, to which Sampson subscribed while it was playing the professionals, say that a play is not ended until the ball-carrier has been pinned to the ground; all college rules say that a play is ended when any part of the ball-carrier's body except his hands and his feet touch the ground. The Sampson men, who had never before played anything but high-school or college football, had a hard time getting things straight. Every time an opposing ball-carrier was knocked down, they instinctively eased up on him, and he crawled or rolled forward a couple of yards before the boys pulled themselves together and pounced on him. By the time the Sampson players had learned to ignore the traditional admonition that you mustn't hit a man when he's down, the team had finished up with the professionals and was beginning on the college half of the schedule, and the squad had to get busy and study up on being little gentlemen again—either that or run the risk of drawing penalties for unnecessary roughness.

A Mr. Arch Ward has just written a book called "Frank Leahy and the Fighting Irish." An hour spent musing through its pages will probably convince you, as it has me, that a better title would be "The Rover Boys at Notre Dame," or perhaps just "Gee!" The first suggestion will give a clue to the author's characterization, the second a clue to his style. Having said that, I may as well add that the book answers some (though not all) of the questions about what makes the Notre Dame team the irresistible force it usually is and that it has some good stuff about its early days. Mr. Leahy, who once belonged to the troupe and later became one of its more successful coaches, turns up in the narrative mostly in the process of winning a big game or telling other fellows how to do it. Apart from that, he is a rather shadowy figure. In the accompanying photograph of himself and his family, he looks like a nice guy, someone it would be interesting to know more about. —J. W. L.

•

> Good stories have a way of being repeated in various forms.
> ing repeated in various forms,
> —*The Sun.*

How true!
How true!



BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

12,152 OTHER COMPANIES SHARE IN THE WAR WORK CHRYSLER DOES FOR YOU!

Imagination builds a factory as broad as America—to reach the places and the people best for each job.

Imagination is the spirit of teamwork between Chrysler and many supplying companies — it helps give special character to all Chrysler Corporation products.

People all over America work as a team with Chrysler Corporation to make things for you.

Farmers, miners, ranchers, railroaders and truckers—and thousands of manufacturers — supply raw materials, parts or services for Chrysler-built war products, and for the cars and trucks we make in peacetime.

Such teamwork distributes wages and work to people in cities, villages and on farms. It uses the skills and facilities of thousands of small companies and many large ones. And it helps to get big war jobs done quickly.

12,152 businesses, in 41 states, have furnished parts, materials or services for Chrysler war production. 56 cents of every dollar we received on war contracts, we paid out to them.

The use of imagination and teamwork — now applied to our quantity production of war weapons — again will produce quality cars and trucks for you after the war.

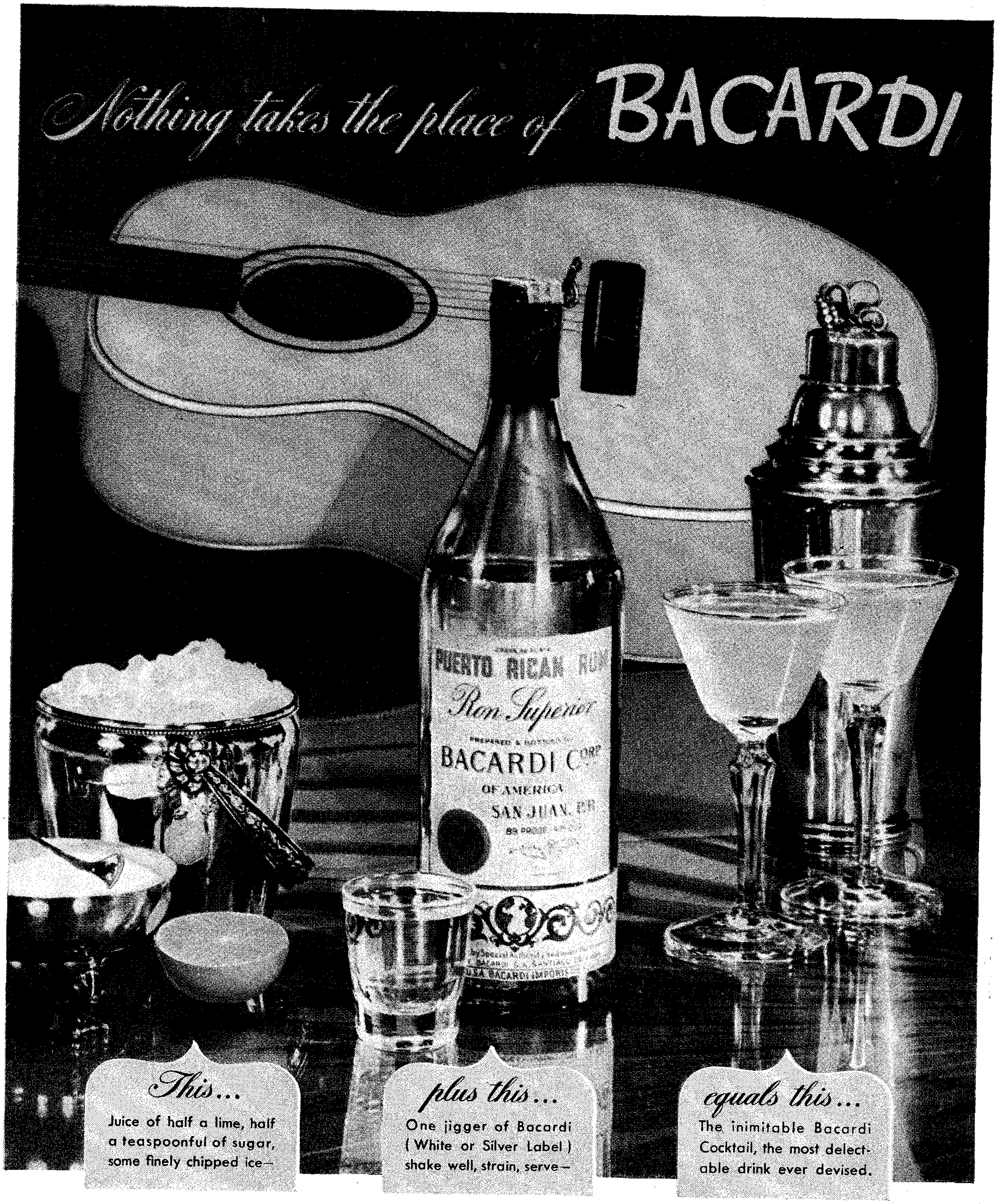
✳ **IMAGINATION IS THE DIRECTING FORCE AT**

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PLYMOUTH
DODGE
DE SOTO
CHRYSLER

AIRTEMP
Heating, Cooling, Refrigeration
CHRYSLER
Marine and Industrial Engines
OILITE
Powdered Metal Products

YOU'LL ENJOY MAJOR BOWES THURSDAYS, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.


Nothing takes the place of BACARDI
PUERTO RICAN RUM
Ron Superior
BACARDI CORP
OF AMERICA
SAN JUAN, P.R.

This...
Juice of half a lime, half a teaspoonful of sugar, some finely chipped ice—

plus this...
One jigger of Bacardi (White or Silver Label) shake well, strain, serve—

equals this...
The inimitable Bacardi Cocktail, the most delectable drink ever devised.

The Inimitable Bacardi Cocktail

In all the world no drink is more famous than the Bacardi Cocktail. Prepared the one and only way, as shown above, with the one and only Bacardi . . . it is the most delicious of all Cocktails. According to a ruling of the New York Supreme Court, April 28, 1936, a Bacardi Cocktail *must* be made with Bacardi, a name renowned over 82 years for matchless quality.

AND REMEMBER — NOTHING TAKES THE PLACE OF WAR BONDS! . . . Bacardi Imports, Inc., N. Y., RUM — 89 PROOF © 1944.

GAY NOSE IN THE NOSEGAY

THE other day someone sent me a copy of a publication named "Floyd Clymer's Motor Scrapbook," devoted to reprints of automobile advertisements appearing between 1890 and 1920. I lost myself in it completely, weeping softly over pictures of makes of cars I had forgotten ever existed but which once I had proudly recognized at sight. I was mooning over Stanley Steamers, Gasmobiles, Maxwells, Reos, Abbott-Detroits, Pope-Hartfords, Metzes, Marmons, Appersons, Mitchells, and Croxton-Keatons when I was brought up short by a liquor ad—and don't ask *me* how it got there—reprinted from a *Munsey's Magazine* of 1906. This advertisement started with a bold-face line, "A BOTTLE OF WHISKEY FREE!," and went on to state that any whiskey under fifteen years of age was unfit to drink and even dangerous. It offered four bottles (full quarts) of "Old Fitzgerald, an Old-Fashioned Sour Mash Whiskey, Distilled in Tubs by Hand, carrying charges prepaid," for five dollars. Into the bargain, in case you didn't believe the ad, they would send you *free* an individual bottle of the whiskey, or of Martini, Manhattan, Gin, Vermouth, Brandy, or Jap Cocktail.

I forgot all about automobiles, carried away by the poignant regret that I hadn't reached the prime of life in an era when you could get four full quarts of over-fifteen-year-old whiskey for five dollars and been happily dead and buried before the advent of Cuban gin and fifty-three-cent cocktails.

While still in this frame of mind, I ran across, in the apartment of a friend who considers himself a super-connoisseur of mixed drinks, a little volume called "Jerry Thomas' Bar-Tenders' Guide." (Mr. Thomas had been Principal Bar-Tender at the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, and the Planters' House, St. Louis.) It was first published in 1862, this edition copyright 1887, and it turned out to be just the sort of escape literature that my troubled spirit and palate required.

The tone of the little book is set in the preface, which remarks that "Fruit, of course, must not be handled but picked up with a *silver* [my italics] spoon or fork" and "whiskey should be kept directly on ice! [my exclamation point]."

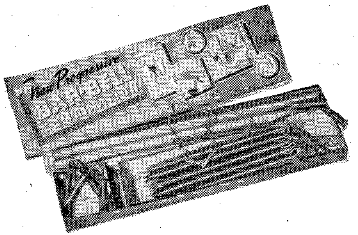
You will not find the Martini Cocktail listed among the hundreds of recipes. You will, however, find the Martinez, with practically the same ingredients. This upsets the often-heard theory that

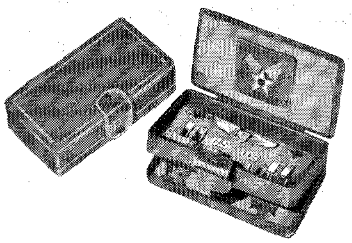
THE A&F GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

Selecting for Christmas

When it comes to choosing gifts for outdoor men and women in or out of the services, the trail leads straight to "the greatest sporting goods store in the world." From our gift merchandise we show you typical articles.

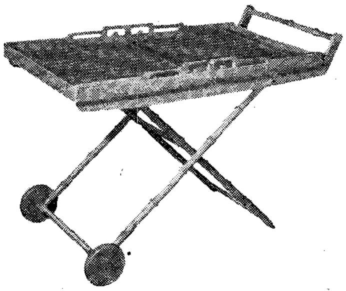
Send for "The Christmas Trail," the gift shop in a book.





BAR-BELL EXERCISER COMBINATION $7.50
A whole gym combined in one set. Exercises possible include bar pull, chest pull, wall pull, rowing, weight lifting and grip strengthening.

INSIGNIA BOX $9.75
Holds insignia, ribbons, shoulder patches and medals. Tan leather, saddle stitched. 1¾"x4¼"x7½".



FOLDING BUFFET CART . . $29.50
Frosted oak, beverage or tea cart on wheels. Folds compactly for storing away. Height 30". Serving area 40"x22".

WOMEN'S COLD WEATHER SERVICE OVERBOOT . . $12.00
The perfect winter boot for Red Cross workers or other services. Smart, black elk leather lined with lambskin. Rubber sole.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

CHICAGO STORE: **VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE** 9 NORTH WABASH

The Rum of Delicious Flavor
GOLD LABEL
RONRICO
Distilled
PUERTO RICAN RUM

RONRICO*
Best RUM bar none*

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free Copy. Ronrico Corporation, Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof. United States Representative: Import Division McKesson & Robbins, Inc., N.Y.C.

Copyright 1944 *Trademarks

Lavando
DISTINCTIVELY BEAUTIFUL

Flattering—luxurious—bespeaking distinction as only beautiful leather can, LAVANDO—loveliest of gloves—are a privilege to wear. Of velvet-rich Arabian mocha, perfect-fitting, and washable. From $5.00, at fine stores.

IRELAND Brothers GLOVES
JOHNSTOWN, N. Y. • NEW YORK
SAN FRANCISCO • KANSAS CITY, MO.

the name of the drink has some connection with Martini & Rossi vermouth. Incidentally, every cocktail recipe in the book except one calls for two dashes of Boker's bitters. The Coffee Cocktail alone omits it, and the text explains that because it has no Boker's bitters it is not properly a cocktail and goes on at some length to warn the reader not to expect it to contain or taste like coffee. The concoction (1 teaspoonful powdered white sugar, 1 fresh egg, 1 large wineglass of port wine, 1 pony of brandy, 2 or 3 lumps of ice) is supposed to look like coffee, and that's all. The implication is that certain people used it as a rather expensive form of hoax.

THE cocktail guzzlers of those days were no sissies. In practically all of the cocktail recipes the amount given for the strongest ingredient is "1 wineglass." For example, the Jap Cocktail is "1 tablespoonful of orgeat syrup, 1 wineglass of brandy," etc.; the Whiskey Cocktail is "3 or 4 dashes gum syrup, 2 dashes Boker's bitters, 1 wineglass of whiskey," etc. Oddly, a Manhattan contains only a pony of whiskey but a wineglass of Italian vermouth.

Under Philadelphia Fish-House Punch, Mr. Thomas gives the following ingredients: "½ pint lemon juice, ¾ pound white sugar dissolved in sufficient water, ½ pint cognac brandy, ¼ pint peach brandy, ½ pint Jamaica rum, 2½ pints cold water." Then he adds, with utter seriousness, "The above is *generally* [italics his] sufficient for *one person* [italics mine]." Anybody who has ever attended football games in Philadelphia can tell you that three or four cups of Fish-House is generally more than sufficient for the average weakling modern male. It has a delayed-action effect and accounts for those people you see being led or carried away from the stadium during the second half.

A footnote to Light Guard Punch, which is described as "sufficient for a party of twenty," amplifies thus: "This is sufficient for a mixed company of twenty, not twenty of the Light Guard." Mr. Thomas was a cautious man and wanted his readers thoroughly informed. Under "Hot Brandy and Rum Punch," he remarks, "Allow a quart for four persons, but this information must be taken *cum grano salis*, for the capacities of persons for this type of beverage are generally supposed to vary considerably."

The recipe for Duke of Norfolk Punch starts out, "Take 20 quarts of French brandy." Among other punches we find the Seventh Regiment Punch,

Party Apron
Look demure and charming while serving your guests.

Available in blue, pink and yellow...trimmed in white with hand embroidered pockets. $8.50. In white organdy, $9.

Mail orders filled promptly

GEORG JENSEN INC.
667 FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y.

LAMPS • FURNITURE • ACCESSORIES

Extraordinary
Christmas Gifts

JAMES AMSTER • 140 E. 53rd ST. PL 8-1866

ROYLIES

These beautiful, inexpensive lace-paper doylies save linens, laundry. Many sizes and designs.

a rather mild affair containing sherry, brandy, and raspberry syrup, and served with a straw; also Sixty-ninth Regiment Punch, which contains both Scotch and Irish whiskey, is not served with a straw, and is not mild. One job, Punch Jelly, calls for three ounces of isinglass. It is described as very "insinuating" and a solemn warning is issued to the host to watch the behavior of his guests closely when he serves it.

All Mr. Thomas's highballs are made with Apollinaris. Alas, when did anyone last see a bottle of Apollinaris in these parts? Or of Boker's bitters, for that matter?

Mr. Thomas blasts into nothingness the theory that Tom Collins got its name because it was always made with Old Tom gin in the old days. He says the real Tom Collins is made with whiskey; failing that, brandy; failing brandy, third and last, gin. He also has a very decided opinion about what the Mint Julep should be made of. Whatever you may think, *not* Bourbon or rye. Brandy. He reluctantly gives a couple of lines each to Gin Julep and Whiskey Julep, but devotes a whole article apiece to the Mint Julep and the Real Georgia Mint Julep, both of which are made with cognac. Following the recipe of the Real Georgia Mint Julep, there's a reprint of an eloquent and moving article, from a Georgia paper, describing an old Southern gentleman who, "rousing from his dreams, blesses the vision that seems to rise up before him from the buried days of his youth, and with his gay nose nestling peacefully in the nosegay at the summit of his midday refresher, quaffs the icy drink, and with a long drawn sigh of relief sinks back to dream again until the dinner bell sounds its hospitable summons." I don't know why the old gent didn't order another one instead of going back to sleep—he seems to have had plenty of time—since Mr. Thomas doesn't explain.

Some of the names of Mr. Thomas's drinks are poetry itself: Santina's Pousse-Café, Rumfustian, Ale Sangaree, Santa Cruz Daisy, Morning Glory, Gin Crusta, General Harrison's Egg Nogg, Balaklava Nectar, Claret Cup à la Brunow, Crimean Cup à la Wyndham, White Lion, Brandy Champerelle, White Tiger's Milk.

—FREDERICK PACKARD

•

TWIN beds. One with springs. Also three bird cages. Phone 1527.—*Asheville (N.C.) Citizen.*

One with bars?

Opening Night
by
CHARLES OF THE RITZ

A formal coiffure with
the elegance of the opening
night at the Opera...
as fascinating to
the row behind as it is
to your mirror!

Charles of the Ritz

IN NEW YORK:
THE RITZ-CARLTON
THE RITZ TOWER
B. ALTMAN & CO.
(also White Plains and East Orange)

IN OTHER CITIES:
THE RITZ-CARLTON, *Boston*
HIMELHOCH'S, *Detroit*
I. MAGNIN, *Los Angeles*
T. A. CHAPMAN, *Milwaukee*
JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia*

Gold and ruby flower clips

Large size $365*
Small size $175*
Medium size . . $325*
Matching ear clips (not illustrated) . $275*
*(20% Federal excise tax included)

Olga TRITT
589 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

SINCE things for the house make fine, practical wartime Christmas presents, we are pleased to be able to report that your chances of finding something useful are remarkably good this year. There may not be a vast supply of any one object about, but we can assure you that if you happen to turn up too late to get a particular item on which you have set your heart, you will, if you keep going, see a dozen acceptable substitutes in a half hour of counter hopping. In short, there is variety if not quantity, and an encouraging amount of attention has been paid this season to producing really useful devices. For instance, the stores are prepared to help people around the problem of the maidless dining room with a number of handy objects—twirling Lazy Susans, hot-dish pads and tiles, the invaluable tray on a stand. In our list of suggestions, we have devoted most of our time to such functional things, in the belief that out-and-out luxury can await a less serious day. We have tried, too, to avoid outrageously high-priced numbers, even if they are practical. Still, nothing for the household is exactly cheap today.

In past weeks we have gone, zealously enough, we like to think, into these matters:

September 16. . . . Gifts for men and women in the services, here and abroad.
November 4. . . . Christmas cards.
November 18. . . . Accessories for women and lingerie, and luggage.

And now, here we go with this week's collection:

Abercrombie & Fitch: Hot-plate tiles with sporting decorations; $6.75. Big and handsome glass Martini mixers; $12.50. Half-gallon beer mugs, with handles wrapped in bamboo, for pretzels, potato chips, and so on; $5. A. & F.'s celebrated game-bird pictures, now painted on undersides of Lucite trays; $25.

Altman: Outsize (and we mean tremendous) flower vases in emerald-green and deep-sapphire glass (squares, cylinders, flaring shapes); a lot for your $4. Wood-and-bamboo racks holding two ($7.95) or three ($11.95) crocks to keep party food hot. Framed bird prints, old and lovely, on trays set upon folding stands; $29.95, stand and all.

America House, 485 Madison Avenue (52nd): Table placemats, hand-woven of dyed knit cotton factory remnants, for heat pads; seventy-five cents each in chartreuse, turquoise, crimson, and so on. Incessant knitters should love a wooden yarn swift (wool winder, to non-knitters) which folds up into its own chintz bag; $1.75, including bag. Plenty of excellent American pottery: big salad bowls, at $4.50; chop plates, also handy for cold cuts, cake, and canapés, at $4; jumbo coffee cups, light as an eggshell, at $10 and $15.

Bergdorf Goodman: Always an assortment of good-looking leather-covered scrapbooks, desk portfolios, velvet-lined jewelry boxes, and so on; $10 up. Shopping and knitting bags, no two alike, from about $8. Virgin-wool handloomed throws, warm, light, big enough to use on beds; $19 in shell pink and pale blue, and a de-luxe Christmas present. Letter-and-notepaper racks, like the old Florentine ones, of tooled écrasé leather in colors suitable for both ladies and gentlemen; $25 up. All in the Gift Shop.

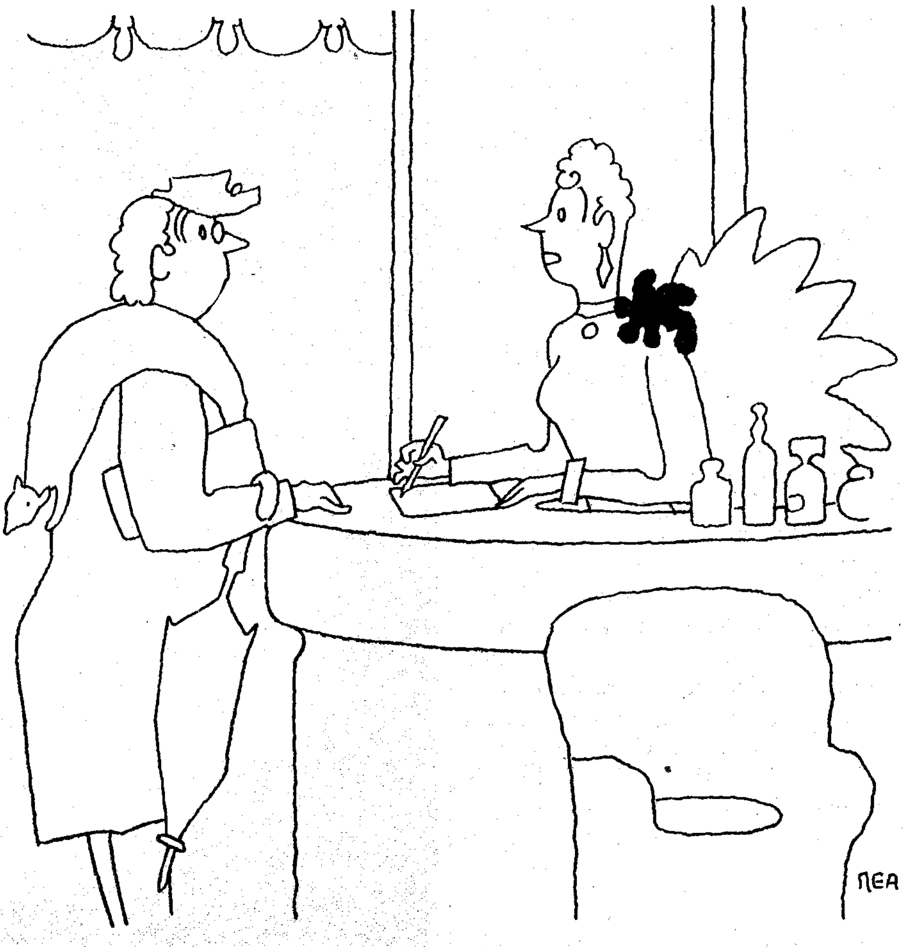
Black, Starr & Gorham: Not a new thought, but nothing better for handling ice cubes or prettier on the tray than old silver sugar tongs; $10 and $12. Small silver shells, for nuts or mints; $12.60. Really big old tôle trays, repainted with flower decorations, such as lush mauve poppies or blossoming blackberry vines; beautiful and around $75.

Bloomingdale: A handsome liquor tray in natural pale wood, with compartments holding two square whiskey decanters, six highball and six short whiskey glasses, coasters, *and* a glass ice tub; all for $13.95. A handy dollar present is an airtight siphon top for soda bottles; it works, too. Waterproof rayon taffeta shower curtains, in the linen department, in really good solid colors for $5 or prettily patterned with ferns or pink rosebuds for $7.50. Search no more for wooden pepper mills; they're here for $2.95 and $3.98.

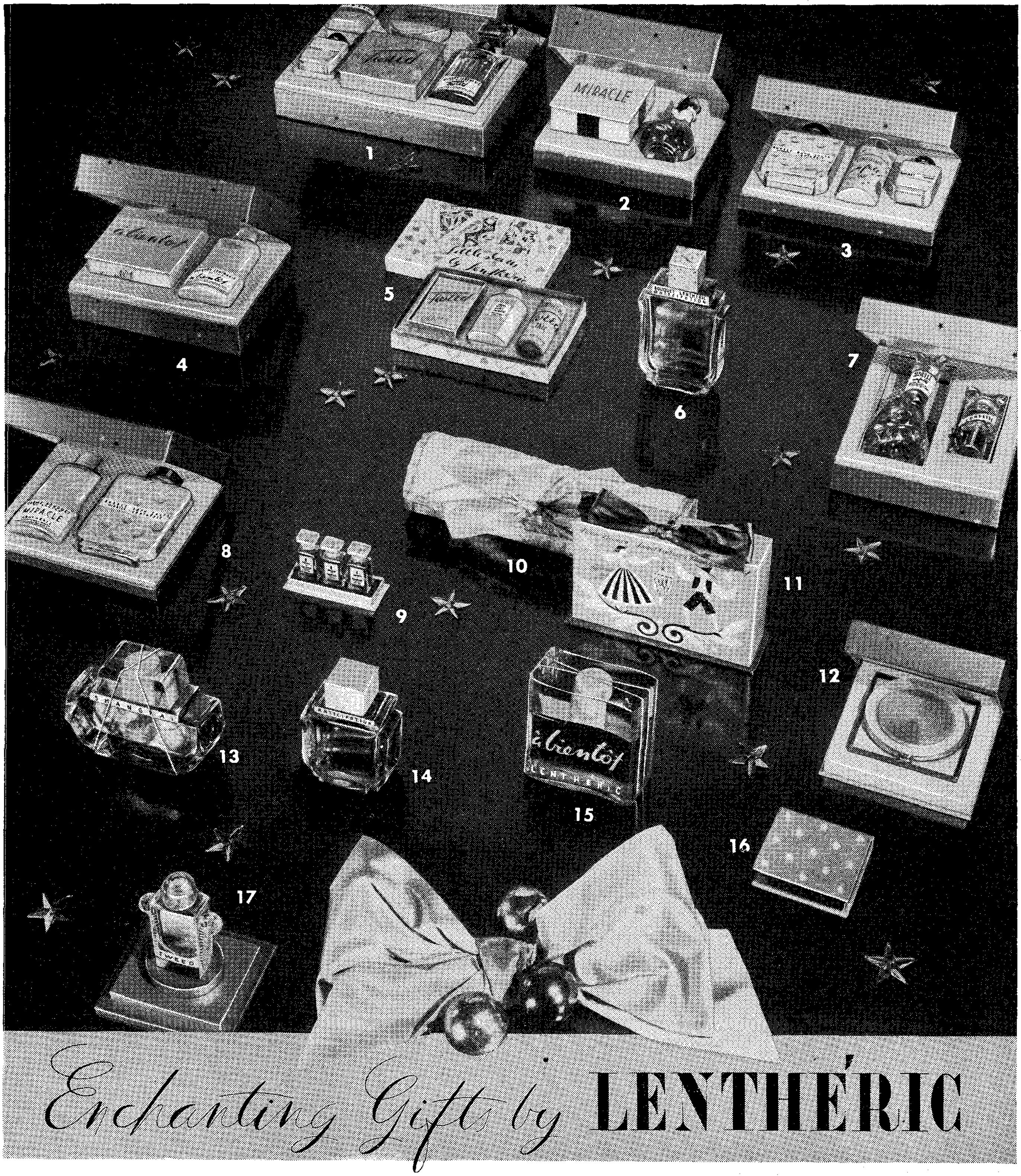
Bonwit Teller: In the Gift Shop: A thirteen-piece breakfast service for one (not for the coffee-and-orange-juice set), in nice white china with raised design; $5. Little framed Parisian water colors by Gabriel Spat, about four by five inches; $18.50, and enchanting. Big turquoise or pale-pink egg-shaped glass vases, for a touch of great elegance; $5.

Hattie Carnegie: Small and practical antiques in the balcony Gift Shop. Old plates, singly and in sets, such as eight fruit plates and a compote, each piece with a different fruit design; $45 takes all. Modern idea: four-, six-, or twelve-deck bridge and gin sets, in cedar-lined leather or brocade boxes to use for cigarettes when you've worn out the cards; $7.50 to $30.

Cauman, 14 East 50th Street: For any



"Do you mean to say you've already taken our full course of treatments?"



1. ***Tweed Gift Set:*** Perfume, Bath Powder, Face Powder, Bouquet Lenthéric flacon, Soap, Sachet **$9.95;** also in Confetti **$10.45**

2. ***Miracle Duo:*** Bath Powder and Bouquet Lenthéric, decanter; also in Shanghai, Tweed, Confetti, or A Bientôt **$3.75**

3. ***Confetti Three-In-One:*** Bubble Bath Salts, Sachet and Talcum; also in Miracle and Tweed. **$3.25**

4. ***A Bientôt Twosome:*** Bath Powder and Crème Bouquet; also in Tweed, Miracle, Shanghai, and Confetti **$2.45**

5. ***"Little Slam"*** (Tweed Gift Set): Crème Bouquet, Talcum and Sachets **$1.50**

6. ***Bouquet Lenthéric Anticipation,*** decanter **$3.00** and **$5.00**

7. ***Confetti Coup:*** Perfume and Bouquet Lenthéric, decanter **$11.75;** also in Tweed **$10.75**

8. ***Miracle Mates:*** Bubble Bath Salts and Crème Bouquet; also in Tweed or Confetti **$2.45**

9. ***For Three Scents*** (Perfume Trio): Miracle, Tweed and Confetti **$6.00**

10. ***Sachet Quilt:*** Miracle or Tweed **$7.50**

11. ***"Folk Dance"*** (Crème Bouquet Trio): Tweed, Miracle and Confetti **$3.30**

ALL PRICES, PLUS TAX

12. ***Lustrous Lucite Single Loose Powder Vanity*** **$5.00**

13. ***Shanghai Perfume*** . . . . **$5.00 to $55.00**

14. ***Anticipation Perfume*** **$15.00, $35.00, $60.00**

15. ***A Bientôt Perfume*** . . . . **$5.00 to $55.00**

16. ***Polka Dot Pattern Leather Single Loose Powder Vanity;*** also in scroll design (Mexican Pink, Fuchsia, Kelly Green, Vivid Red, Black) . . . **$5.00**
In Pig-tex (Scroll Design Only) **$5.00**

17. ***De Luxe Perfume Presentation:*** Flacon of Tweed, Miracle, Confetti, A Bientôt, Shanghai or Pink Party **$10.00**

Exceptional Value

RICH, BLACK

Persian Lamb

$495

PRICE SUBJECT TO 20% FEDERAL EXCISE TAX

You'll wear it day-into-night with great chic and distinction, and you'll cherish it through the years for its black diamond beauty.

HAT BY ROBERT DUDLEY

Jaeckel

10 EAST 57th STREET

Major H. F. Jaeckel • Walter F. Jaeckel
Tracy Jaeckel • Murray Jaeckel

sentimental family, a linen-covered photograph album; $2. A superior bar tray, in blond wood, with endless racks and compartments, all removable so tray can be used separately; $12, and it does everything but mix the drinks. One of the season's best wastebaskets: big and handsome in handblocked fabrics, and asbestos-lined; $7.50.

Davis Collamore, 7 East 52nd Street: His fine traditional china needn't be bought in full dinner sets at great expense; starter services for four in Copeland Spode are $29.80. Children's four-piece china sets with rabbit decorations; $6.50, and charming. In glass, a pear-shaped jam or marmalade jar with a plate and a glass spoon; $2. Bud vases, small and sweet; $2.50.

W. F. Cooper, 5 East 54th Street: Eileen Ellis's limited-edition, modelled-from-life Worcester porcelain pups, for collectors or any dog lover; $20. Old tea caddies of fine woods; from $35. Glass jars of Cooper's own excellent potpourri, a treasured recipe from India; $5.

A. L. Diament, 34 East 53rd Street: Occasional tables: elegant nests of three, in wood painted black and touched with gilt, with mirrored or old-print tops, at $47.50 and $45, respectively; two sizes of round, over-sized coffee tables in the same black-with-gold, surfaced with scattered roses painted under black glass, at $97.50 and $110.

Flint & Horner, 66 West 47th Street: Table lamps (yes, lamps) of all sorts: one of old Bristol glass, at $47.50, including shade; others with bases of Chinese porcelain (ginger jars, celadon vases, and so on) or of Wedgwood. Oval and rectangular mirrors in baguette-cut mirror frames; from $29.50. A gin-rummy table with gold-tooled leather top that tilts; $39.50.

Gem Monogram & Cut Glass Co., 940 Third Avenue (56th): Glittering glass, including Venetian. Also, the cut-glass sort of *fin de siècle* elegance—cheese dishes, from $6.50; punchbowls, up to $45. A fine collection of huge lead-glass ashtrays; $7.50 to $25.

Gourielli, 16 East 55th Street: Nineteenth-century whims: milk-glass candy and trinket boxes, topped with a lamb ($10), a lion ($12.50), a proud swan ($30), and so on; tiny old Bristol-glass lamps, electrified to make night lights for the nervous, at $15; cut-crystal perfume cylinders and vinaigrettes (clear, ruby, amethyst, and sapphire, with silver and silver-gilt tops—lovely trifles), at $10 to $25. Well, you have to do *something* about that girl who has everything, don't you?

Hammacher Schlemmer: Fourteen-ounce ale glasses; $16.50 a dozen. A sturdy clothes rack which can expand to take care of everyone at the Christmas party; $21.75 in mahogany or walnut. That indispensable ice mallet and bag; $2.50 for the set.

Hathaway, 51 West 45th Street: Carved and gilded two-candle wooden wall sconces; $22.50. Simple, bronzed brass floor lamps, reading-light height and with indirect globes; $29.50 and $37.50. Or, for someone who has to stay indoors in winter weather, a scaled-down slipper chair and ottoman, both upholstered in velvet or satin; the two pieces combine to make a small chaise longue; $114.50.

Lyman Huszagh, 57 East 56th Street: Perfect for box fanciers. Patch and snuff boxes from the late eighteenth century; one with tortoiseshell finish and silver inlay, at $14.50, or inlaid with varicolored marbles, at $12. Old boxes, once used for game counters, with shadow-box tops containing a flower design in colored beads; lovely, and $19.50.

Georg Jensen: You can spend a fortune on the Marghab table and household linens or Jensen silver, or seventy-five cents on a nutcracker of unfinished wood. Natural oak and natural or dark mahogany folding tables with large round tops, in coffee ($55) or tea ($65) heights, the latter perfect for fireside meals (and, to us, the perfect auxiliary table). Double breakfast sets, of Franciscan china in Cherokee-rose design; $35.

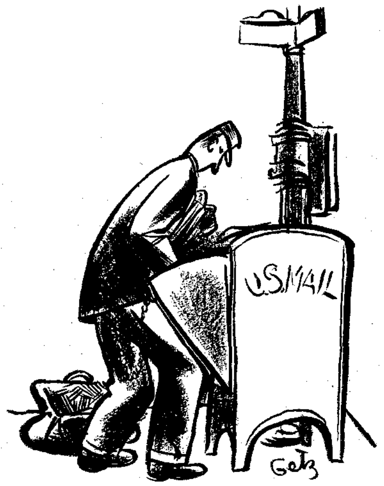
Lanadown, 516 Madison Avenue (53rd): Lanadown (wool and down) and Lanafur (wool and fur) rayon satin comforters; $24.75 to $55. Luxurious wool-filled velvet comforters; $49.50. Rayon-satin-covered neck pillows for readers in bed; $5.50.

Lewis & Conger: At random, through this vast housewares store: a giant blanket, light and warm, with extra tuck-in footage; $6.45. Postal scale that weighs up to two ounces; $1.50. A very low, mirror-top Lazy Susan; $10.75. Winter bird-feeding stations: a squirrel-proof one is $9.50 and a window-ledge one is $4.50.

Lord & Taylor: Bath or bedroom shaggy string mats in wonderful colors; sizes up to a big four-by-six, for $26.95. A single white Belgian linen hand towel with a hemstitched, Milan-lace-edged border makes a fine present; $7.50. Percale pillow cases at $4.50 a pair, with Puerto Rican flower-embroidered borders.

Macy: The Victorians' indispensable hot-roll napkin; $2.39 in embroidered Irish linen. Hot-plate doilies in the same tradition; $1.69. Handsome epergnes in modern glass but reproducing old colors (turquoise, vaseline, and so on) and with the traditional ruffly edges; from about $19. An ecru linen luncheon set for four has nice Madeira hand embroidery; $13.94. Lazy Susans in maple; $14.29.

Alice H. Marks, 6 East 52nd Street:



CHRISTMAS TRIBUTES TO

men of action

1
4
2
3
5
6
8
7
10
9
11
12
13
14
15

GIFTS FOR MEN IN EVERY SERVICE **LENTHÉRIC**

1. ***Present Perfect:*** Pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, After-Shave Powder and Shaving Stick....................$2.65

2. ***Lenthéric Men's Shampoo,*** flacon...80¢

3. ***Eau de Cologne,*** decanter $2.50 and $4.00

4. ***Master Gift Set:*** Pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, Eau de Cologne, Scalp Stimulant, Shaving Bowl, Men's Soap, and After-Shave Powder..................$4.85

5. ***Partners:*** Pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion and Shaving Bowl...........$2.00

6. ***Shaving Duet:*** Shaving Bowl and After-Shave Powder..................$2.20

7. ***"The Three Musketeers":*** Pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, "Tanbark" Cologne and After-Shave Powder.............$1.95

8. ***Lenthéric After-Shave Powder:***..$1.00

9. ***Lenthéric Shaving Bowl:***.......$1.00

10. ***Lenthéric Shaving Stick:***........65¢

11. ***"Overnight" Kit:*** Pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, "Tanbark" Cologne and After-Shave Powder..............$1.50

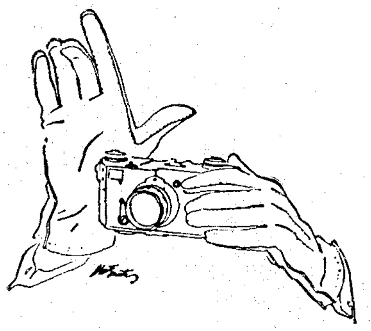
12. ***Two Decanter Set:*** After-Shave Lotion and "Tanbark" Cologne...........$5.00

13. ***Gift Box:*** Pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion and Shaving Stick..........$1.65

14. ***Duffel Bag*** in genuine brown leather: Fitted with Pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, After-Shave Powder and Shaving Stick.........................$7.50

15. ***Lenthéric Shaving Cream,*** Lather or Brushless....................each 50¢

ALL PRICES, PLUS TAX *All Shaving Soap, After-Shave Powder and Shaving Sticks in wood containers.*



*Finger Free

most comfortable
gloves in the world

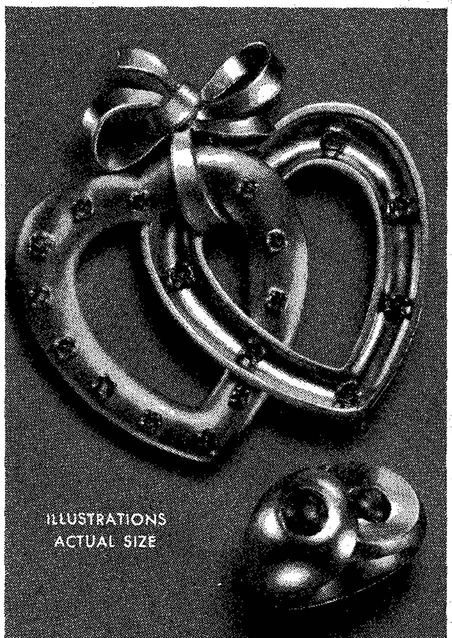
*designed by merry hull

DANIEL HAYS

DANIEL HAYS

GLOVES SINCE 1854

*U. S. PATS. 2,125,673—2,194,934—2,226,604



ILLUSTRATIONS
ACTUAL SIZE

Brooch of interlocked hearts in three-tone gold with cabochon sapphires and rubies $188.00

Ring in pink or yellow gold with cabochon sapphires or rubies . $225.00

(Federal Tax Included)

Claudia Fishel
Jewelry of Distinction
535 Madison Avenue • New York
Palm Beach • Miami Beach

Those bar trays of hers, with a blue linoleum surface, on tall, mahogany stands; $17 complete. A French brass alcohol stove with earthen casserole to keep a stew or chowder simmering at the table; $12.50. New plastic playing cards; $8.50 for two decks, but they'll last forever. Lowestoft saucers and small and old china bowls make handsome ashtrays; from about $18.50.

McCreery: Clear glass decanters with mushroom stoppers, for table wines; $3.98. In creamy, modern Wedgwood Queensware, Edme pattern: a footed salad bowl with ramshead handles (nice for fruit or flower centerpieces, too) is $6; a square sandwich plate is $3.50. Among one-of-a-kind things in the Salt Box Shop: a Victorian silver-plate tea service for two; $19.95.

McCutcheon: Rayon crêpe blanket covers, in white or pastels, with appliqué lace bowknots; $15 and $17.50. Pillow shams to match; $5. Lunch set, seventeen pieces, in an ecru wool-cotton-rayon weave with hand-blocked ivy pattern; $16.75. Hand-hemstitched Irish linen sheets (for a Gesture); $45 a pair.

Modernage, 162 East 33rd Street: Matching cigarette boxes and ashtrays of turquoise or yellow crackle-glaze pottery; $3.50 each. Telephone table and upholstered bench set, bleached oak or lacquer; $39.50 (Lord knows how you get a telephone to go with it). De-luxe present for a study: a drum-shaped coffee table with mirrored top; splits open to reveal shelves for bottles, glasses, and bar accessories; $79.50.

Mosse, 659 Fifth Avenue (54th): Circular cloths for old-fashioned round dining tables; $14.50 in sturdy, color-fast cotton percale. American-made substitutes for the imported friction bath towels; $10.50 a pair in natural rough linen and with nice wide hems. Light, virgin-wool blankets, summer weight but wonderful any old time; $18.50 a pair.

New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th): Handmade fitted sewing kits, from tiny travel sizes up; a zippered, collar-box one in quilted chintz or satin is $5.95. Drawstring sewing pouches; $5.50, with fittings. Simple, fat, square pincushions in scarlet or emerald-green satin; from $1.95. Red heart-shaped sachets of lovely, lasting scent; $1.

Alfred Orlik, 680 Fifth Avenue (53rd): A breakfast set in Crown Staffordshire, with painted daisies and daisy finials; $69.50. Hand-painted porcelain cigarette boxes with hinged, bronze-edged covers are $39.50; matching table lighters are $27.50 and matching ashtrays are $5. Madonnas for Christmas, in beautiful modern porcelain; from $6.50.

Orrefors, 5 East 57th Street: Marianna von Allesch's inimitable glass, in ashtrays with glass-covered flower paintings, are lovely but useful baubles; from $4. Collection of Maurice Heaton's delicately tinted glass starts with table cigarette troughs and ashtrays; $2 each. His big, shallow, square bowls, in the same glass, are $14 and his flaring-out round bowls are $18.

Ovington: Weighty glass ashtrays, big-businessman's desk size, set in a monogrammed leather tray; $5 to $9. Boxes disguised as leatherbound books are no novelty, but they have their points; a nice one is cedar-lined and designed for both regular and king-size cigarettes (have patience!), at $7.50. Hollow-stem champagne glasses; $14.50 a dozen. Old-Fashioned glasses showing a frosty etched duck in flight; $4 a dozen.

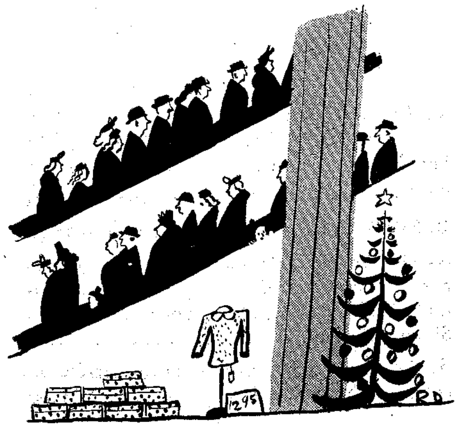
W. H. Plummer, 7 East 35th Street and 695 Fifth Avenue (53rd): Mammoth turkey platter in pink or blue Spode in the tower design; $35, and if you have no turkey big enough, get a boar's head. You can't go wrong on Plummer's own special (and wonderful) holiday glass and china with Christmas-tree or holly-and-mistletoe decorations. His trimmed-tree pattern appears on sixteen separate items, including (appropriately) a stunning milk-glass eggnog bowl; $9. A single cup and saucer or plate (about $2) makes a pretty Christmas greeting. Lovely cut lead-glass pitchers in Waterford patterns; $12.

James Robinson, 716 Fifth Avenue (56th): Well, old silver costs money. Georgian caddy spoons, good for nuts, too; from $9. Fine Sheffield: wine coasters with boxwood bases and silver rims at $70 a pair, and round, wire baskets lined in sapphire glass (about 1800) at $80. A Law cream jug (also about 1800) is $62.50. (The twenty-per-cent federal tax on silver is included in these prices.)

Saks-Fifth Avenue: A big, beautiful jar of gold-flecked, flower-painted glass, to hold bath salts or a year's supply of cotton squares; $5. Bath and boudoir boxes, jars, bottles, everything, in the same pretty glassware; $1.75 to $3.50. For the toast-and-coffee breakfast, a rose-sprigged Portuguese porcelain set: a little tray with three stacked sections (a cup and sugar and coffee holders) and room for toast; $15. Portuguese white china coffee cups of eggshell thinness are $12 a dozen.

W. & J. Sloane: A wrought-iron fireside log lifter made like a lumberman's peavey (ask any lumberman what *that* is); $5.95. A canvas log carrier slung in its own wrought-iron, fireside rack; $12.50. A hanging bathroom shelf that is all Lucite-and-mirror glitter; $30. The popular Lazy Susan, dressy in mahogany; $25. Old mirrors, from $35, in the Thirteen States Shop.

Steuben, 718 Fifth Avenue: A gleaming glass-covered cigarette jar; $10. A little dolphin whose flipped-up tail makes a bud vase; $8.50. What they call a ship's decanter—broad-based to withstand



gales and holding a full quart; $25.

Carole Stupell, 507 Madison Ave. (52nd): A dinner-alone china service in white-and-pale coral with scattered asterisks, including a covered three-section dish for entrée and two vegetables; $35. Gold ceramic leaves whose edges curl up to hold sweetmeats or ashes; $8. Splendid tall glasses (for drinks) of bottle-green glass; $6 a dozen.

Tiffany: Straight-whiskey glasses, rising from flute-cut bases; $6 a dozen. Dream present for the lady of a well-run (come what may) household: monogrammed stationery, a hundred sheets each of letter, note, and half-note paper in violet blue, gray, or white, and envelopes; $34, with die. Silver ivy-leaf dishes, heavy and handsome ($4.20 in the ashtray or tidbit size) and the Tudor Rose dish ($6.80, and for the same purposes). (Federal tax on silver is included in these prices.)

Arthur Vernay, 124 East 55th Street: Perfectly beautiful copies of a Sheraton folding table, in old Santo Domingo mahogany; $105. Eighteen-century single- or double-compartment tea caddies, in fine woods and showing a Sheraton influence, for cigarettes or even for tea; $28. Twentieth-century covered chromium-and-brass ashtrays, heavy, handsome, and just $4.75.

Wanamaker: Pleasant, good-looking, tray-like affairs in bent glass—big, shallow squares, rounds, oblongs, and long ovals, tinted in tortoiseshell, green, or amber, and useful as canapé, cake, or sandwich servers, or for mixed salads; up to around $5. Embroidered linen tea cloth with six napkins, for any informal meal; $40. One of the best collections around town of those Gay Nineties shaving mugs; $5 and $10.

•

He had been aware from the first that she was unusually attractive; now, in her dark-green dress with the low-cut, rounded neckline, he saw that she had lovely legs.—*From "The Jade Venus," by George Harmon Coxe, in the American Magazine.*

Bifocal trouble, probably.

•

A. V. Munoz, accountant for the V. S. Galang and other stores, is one of Honolulu's pioneer Filipino businessmen.

At a party last Sunday he was the center of interest because the girls asked him for dances, most of which he refused. A. V. is always full of homespun humor.—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin.*

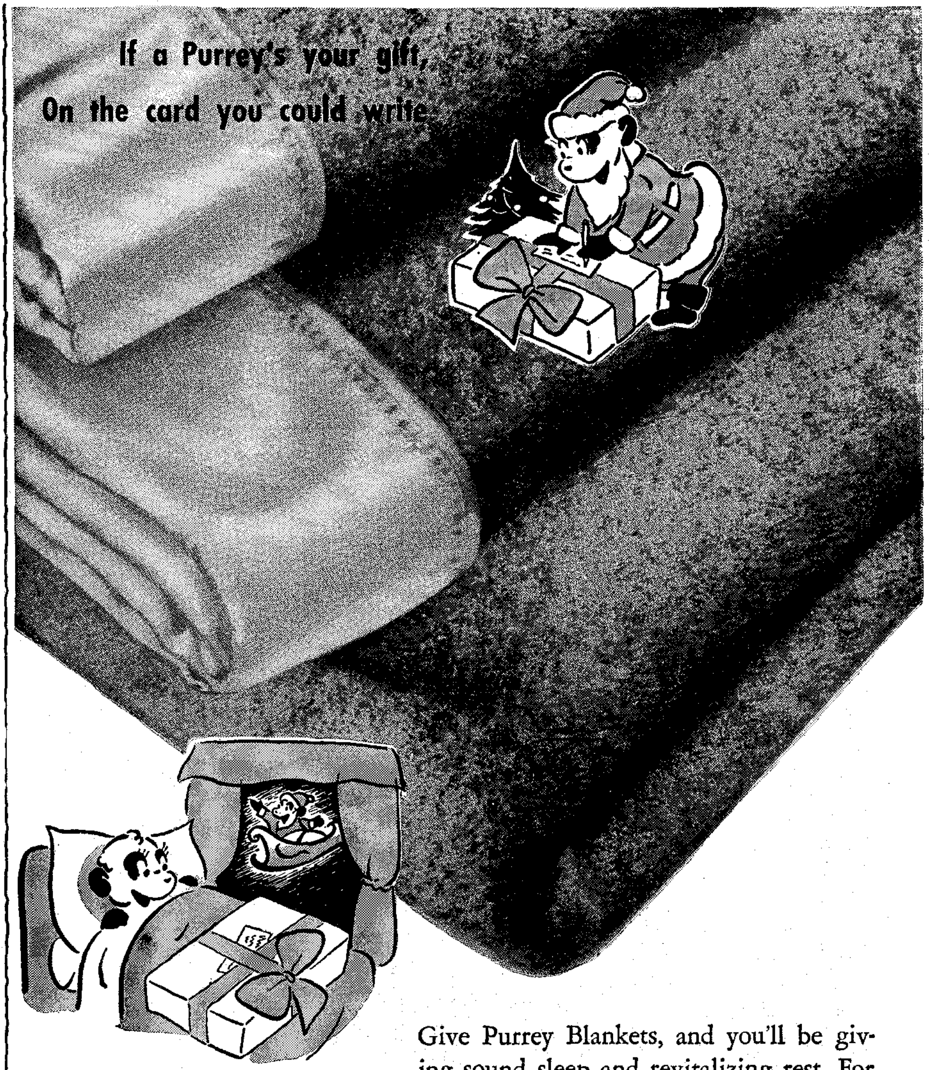
But he's lost his pioneer spirit.

•

PYRRHIC VICTORY DEPARTMENT

[*From the Evansville* (*Ind.*) *Courier*]

Mrs. George Jones of Rockport has another feather in her cap. She received a request from the Harbinger House in New York to publish one of her poems in a three-volume "Anology of Outstanding New Verse by American Pots," which will contain 6,000 poems selected from newspapers and magazines.


If a Purrey's your gift,
On the card you could write

"Merry Christmas to all—
And to all a good night!"

PURREY BY Nashua
$6.45 6x7½ Ft.

Regular 72x84 size $5.95.
80x90 double bed oversize $7.45.
All prices slightly higher in West.

Though some stores may have a few of the 90" length. Government regulations permit manufacture, since May 17, 1943, of only the 72x84 at $5.95

Give Purrey Blankets, and you'll be giving sound sleep and revitalizing rest. For Purrey is a different kind of blanket! Its new, patented construction of 88% Purrey Rayon and 12% wool makes a blanket that's amazingly warm, yet so light you can scarcely feel its weight. Scientists say it is the millions of air pockets—"nap traps" that hold in the heat . . . making Purreys warmer by repeated tests than many blankets costing up to even twice as much.

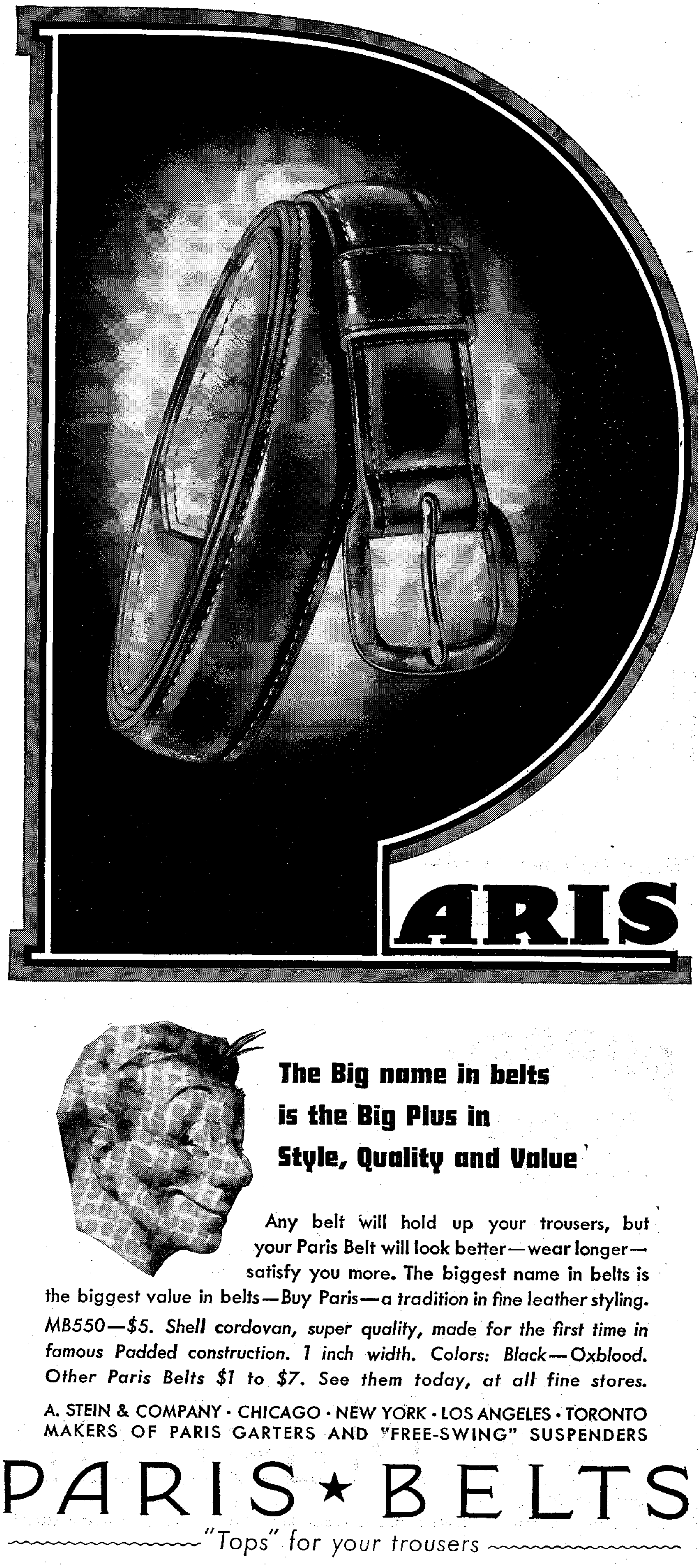
This Christmas, make your gift-giving completely practical . . . Give Purrey Blankets and Indian Maiden **Combed** Percale Sheets—the perfect sleep combination that costs so little you can give yourself a War Bond too!

ARMY E NAVY
Awarded to the Men and Women of all Divisions for Excellence in War Production.

Nashua Mfg. Co., Inc., 40 Worth St., New York 13, N. Y.

Nashua
INDIAN MAIDEN SHEETS
INDIAN HEAD CLOTH • WELWYN VIRGIN WOOL BLANKETS • DWIGHT ANCHOR SHEETS

Purrey Blankets, invented at the Nashua Mfg. Co., Nashua, N. H., are protected by U. S. Patent No. 2,208,533



The Big name in belts
is the Big Plus in
Style, Quality and Value

Any belt will hold up your trousers, but your Paris Belt will look better—wear longer—satisfy you more. The biggest name in belts is the biggest value in belts—Buy Paris—*a tradition in fine leather styling.*

MB550—$5. Shell cordovan, super quality, made for the first time in famous Padded construction. 1 inch width. Colors: Black—Oxblood. Other Paris Belts $1 to $7. See them today, at all fine stores.

A. STEIN & COMPANY · CHICAGO · NEW YORK · LOS ANGELES · TORONTO
MAKERS OF PARIS GARTERS AND "FREE-SWING" SUSPENDERS

PARIS ★ BELTS

"Tops" for your trousers

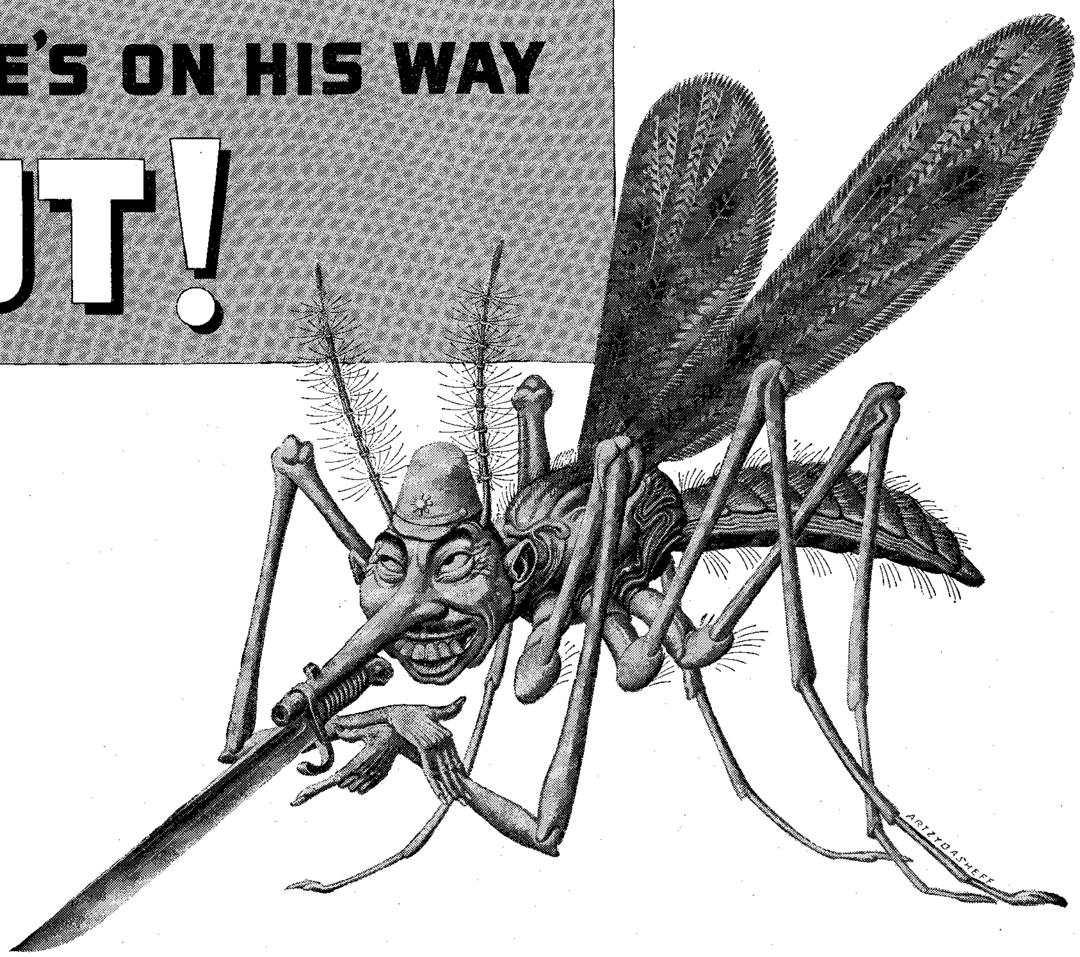
LETTER FROM LONDON

NOVEMBER 16 (BY CABLE)

PRIME MINISTER CHURCHILL'S statement, which made it all right to talk out loud about V-2 instead of cautiously referring to it as if it were something supernatural which had dropped in somehow and made a big hole in the back yard, came as a relief to the inhabitants of southern England. The Government's secrecy and the ordinary public's silence since the first of "those new things" arrived have both been amazing. The new bombs had been expected for so long that by the time they did turn up a lot of people here had reached a state of skepticism and for a while they thought the distant, unheralded explosions were anything from a stray robot to a thunderstorm. Even when it became apparent that the V-2 was a reality, nobody mentioned the thing by name in public. Perhaps because of deliberately planted rumors, the first big, mysterious explosion was ascribed to a bursting gas main, and that fiction was solemnly maintained for days by people who must have known better but who wagged their heads and said that it was extraordinary how many gas mains had been reported going up lately. This conspiracy to gloss over a topic which everybody was naturally longing to discuss gave most people's faces a taut look which suggested that they themselves were on the verge of exploding. To the strain of this self-imposed censorship was added a flood of anxious letters from relatives in other parts of England who had heard the usual elaborate stories of disaster.

Now that the secret is out, the great question is whether the rocket is worse than the robot bomb. Jumpy folk are inclined to believe that they prefer the robot because it could at least be detected by the defenses in time to sound a warning. The V-2, with nasty abruptness, just arrives. "If I'm going to be killed," one lady remarked, "I would like to have the excitement of knowing it's going to happen." However, the majority of Britons philosophically declare that nights without sirens are worth the hazard of unpredictable bolts from the stratosphere. So far, morale has stood up well under the V-2s, and

HE DOESN'T KNOW IT—BUT HE'S ON HIS WAY OUT!

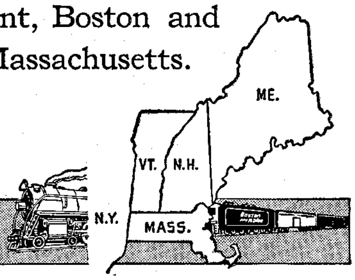


Mosquitoes still attack G. I. Joe. But newly developed chemical formulas with names like "DDT" for spraying lakes, swamps, tents, and foxholes, and "Skat" for protecting the individual, are ridding huge fighting areas of the scourge of malaria.

Skilled chemists at a busy chemical plant in Windsor, Vermont, visualize a postwar world free of biting insects, free of sunburn, free of mold. Their war experience in providing the means to exterminate these public enemies leads them to plan for postwar payroll increases in their plants of 25% and more.

All Northern New England is gearing itself to meet the challenge of postwar employment. Its industries are alert, far-seeing, keen to the needs of today and the opportunities of tomorrow; its town and state governments alive to the encouragement of industry and recreation. Its utilities are equipped for low-cost power in abundance; its railroads for modern, fast, flexible transportation. Its workmen say New England is the best place to live and to raise good American families.

You, too, can prosper in postwar New England and we'd like to help you do it. Write your requirements to L. F. Whittemore, Assistant to the President, Boston and Maine, Boston 14, Massachusetts.



BOSTON *and* MAINE

ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS - ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY there has been nothing approaching the dismay that the flying bombs created. There has been little or no precautionary evacuation of people from London. The city continues to be jammed with cheerful crowds who you might think had never heard of any rockets more deadly than the ones shot off on Guy Fawkes Day. Practically all the grumbling during the period of censorship was directed at the Government's policy of silence, since the British always feel aggrieved if bad news is withheld. It is possible that this particular bad news will turn out to be worse than anybody imagines before the newest blitz is over, but at the moment people say that the V-2 raids will be like the V-1 raids—nasty while they last and another bad mark on the German side of the book when it comes to the payoff.

LONDONERS were delighted to hear that Mr. Churchill was in Paris, but, as always, they were relieved when he was safely home again. The great success of the visit was regarded as a plain indication that the widely known differences of opinion between the Prime Minister and General de Gaulle would be straightened out. The announcement that France would take part in the postwar discussions was received joyfully here. Those in a position to know think that the decision to give France a place at the conference table is something for which Anthony Eden was responsible, since his patient efforts to bring two stubborn personalities into line were the foundation for the spectacular edifice which was publicly dedicated in Paris on Armistice Day. The *entente cordiale*, which has had its ups and downs in the past five years, is definitely an *entente cordiale* once more. The British, who didn't like the French after Dunkerque, changed their minds after D Day, but the warm emotion generated by the liberation of Paris cooled off a bit when inept propagandists rushed over photographs of blooming Parisian mannequins instead of thin French children. English women, trying to figure out how they would fill the gaps in the family wardrobe with the few clothing coupons at their disposal, were naturally not overjoyed to hear that Parisian women were facing war's rigors in towering turbans and dresses with voluminous sleeves that would use up a three-month British clothing coupon allotment. Since more realistic reporting eventually proved that this was by no means the whole story, there was unrestrained pleasure over Churchill's wel-

dunhill

Selección Suprema

CIGARS

Superlative pleasure in smoking awaits your choice of H. UPMANN (Dunhill Selección Suprema) imported Havana Cigars. Visit our famous humidor located on the Second floor where a wide variety of shapes, sizes and packings of this Century Famous Brand is offered for your selection. Truly, it must be said that *"The cigar of the century is the order of the day".*

Packed in natural cedar to preserve and enhance the flavour and aroma appreciated by connoisseurs. Priced from $6.75, box of 25.

You'll always find the unusual at

alfred dunhill

Fifth Ave. at 50th St., New York

Telephone: CIrcle 7-5133

come in Paris—a welcome in which even the most insignificant Briton felt included.

Another reason for beaming faces was President Roosevelt's reëlection. In spite of the keen interest taken in the election by a nation which is beginning to think about an election of its own again, British speculations on its outcome had been as studiously cautious as those on the V-2 bombings. When the returns started coming over, however, Londoners walked around looking as though they had heard good news from the front. In the glow of relief, Dewey's gracious acceptance of defeat won him more friends than anything he had said during the campaign. By evening, the glow was, in many cases, physical as well as mental, since innumerable monthly bottles of Scotch were sacrificed to make a Roosevelt holiday. Londoners think that if the President ever makes the trip to England that the newspapers hint at from time to time, he will get as big a hand here as Churchill got in Paris.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

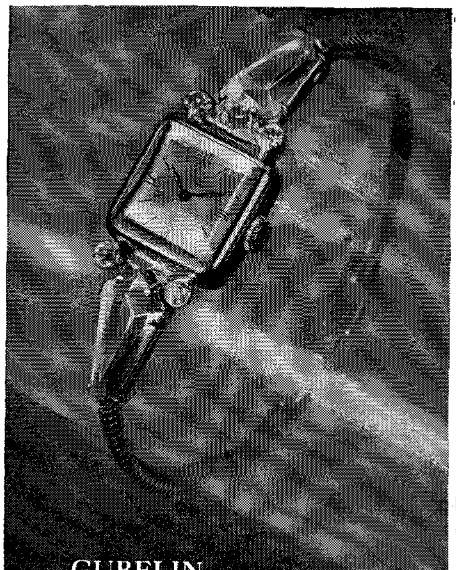
NON-STOP SENTENCE DERBY

(TROUBLE AT THE BARRIER)

[*Brokaw v. Brokaw, 66 Misc. 307*]

Where a husband, soon after their marriage, manifests such jealousy of his wife as in a few months produces injury to her health and a condition of hysterical collapse and leads to a written agreement between them, in which the husband pledges himself not to molest her, he having theretofore indulged in a habit of forcibly breaking into her sleeping apartments at all hours simply to vindicate his right to enforce his wishes; and where, after protracted infelicities, he takes rooms at a hotel in Paris, other than the one in which their baggage had been left and to which his wife returned after a tour they had projected was abruptly broken off by a rupture between them, and serves a formal French notice upon her to resume cohabitation and return to him at his conjugal domicile; and where, after another reconciliation and another violent entrance to her apartments, in which his head is injured as the door is shut upon it, he goes off and leaves his wife, who gets back to America with the assistance of his brother-in-law; and where, after still another reconciliation, leaving his wife at their Long Island home, he goes to North Carolina and gives himself up to the surveillance of all her activities and to ceaseless inquisition, by mail and telegraph, until, angered by her entertaining over night a party of friends, he orders the house closed, leaves his wife to find a place of abode, ignores her request to join her at his home, although he provides her with a weekly allowance for her support through a lawyer, held that he has abandoned his wife and that she is entitled to a decree of separation against him.

"Menace"... The Samba—at El Morocco
WHEN ONE IS MINDFUL OF HER MOST DRAMATIC PERFECTION
BY
Hartnell



GUBELIN
Internationally
Famous Watches

18 Kt. gold watch decorated with diamonds and two beautiful Kunzites; 14 Kt. gold bracelet attachment . . . $690.00

Federal Tax Included

GUBELIN INC.
Watches and Clocks
336 PARK AVE., NEW YORK

FORST
CATSKILL MOUNTAIN
SMOKED TURKEY

A Taste Thrill
For the Holidays
In the Grand Manner

A note for those who appreciate an extra spice of imagination in gifts for themselves and their friends: Catskill Mountain Smoked Turkey. A delectable delicacy for parties, buffet suppers, hors d'oeuvres, canapes and dinners.

Flavorsome choice birds cured in rare spices and herbs and smoked over fragrant applewood embers by the Forst family, who for more than 80 years have prepared smoked meats for epicures. Your guarantee of satisfaction.

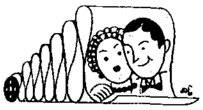
Ready to eat Golden Brown Catskill Mountain Turkeys are premium birds; weigh from 8 to 16 lbs. and cost $1.50 a pound express prepaid. An interesting, descriptive booklet explaining various methods of serving will be enclosed with each bird. Sorry, no deliveries outside the U.S.A.

Send us an order with the names and addresses of the friends you wish to remember; we'll deliver an attractively packed Catskill Mountain Turkey on the day you name. In ordering, please give the approximate weight of the turkey.

FORST, RONDOUT STATION 4
KINGSTON, N. Y.

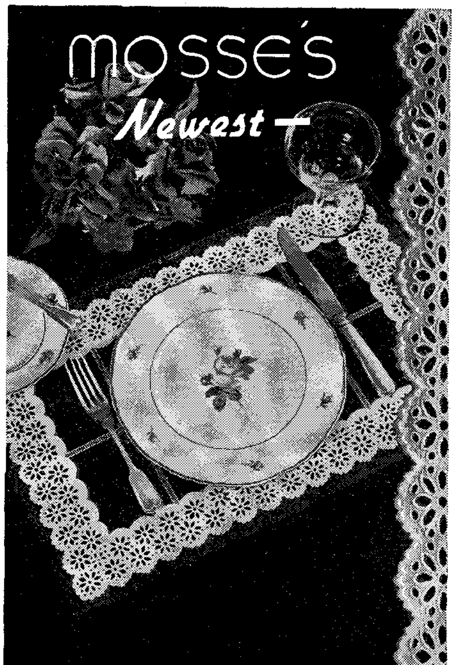
THE CURRENT CINEMA

London, Ether, and So Forth



RICHARD LLEWELLYN LLOYD, who writes under the name of Richard Llewellyn, is indisputably a versatile man. When this reviewer last saw him, he was trotting nimbly around the Anzio beachhead in Italy with excited reports about the state of the battle and the civilian population, and pausing now and then in his duties as intelligence officer in the Welsh Guards to argue that the music of Brahms and Beethoven is worthless compared with Welsh folk tunes and American songs like "Blues in the Night." He had just published a novel of London low life called "None But the Lonely Heart," which had been preceded, as most best-seller students know, by a lyric book of Welsh mining-country memories named "How Green Was My Valley," filmed a few years ago with considerable success. "None But the Lonely Heart" now takes its turn on the screen, and the picture suggests, as the novel did, that Mr. Llewellyn at this stage in his career is perhaps a shade too versatile for complete effectiveness as a writer. All the assorted knacks he possesses as mimic, musician, poet, and reporter are represented here, with none in full command.

Mr. Llewellyn's hero, Ernie Mott, is a young man raised on the boundary between shabby gentility and London's underworld, desperate to escape from both ways of life but drawn against his will into both in a helpless, groping search for self-expression. Mr. Llewellyn equips Ernie with perfect musical pitch and a gift with tools, which are interesting talents but get the story off on as many sidetracks as they do Ernie. The picture also rides along with Mr. Llewellyn as far as it can on another of the author's hobbies, the slang, or cant, of the slums. The total effect is much more random than you would wish it to be, and the movement much less swift and direct. There are, though, some fine, eloquent passages, a sharp flavor of the London streets, and excellent acting. Cary Grant, who has been mugging his countenance into bowknots in recent performances, plays Ernie simply and well. Ethel Barrymore, as his mother, is without flaw, and Barry Fitzgerald proves again that there are few handier



Victorian table mats

Clear plastics—fresh crisp effect of Swiss eyelet embroidery in off-white. Makes the loveliest table. . . . Size 12 x 18". . . . **Blessed linen saver —grand gift!**

6 for $6.50—12 for $12.75

Postpaid. . . . Available now. Order early.

MOSSE, 659 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

Town and Country
RESTAURANT
284 PARK AVENUE
between 48th and 49th Streets
For Smart Dining
Bar and Cocktail Lounge
A Country Dining Room for Men
Open Sundays

Famous for HOT POPOVERS

Individualized
Permanent Waves by Schaeffer
Hair Stylist to Smart
New Yorkers for over 25 years

J. SCHAEFFER INC.
590 FIFTH AVENUE · · · NEW YORK

men in the trade to have around than he.

"THE GREAT MOMENT" is a fustian title for what seemed to me a very entertaining picture. I note that some of the boys in the local jury box have reproved Preston Sturges, its author and director, for stepping out of his class and at the same time cheapening the tradition of stately medical film biographies like "Pasteur," but I don't see myself why a good comic artist like Sturges should be restricted in subject matter or how the tradition of film biographies of all kinds can be influenced for anything but the better by "The Great Moment." There are a deadly weight and solemnity, a consciously "worth-while" quality, about most such tributes, particularly of the Paul Muni school, that choke the life out of them. Even their light touches are elephantine, like the little jokes of clergymen and headmasters. "The Great Moment," taking some liberties with history but keeping its characters alive and human, deals with the life, times, and experiments of Dr. W. T. G. Morton, the homespun Yankee dentist who stumbled onto the use of ether as an anesthetic in his desire to pull fangs painlessly. The picture is funny before everything else, yet the lesson of scientific progress against odds is as truthfully and movingly pointed here as anywhere in the heavy-handed "Pasteur" cycle. As usual, Mr. Sturges is a deft caster. Joel McCrea and Betty Field are properly commonplace and fallible as the dentist and his puzzled wife; Julian Tannen and William Demarest are richly amusing as, respectively, a skeptical, hectoring savant and an innocent toothache victim who finds a career as a guinea pig. If it does nothing more, "The Great Moment" shows clearly that film biographies need not wear stuffing in their shirts.

THIS is quite a ventriloquist's groove that Hollywood has got into now, asking itself "Should girls marry service men?" and replying, with ill-concealed emotion, "Absolutely, brother. It's the big and beautiful thing to do." The latest recording of the patter is "The Very Thought of You," with Dennis Morgan and Eleanor Parker. . . . "Marthe Richard," French with English subtitles, speaks well of a virtuous lady spy of the war before this one. . . . "V-1, the Robot Bomb," nine minutes long, is British, workmanlike, and informative.

—JOHN LARDNER

New Shoes . . . for Christmas!

Ever walk all day in the rain, sleep when you can with your shoes on, for a solid seven days or more? . . . Winter is wet and cold in Northern France and Western Germany. Belgium and Holland have hundreds of square miles of semi-swamp. Wet shoes get stiff, split their seams, lose their soles, are scrap in a month or so.

Northern Italy's mountain passes are partial to snow, with sharp stones underfoot, unhealthy for shoes.

In the Pacific, you step off the LC into water, waist high, keep stepping on sharp coral, coarse sand, jungle muck, rock ridges, with rain an added feature every day, as long as the Japs last. And sometimes the Japs last longer than the shoes.

GI shoes can be a very satisfactory Christmas present to Joes who need shoes to stay in business. So let's send them shoes . . . and a Merry Christmas, circumstances permitting. And shells, overcoats, ammo belts for .50 calibre machine guns, K and C rations, gas, grenades, and bombs to keep the B-24s busy . . . with the Merry Christmas!

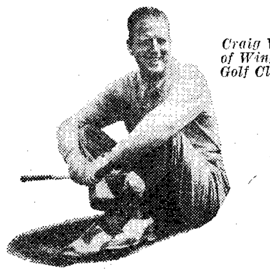
SENTIMENT is fine, but it can't stop sniper bullets, star shells, spitting tanks, squareheads and Sons of Heaven. The boys can shove on and settle this war quick, if we keep sending the stuff without stopping, stinting, or sparing. Without stinting the War Bonds, or without sparing ourselves! That's our best sentiment!

This suggestion may sound a little crude, but have you ever heard a battle? Battles are our biggest business this year. Sentiments are good forever!

PITNEY-BOWES POSTAGE METER COMPANY, STAMFORD, CONN.

with no business interest in shoes . . . but the originators of Metered Mail, and world's largest manufacturer of postage meters . . . still largely devoted to war production, but beginning again to make postage meters . . . and new jobs for returning servicemen

PROMINENT GOLFER SAYS
"IT'S THE BEST!"



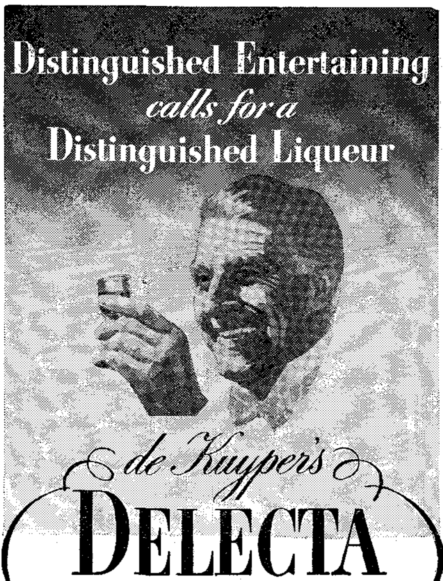
Craig Wood
of Winged Foot
Golf Club

See how Neatsope cleans
renews and preserves
leather equipment

Use Neatsope also on shoes, luggage, handbags, upholstery, all leather except suède, to protect against scuffing, soften, bring back color. Penetrates wet or dry leather. Leaves no grease or odor. Does not interfere with use of regular polish. Nothing else quite like it! 25c and $1 at dept. and dime stores and wherever fine leather is sold.

NEATSOPE

NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORP., MT. VERNON, N. Y.



Distinguished Entertaining
calls for a
Distinguished Liqueur

de Kuyper's
DELECTA
AFTER-DINNER
Liqueur

Its flavor suggests all the qualities you have liked best in liqueurs—tang, delicate bouquet, rich body, silken smoothness. Its 249-year-old name, de Kuyper, is your best guide to quality.

National Distillers Products Corp., New York • 86 Proof

THE ART GALLERIES

The Whitney Annual, with Flashbacks in Newark

THE small gallery at the head of the entrance stairs at the Whitney Museum seems to have something of the traditional function of the Salon Carré at the Louvre. It is more or less reserved for the headliners, and ordinarily, at a Whitney Contemporary Annual, one would find it hung with works by such men as Charles Burchfield, Walt Kuhn, Kenneth Hayes Miller, Eugene Speicher, and others of about that generation. I can think of no better tipoff to the changed atmosphere and increased liveliness that are apparent in the current Annual than to say that the gallery is now occupied by an abstract "Still Life" by Suzy Frelinghuysen and another abstraction called "Wild Park," by Charles Howard, both comparatively little-known artists; a large, neo-Romantic "Bull Fight," by Rico Le Brun; a good-natured satire on the Whitney itself called "Contemporary American Sculpture," by Ben Shahn; and one of Niles Spencer's stringently simplified architectural compositions, "Apartment Tower." This, of course, reflects no discredit on Charles Burchfield, Walt Kuhn, and the others in the Whitney group, who are able and eminent artists. Most of them are well represented elsewhere in the exhibition. It just means that in this showing the younger and more advanced painters have at last been brought into prominence, and new styles and new faces almost always add a certain freshness to a collection of paintings.

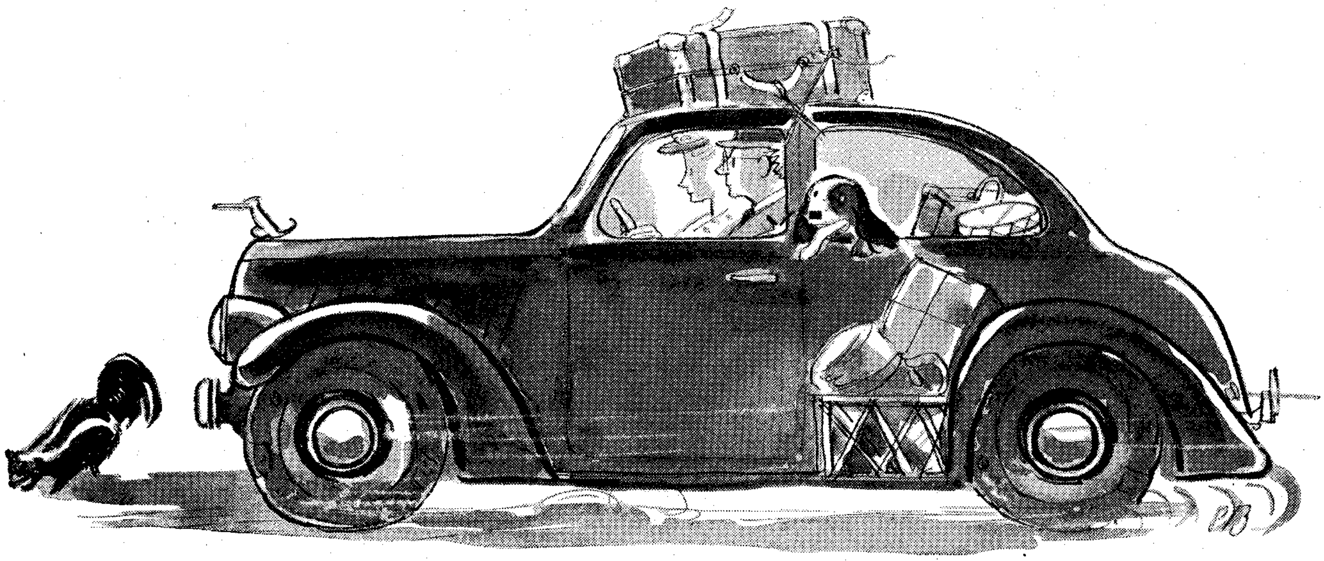
The show, anyway, is unquestionably the brightest and liveliest one of its kind the Whitney has put on in many years. It is all paintings this time, incidentally. Instead of presenting another of the combined and rather crowded contemporary showings the museum has held in recent seasons, this year it has arranged the collection to cover the ground in two installments, and the Contemporary Sculpture, Water Colors, and Drawings Exhibition will go on early in January, a few days after the present show closes. This is all to the good, since it gives more room to each section and moreover relieves the spectator of the bothersome necessity of keeping one eye out for sculpture (spaced around the middle of each gallery) while still trying to keep track of the canvases (on the walls). The consistency with which the hundred and fifty-odd exhibitors have risen to the occasion is a tribute to the vitality of American painting today.

There are a few aberrations, of course—a Niles Spencer (the one I referred to above), an Emlen Etting, a Carl Holty, none of which are up to these artists' standards—but they are too few to be worth insisting on here. For the rest I have only praise, and since there is probably nothing duller in the world than a listing of the separate excellences of an excellent group show, I will try to be as brief about it as possible. You will find, then, a fine Abraham Rattner, a fine Joseph DeMartini, and a fine Peter Hurd, fine pieces by Marion Greenwood, O. Louis Guglielmi, Anton Refregier, Eugene Berman, and Dorothy Varian, and, to top them all, a "Boat, Sea, and Gulls, Maine," by John Marin, that for all its gray quietness and uninsistence manages to dominate the exhibition.

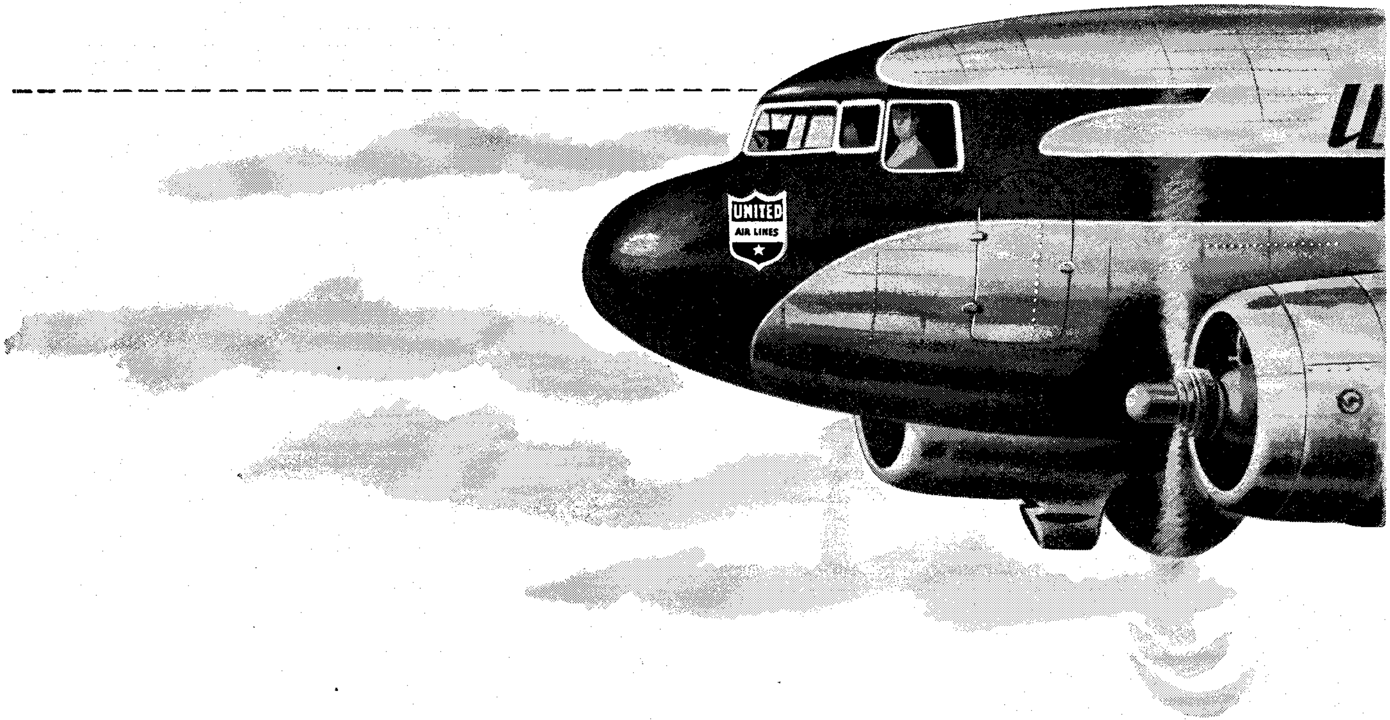
THE Newark Museum, being, after all, in Newark, is a little out of the way. But there is an exhibition of American paintings and sculptures there, all taken from the museum's collection, that certainly deserves notice and may well repay your visit, too. In a sense, it is a tribute to John Cotton Dana, who was director of the museum from its founding, in 1909, until his death twenty years later and who was naturally responsible for the shaping of its policies. The least one can say of him (I had never heard of him either, until all this came up) is that he was a man of exceptional foresight and true understanding of the main trends that have influenced modern American art. The show is a large one for so small a museum, and its range is from the Revolution to the present. It is all well selected, but perhaps because I had just been seeing the Whitney, my own interest centered on the contemporary section; Dana's good judgment stands out there, too.

He made, it appears, very few mistakes in his purchases, and there are almost no duds in this part of the show at all. But what is truly remarkable is that so many of his buys were made before any other museum director I've heard of had got around to bothering about modern Americans. Dana gave Max

How far away is Chicago?



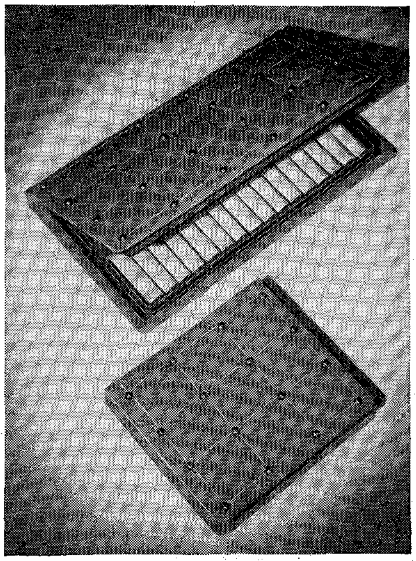
by automobile . . . about 23½ hours steady driving at Victory speed



by UNITED . . . 5½ hours

United's straight, strategic Main Line Airway is the short, fast, direct airline route between Chicago and New York. 5½ hours westbound; 4½ hours eastbound. 8 flights each day each way. Fare, $38.85 one way. Also direct service between Washington, D. C., and Chicago. Call United for travel information to everywhere. MUrray Hill 2-7300.

UNITED
AIR LINES



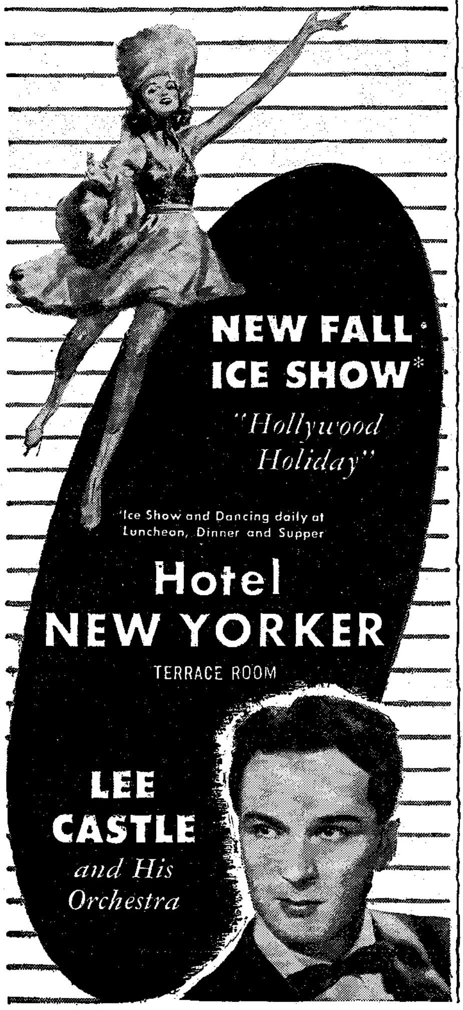
Luxurious Leather

Cigarette case and matching compact trimmed with gleaming nailheads . . . perfect gifts for your Christmas shopping list.

Available in red, brown, tan, black and navy. Cigarette case, $12; compact, $10.

Mail and phone orders filled promptly
ELdorado 5-6630

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Avenue at 53rd • New York



NEW FALL ICE SHOW*
"Hollywood Holiday"

*Ice Show and Dancing daily at Luncheon, Dinner and Supper

Hotel
NEW YORKER
TERRACE ROOM

LEE CASTLE
and His Orchestra

Weber, then one of those strange, new Cubists, a one-man show in 1913 (the same year as the Armory Show, remember) and bought a "Landscape" of his in 1928, when that artist was still almost unknown. He bought a Niles Spencer—"The Cove," and a remarkably good example, too—in 1926, and a Glenn Coleman—"Coenties Slip"—two years later. Even earlier than this, and at a time when a good many of his colleagues still regarded "The Eight" with distrust and dismay, he had got himself a fine, dark John Sloan, called "Shop Window," as well as an excellent landscape, "Harlem River," by Ernest Lawson, and a typically ebullient "Czechoslovak Chieftain," by George Luks.

All the paintings I have mentioned are in the show, and there are a good many equally good ones that were acquired after Dana's death—a fine Raphael Soyer study of a group of dancers, called "Fe Alf and Her Pupils," for instance; a swell, cool Marsden Hartley, "Mount Ktaadn, First Snow, No. 2;" a beautifully precise "Shaker Detail," by Charles Sheeler; and a big, shadowy Charles Burchfield water color called "Evening." If I have talked so much about the early purchases, it is because Dana's daring in plumping so consistently for the "unknowns"—and at a time when any variation from the conventional was regarded with even more suspicion than it is today—seems truly extraordinary. Anyone with enough money to spend can get up a collection of pictures by well-known painters, and that, unfortunately for the younger artists, is what most of the big, well-heeled museums have always done. Dana did the opposite, and it is very much to his credit. It is still more to his credit that in most cases his judgment turned out to be right.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

DRINK
OZONATED WATER
It's pure—It's invigorating
Ozone Water Co.
Atlantic City, N. J.

Our treatment of water before it is pure consists of ELECTRODATION—COAGULATION—SUSPENSION—STERILIZATION—FILTRATION—CLARIFICATION and last—OZONATION—made possible by the greatest ELECTRICAL MACHINE MADE.

Phone 4-0450
Palm, Fechteler & Co., N. Y.

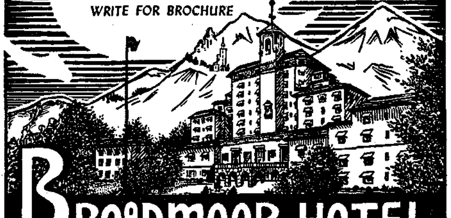
—Label on a bottle of drinking water.

Sorry, but we never touch the stuff.

REFLECTS GOOD TASTE

COOK'S *Imperial*
AMERICAN *Champagne*
Wines of Distinction
AMERICAN WINE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MO. • Est. 1859

IT'S *Indian Summer* THRU JANUARY
Golf, Ice Skate, Ride, Dine and Dance in delightful Colorado sunshine
WRITE FOR BROCHURE



BROADMOOR HOTEL
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

Finest California AVOCADOS

THE IDEAL GIFT. Shipped "orchard fresh" direct to your door, express prepaid. Box contains 10 to 15 fancy avocados, with suggestion folder and gift card enclosed. Send check for **$4.40.**

BISHOP'S AVOCADO ORCHARD
Dept. 3 La Habra, California

HOURS to suit every one at Berlitz: 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Spanish, French, Italian, German, Russian—26 languages. For 66 years Berlitz has never failed!

BERLITZ
630 Fifth Ave.
(at 50th St.)
Circle 6-1416

BAD MEN

IT was a raw day, and the thought of sitting on the bench in the bleak park watching my six-year-old son, John, shoot Japs was not inviting; I decided to take him to the Trans-Lux.

"Can I take my guns?" he asked when I told him where we were going.

"Only one," I said. "The small one."

So he held the wooden automatic he had made in school in one hand, and took mine with the other, and we walked down to Sixtieth Street and the Trans-Lux.

It was not a very good show: a short on women's hats, a choppy and raucous color cartoon about a rooster, and then a film on the three Brontë sisters, portrayed by three very personable Hollywood girls who flounced along quaint village streets in pert and elaborate costumes.

"This isn't very interesting for you," I whispered to John. "Shall we go now?"

"No, no," he said in a stage whisper. "I want to stay. I want to see war."

So we saw the Brontës through, saw two of the girls having a terrific time waltzing with Thackeray and Dickens at a ball in London, and eventually John was rewarded by a reel of noisy Marine battles in the Pacific. When that was over, an announcement in very big letters flashed on the screen: "LATEST FILM SENSATION! TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF TWO FASCISTS BY ITALIAN MOB!"

"Johnny," I said, "we have to go now. It's getting late and you've seen everything, anyway." I rose and pulled his hand. He wouldn't budge.

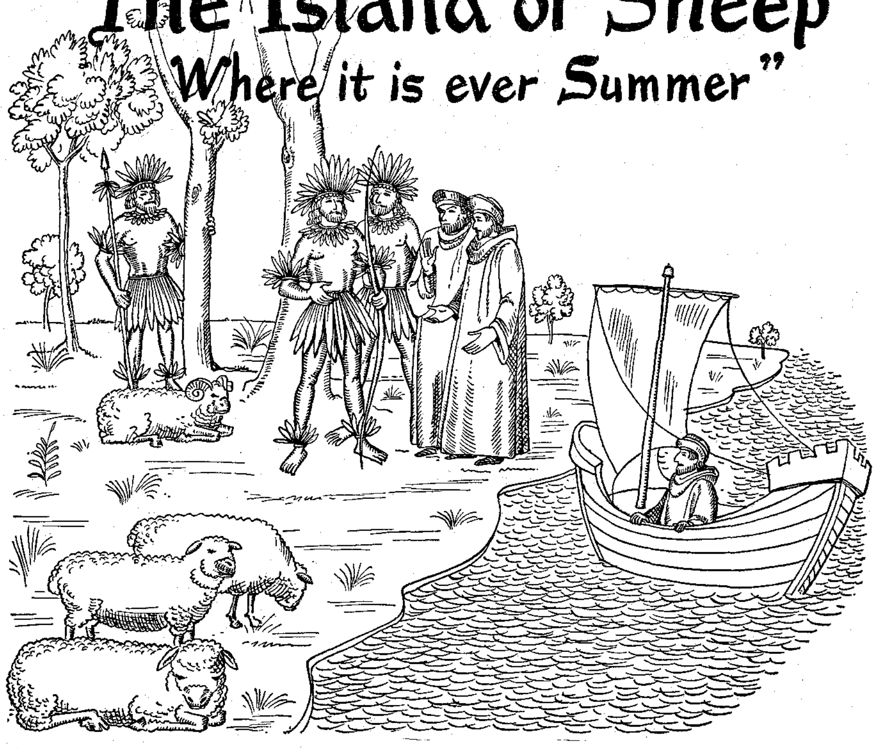
"No, no!" he said. "I want to stay! I haven't seen everything. Please, no!" His voice was rising and he clung to the arm of the seat with his other hand. I knew I couldn't drag him out without making a scene, so I decided to go through with it, praying that he wouldn't understand anything that was taking place on the screen.

It was worse than I expected. The fact that there was no sound track made the shouting, sweating faces of the mob a nightmare of vengeance. You couldn't hear the stumping of Caruso's crutches over the courtroom floor, but you could see his hopeless face. Carretta's bloody body splashed as it hit the Tiber and then you could see his spattered head going under; later, the film showed him hanging from a wall, by his feet. There was only a dark stain where the head should have been.

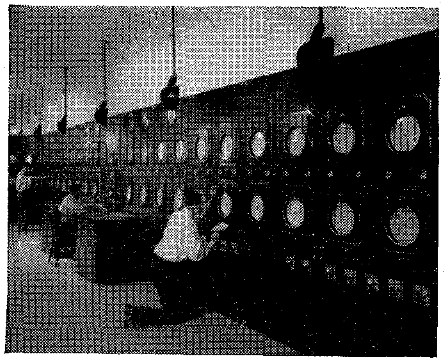
I looked at John. He sat forward in his seat, his eyes glued to the screen. He

"The Island of Sheep

Where it is ever Summer"

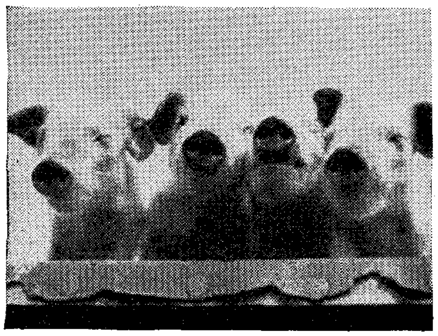


1 Back around the year 550 A. D., according to legend, the Irish monk St. Brendan sailed westward into the unknown Atlantic in search of an earthly paradise. After forty days he came to an island. "This is the Island of Sheep," the natives told him, "and here it is ever Summer."



2 Today science is discovering its own land of perpetual summer . . . the new world of air conditioning. Here's probably the most famous of all air conditioning installations . . . the huge Radio City control panel where Taylor Instruments have kept temperatures in NBC studios and offices to within *half a degree* continuously for 11 years.

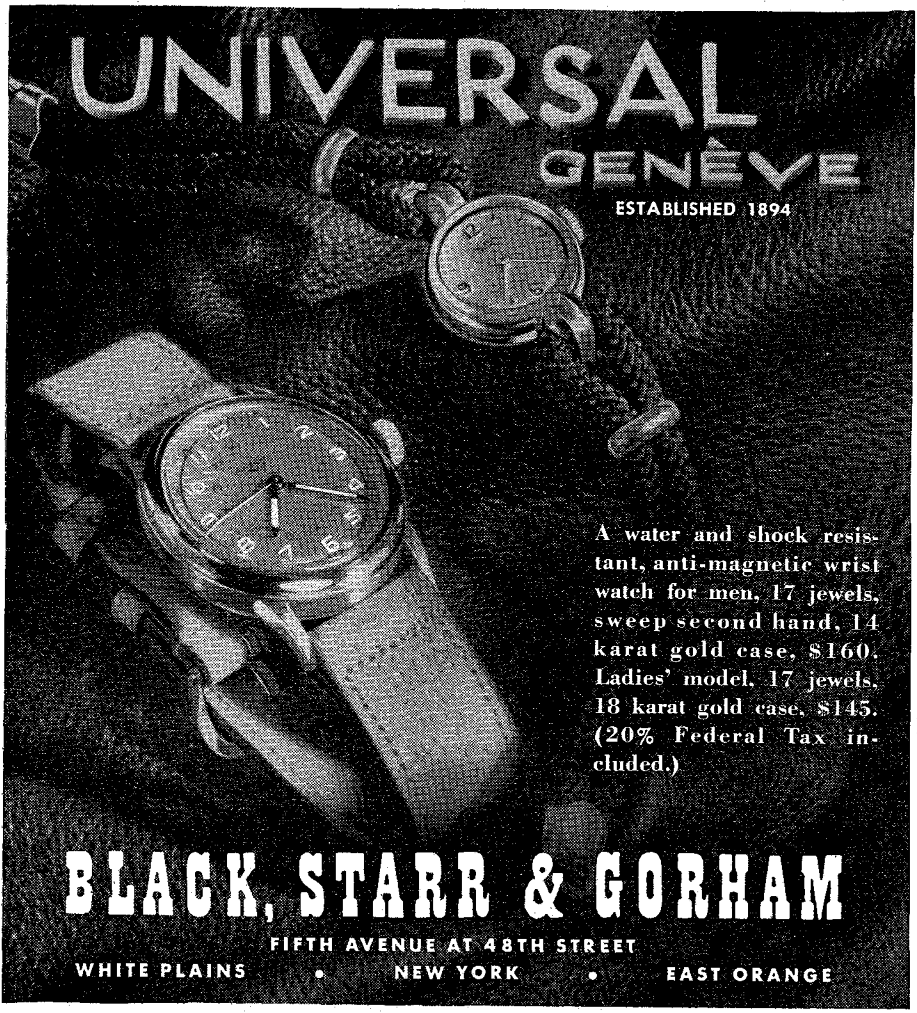
3 And all just for your comfort? Well, not entirely. The air conditioning controls at NBC also protect the vocal chords of singers and the tone of violins. A similar Taylor control system for a New York food plant regulates the ripening of bananas according to local demand. Does the same thing for tomatoes . . . and "tenderizes" steaks too!



4 We even help air condition pigs! Not live ones, it's true. But more and more meat packers are building air conditioned smokehouses equipped with Taylor instruments. Why? Because accurate automatic control of temperature and humidity gives them better, more uniform hams and sausages with minimum loss due to shrinkage.

Taylor Instruments
MEAN ACCURACY FIRST
BUY AN EXTRA BOND TODAY

5 The most important temperature to control is your own and the way to do this is with the aid of a Taylor BINOC Fever Thermometer. Its flat shape and special magnifying lens make it 3 times easier to read . . . by actual stopwatch test! Ask your druggist for Taylor Binoc. Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, and Toronto.

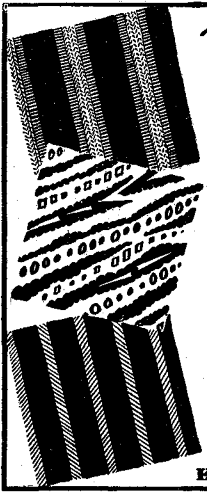


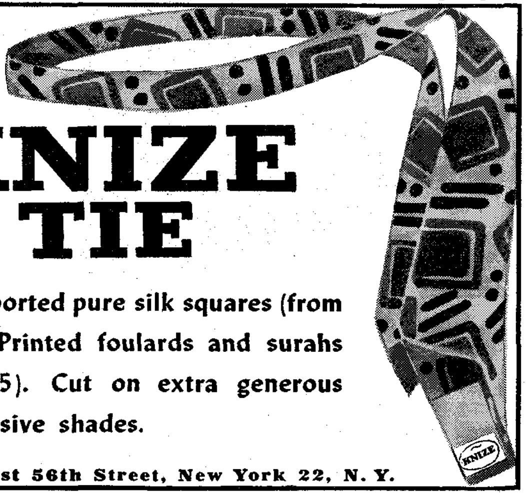
UNIVERSAL
GENÈVE
ESTABLISHED 1894

A water and shock resistant, anti-magnetic wrist watch for men, 17 jewels, sweep second hand, 14 karat gold case, $160. Ladies' model, 17 jewels, 18 karat gold case, $145. (20% Federal Tax included.)

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET
WHITE PLAINS • NEW YORK • EAST ORANGE

COPYRIGHT 1944. UNIVERSAL GENEVA WATCH CO.





The KNIZE TIE

Made in imported pure silk squares (from $6 to $9). Printed foulards and surahs ($3.75 to $5). Cut on extra generous lines. Exclusive shades.

KNIZE • 20 East 56th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

DRY SACK
IMPORTED SHERRY
•
ONE OF THE FAMOUS SHERRIES
OF WILLIAMS & HUMBERT

Julius WILE
IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

GUESTS FEEL
FLATTERED
•
YOU'LL FEEL
PROUD

Whether you serve Dry Sack at home or ask for it at a restaurant or bar . . . you not only mark yourself as a connoisseur — but assure yourself and your guests the enjoyment of an incomparable sherry. Ask for it by name . . . Dry Sack.

JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC. • 2 PARK AVENUE • NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

seemed to be breathing hard. Oh, God, I thought, what is this doing to him, what shall I say to him afterward to get it out of his mind?

The guards shot Caruso. There was a closeup of his back, as he straddled the low chair he was strapped to, and another closeup when the bullets blew his head into bits and the body sagged.

The next reel was of fighting near Aachen, then the ladies' hats came around again and I managed to drag John outside.

"WE'LL go home in a taxi," I said in a cheerful voice. "What would you like to eat for supper?"

"I'd like a liverwurst sandwich," he said as we climbed into a cab, "and some raspberry jello. But I *don't* want any soup."

Thankful to find him apparently untouched, I agreed to everything. On the way home I kept up a running commentary on things I would get for his room in the apartment that we are moving into shortly, and trips we might take together. He talked very little but seemed quite contented.

Later, halfway through his liverwurst sandwich, he said, "Why did they shoot that man?"

Here it comes, I thought. Here it comes.

"Because he was very bad," I said.

"What made him bad?"

"Well, it's hard to tell," I said. "Lots of different things. It's a little hard for you to understand now."

"No, it isn't," John said. "No, it isn't. I understand."

"Well," I said, "that's more than *I* do when you talk with your mouth full, darling. For heaven's sakes, finish chewing before you say things."

He swallowed a tall glass of milk and came up panting. "How was he bad, that man? What did he do that was bad?"

"He was very bad to his own people," I said, "and he worked against them with the Germans."

"Did he like the Germans?"

"Yes, I guess he did."

"But why did he sit like that in that chair, Mummy?"

Dear God, I groaned to myself, is this going on forever?

"That's just the way they shoot people there. So they won't see the guns. It's what happens to very bad men," I finished lamely.

John had started on his raspberry jello. "It looks like red rocks, doesn't it?" he said. "The milk is the snow." He patted the jello with the back of his spoon. "Do you like jello?"

"Pretty much," I said, "but I like bananas better."

"But those men," he went on, and I could see that he was struggling with his words, "those men that pushed that man in the river—those were bad men, weren't they?"

This was a tough one.

"Well, they couldn't help that, darling. They were so angry with the man for doing such bad things that they just had to kill him. It was a bad sort of thing to do, of course, but sometimes things like that have to happen."

"It looks like a pond now," he said, surveying his jello. "A pond with white water."

"Yes, it does," I said. "How about some cookies to go along with it?"

"No, thank you," John said.

When he had finished his jello and wiped his mouth, he said, "What are you going to read to me tonight, Mummy?"

"Anything you feel like," I said. "How about 'Scuttlebutt'?"

"Yes, let's have 'Scuttlebutt.' That will be good." He ran into the next room to fish it out of the pile of books.

I read "Scuttlebutt" to him from start to finish and he seemed as intent and interested as ever. But when I had tucked him in bed and turned out the light and told him what we would do together the next day, he said, "Mummy?"

"Yes, darling."

"Mummy, why did it hang down that way?"

I knew perfectly well what he meant, but I said, "Did what hang down, darling?"

"That man. That man without any clothes on. The feet were on top. Why did it hang that way?"

I gave up at that point. I couldn't tell him any more. So I said, "That wasn't a real man, darling. That was just a dummy."

He was silent a moment in the dark. Then he said, "A dummy? What's a dummy?"

"A dummy's a sort of a doll."

"Oh." He gave a small yawn and said, "Good night, Mummy."

"Good night, darling."

I kissed him and went out of the room and shut the door. I feel sure that his eyes were open for a long time.

—MARYA MANNES

•

JOSEPH B——, LONG
RITTMAN RESIDENT, DIES
GETS HIS WINGS
—*Wooster (Ohio) Daily Record*

Nice going.

Prominent Users of Strathmore Letterhead Papers: No. 53 of a Series

Is your letterhead "ON THE BEAM"?

Every two minutes throughout the day and night, from some airport in the United States, or Canada, or Mexico, an American Airlines Flagship takes off on a flight, vital today to winning the war. Tomorrow the Route of the Flagships will play an increasingly important part in the peacetime world.

American Airlines letterhead, on fine Strathmore paper, expresses the position and power of this great company. Your letterhead, too, should be "on the beam"... should get your story home. Today, when lighter weight paper must be used, quality is paramount. The Strathmore watermark is your assurance of that quality.

Strathmore Papers for Letterheads: Strathmore Parchment, Strathmore Script, Strathmore Bond, Thistlemark Bond, Alexandra Bond, Bay Path Bond and Alexandra Brilliant.

STRATHMORE *MAKERS OF FINE PAPERS*

Strathmore Paper Company, West Springfield, Massachusetts

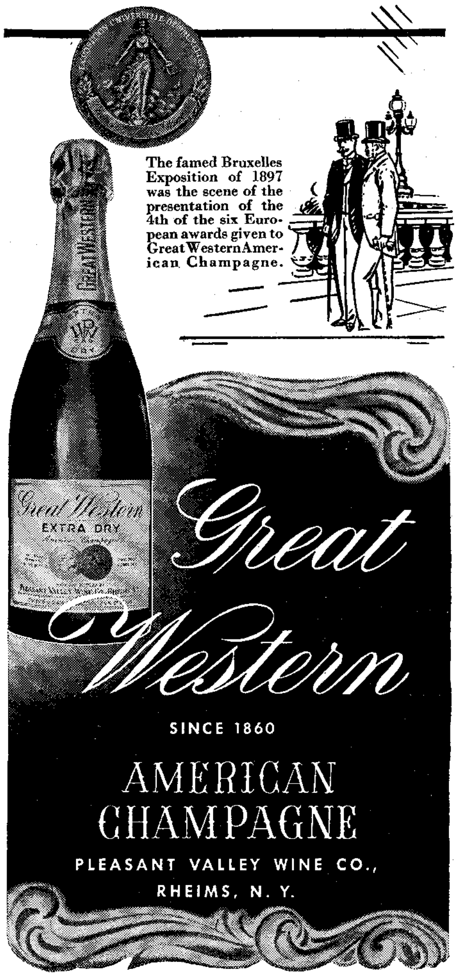
SWELLEST DESSERT IN A MONTH OF THURSDAYS!
THURSDAYS

© Borden Co.

• Military Brand CAMEMBERT Cheese served with slices of apple! . . . First, take a bite of cheese and cracker. *Linger* over that deep, full flavor. Then take a "munch" of apple . . . Can anything taste *that* good? *It can!* Enjoy it when you eat out, too.

MILITARY BRAND CAMEMBERT

ONE OF BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES


The famed Bruxelles Exposition of 1897 was the scene of the presentation of the 4th of the six European awards given to Great Western American Champagne.

Great Western

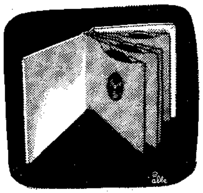
SINCE 1860

AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO., RHEIMS, N. Y.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Popular Records



THE death of Bunny Berigan, in 1942, ended a career that some fanciers of hot jazz had believed would eventually rival that of Bix Beiderbecke, who, as everybody must know, was one of the really great trumpet players. (All right, then, he played a *cornet.*) Victor has just issued a Bunny Berigan Memorial Album (P-134). One of the eight items in the set is "I Can't Get Started," a 1937 recording which is an established classic. Berigan sings the vocal, and more than satisfactorily; his voice has a nice, hoarse, touching quality. His trumpet playing is mostly in the low register, where he blew the best of his startling growl sounds. His ringing top tones dominate "High Society," recorded in 1938. The other numbers—"Frankie and Johnny," "Trees," "Russian Lullaby," "Jelly-Roll Blues," "Black Bottom," and "'Deed I Do"—reveal his pleasantly sentimental phrasing of lyrical lines, the sharply accented notes he liked, and all the other little tricks his admirers admire.

DECCA, continuing to devote its albums to the scores of musical shows and movies, has issued a handsome set containing five songs from M-G-M's "Meet Me in St. Louis." Judy Garland is starred in the album as well as in the movie. She is ably accompanied by Georgie Stoll and his orchestra and at times by a chorus. The hit piece of the score, as any radio listener can tell you, is "The Trolley Song." The others are "Skip to My Lou," "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas," "The Boy Next Door," and the title piece, which was composed some forty years ago for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition by Kerry Mills and Andrew B. Sterling. All the others were done by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane. The spare side is "Boys and Girls like You," a Rodgers-and-Hammerstein affair. Miss Garland works her way through the list pleasantly and with her usual good musical sense.

THREE of the leading ladies of popular song have two new morsels apiece for their followers. Ella Mae Morse offers "Hello, Suzanne" and "Why Shouldn't I?" (Capitol 176).

Florida's secret paradise

Fabulously beautiful Boca Raton . . . formerly a private haven for members of the exclusive Boca Raton Club . . . is now open to a distinguished clientele. Secluded, unspoiled, Boca Raton is a completely self-contained resort hotel . . . with every facility for sports and entertainment within its own boundaries. You are invited to write for information regarding rates and reservations.

THE Boca Raton

Between Palm Beach and Miami
FLORIDA

GORDON B. ANDERSON, GENERAL MANAGER

NEW FALL REVUE
STARRING
DWIGHT FISKE
at the 12:30 and 2:15 shows
Added Attraction
at Dinner show only
ANDY RUSSELL
THE NEW HEARTTHROB OF THE AIR WAVES
Different Presentations Nightly
9:00-12:30-2:15
Versailles
151 EAST 50th • PLaza 8-0310

The HEARTHSTONE
15 East 48th St. 102 East 22d St.
Our larder's full of good things,
Thanksgiving time is here,
A real old fashioned holiday,
A spirit that will cheer.
Special Thanksgiving Dinner
Luncheon from 65¢ Dinner from $1.25
Cocktails—Closed Sundays

Autumn BEST TIME FOR REST
Cheerful Guest Rooms. Boardwalk Sun Decks. Famous SHELBURNE GRILL and Cocktail Lounge.
Fall and Winter Rates
Paul Arnswalde, Mgr.
the Shelburne
ATLANTIC CITY
Call MUrray Hill 2-3442

Helen Forrest is represented by "I Learned a Lesson I'll Never Forget" and "Every Day of My Life" (Decca 18624), both done with a very engaging abandon. Ella Fitzgerald, in collaboration with the Ink Spots, sings "I'm Making Believe" and "Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall" (Decca 23356). Her choruses and those of the Ink Spots' male tenor provide a happy contrast, hers leaning toward the rhythmic, his toward the simple and sentimental.

CONSIDERING the times, the recent crop of dance records compares favorably with the best that appeared in the years of plenty. Of the new ones, I especially like:

CUBAN SUGAR HILL and SMALL BATCH O' NOD—Freddie Slack and his orchestra. Slack's piano playing is the feature of "Cuban Sugar Hill" and the mood is brisk and boogie-woogie. "Small Batch o' Nod" is in slower tempo, which gives Slack less to do, but the teamwork of the musicians is still fine. (*Capitol 172*)

REQUEST FOR A RUMBA and FRY ME, COOKIE, WITH A CAN OF LARD—Will Bradley and his orchestra. There is a long sequence in "Request for a Rumba" that is both hot and Latin, and excellent, too. The other side is boogie-woogie—also well taken care of. Some very close harmonies in "Cookie," begun by the piano and carried on by the rest of the boys. (*Columbia 36719*)

HELPLESS and WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME—Glenn Miller and his orchestra. These are two of a score or so of numbers recorded by Miller and his retinue before he went into the Army. "Helpless" is a tuneful piece with a pleasing arrangement and a throbbing vocal done by Ray Eberle. "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" gets a subdued swing treatment, with Tex Beneke, Marion Hutton, and the Modernaires singing away in the old Miller tradition. (*Victor 20-1600*)

SWEET DREAMS, SWEETHEART and MOON ON MY PILLOW—Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra. A pair of romantic (perhaps, over-romantic) lyrics set to good tunes and well arranged. For slow dancing. (*Decca 18627*)

KING PORTER STOMP and LUCKY SEVEN—Erskine Hawkins and his orchestra. The leader does most of the solo work on both sides. He's at his best in "King Porter Stomp," a jazz standby written by the famous pianist Jelly Roll Morton. "Lucky Seven," composed by William Johnson, saxophonist in the band, finds the Hawkins trumpet and Avery Parrish's piano in fine form. Some especially good ensemble work on both faces. (*Bluebird 30-0830*)

—OFFBEAT

•

ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD DEPT.

(SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA DIVISION)

[*From the Los Angeles Evening News*]

STUDY CLASS of the Los Angeles Audubon society will meet at Plummer park Thursday at 10 a.m. to hear Mrs. Elsie Humphreys talk on "Butterflies In Our Dooryards" and "Doves of the Southwest Pacific."

THE INDISPENSABLE PEOPLE

A wise man once observed that living through a heated political campaign is the most remarkable experience that comes to an American. For six months he works himself into a mounting frenzy about his candidate. He carries a torch for his man to the breakfast table, to the office, into conferences, and into heretofore friendly and pleasant social gatherings. By election night, he is filled with fear and trembling and drifts off to sleep contemplating the cataclysm that *must* follow, should any but his man become President of the United States.

The next morning he awakens to hear that his man, by some error of judgment on the part of more than half the American people, was not elected. He stumbles to the bedroom window—and outside what does he see? The sun is shining. The neighbor is taking in his milk. On the same old street—still there—is the same old traffic. Men and women are on their way to the same jobs they had yesterday, and all the days before. Youngsters are going to school to pick up where they left off before the election holiday. The nation is moving on.

Once again the voice of the people has risen, and we have a newly-elected President. Some are happy about it. Some aren't. But before many weeks have passed, the Great Truth about our democracy will emerge once again. It is this:

Perhaps as a result of an election—any election—long range progress will be handicapped; and yet, perhaps progress will be expedited—*who can tell?* No one man, no single administration has ever, single-handed, saved a nation populated by a hundred million strong, stubborn people who need no saving; nor, on the other hand, has one man or administration ever been able to block the nation's inevitable destiny. The *people*, with vision and confidence, and an insatiable appetite to find the truth, are the final arbiters of their country's fate. It is the *people* who are indispensable in these United States; people who have shown through a hundred and sixty odd years that they can survive any election campaign, any shock—from droughts that impoverish whole sections of the republic, to wars that detour the basic economy for months or even years.

To these indispensable, indestructible *people*—to this groping, progressing mass of citizenry, the Blue dedicates its facilities and its future.

The Blue Network is *in the service of the people.*

"THIS IS THE *Blue* NETWORK"

THE AMERICAN BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.

Who said "imported"?

. . . this is **AMERICAN**

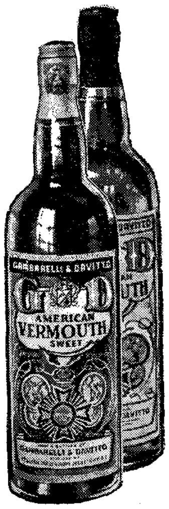
In 1609 on the shores of the lake that now bears his name, the bold French explorer, Champlain, raised aloft a glass of native wine, possibly a predecessor of G & D American Vermouth and claimed the country for France . . . It is also recorded that soon Champlain settled near here . . . As you joyfully taste your next Martini made with G & D Vermouth, you will fully appreciate how Champlain must have had a powerful motive to give up his native land—and that the motives were deliciously American.

G&D

AMERICAN VERMOUTH

ESTABLISHED 1927

GAMBARELLI & DAVITTO · NEW YORK · DIVISION OF ITALIAN-SWISS COLONY

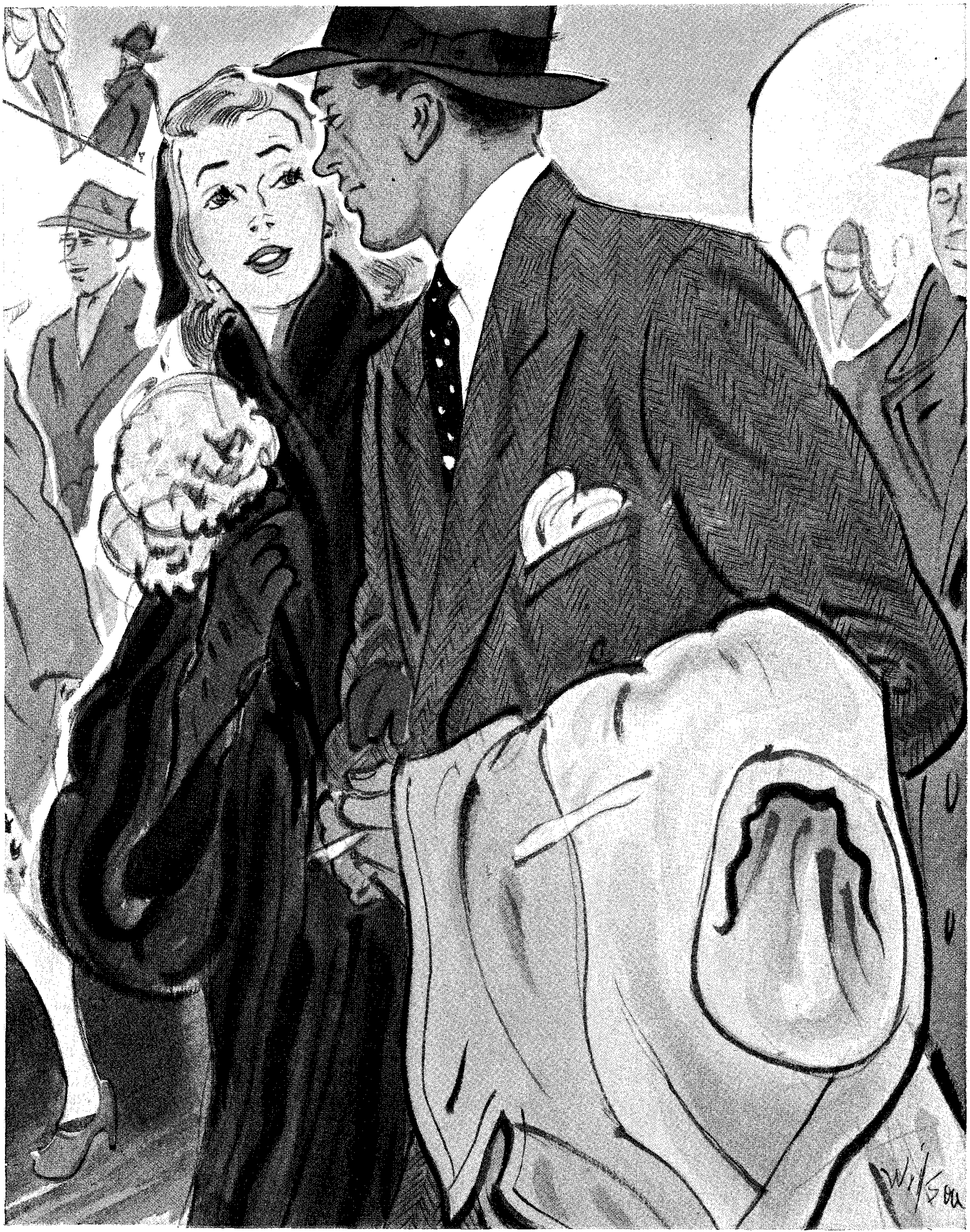


THE RACE TRACK

Two Ladies

A DIVERSION that gives this department much amusement is collecting second-hand tips too late. After Dora Dear won the Victory Handicap at Belmont last week and paid $67.50, a waiter, two taxi drivers, and three gatemen assured me that they had had inside information that she was going to win. The fact is, though, that since she'd run a poor race her last time out, Fitzsimmons, her trainer, started her in the big race only because William Woodward, who owns her, is a member of Herbert Swope's Turf Committee of America, which ran the Victory Meeting, and Fitz thought it would be nice for Woodward to see his colors in the last stake race of the season here. Well, Dora Dear came through handsomely for her friends, going around her field at the turn for home and getting to the front in time to beat Grant Rice by a nod. Fitz, of course, is one of the better trainers. Year after year the horses he handles win around fifty races and a quarter of a million dollars in prize money. Offhand, I would have guessed that this had been one of his less successful seasons, for he had no good two-year-olds and Apache and Bossuet were on the hospital list part of the summer. I was surprised to learn that he had saddled some fifty-five winners—he says that he didn't keep a close count—who earned almost $220,000 in purses.

WITHOUT any intention of encroaching on the territory of another department of this magazine, I popped into the Newhouse Galleries the other morning to see the preliminary study for a portrait of Sun Chariot by Sir A. J. Munnings, president of the Royal Academy, that E. J. Rousuck, one of the owners of Newhouse, had received recently from England. (Mr. Rousuck has a great liking for pictures of horses and is a frequent visitor to the tracks.) The portrait itself is owned by King George, in whose colors Sun Chariot raced. It would not be correct to say that she was the Twilight Tear of England; she was rather better than that. In fact, she was the best British two-year-old of 1941, and at three she won, among other races, the One



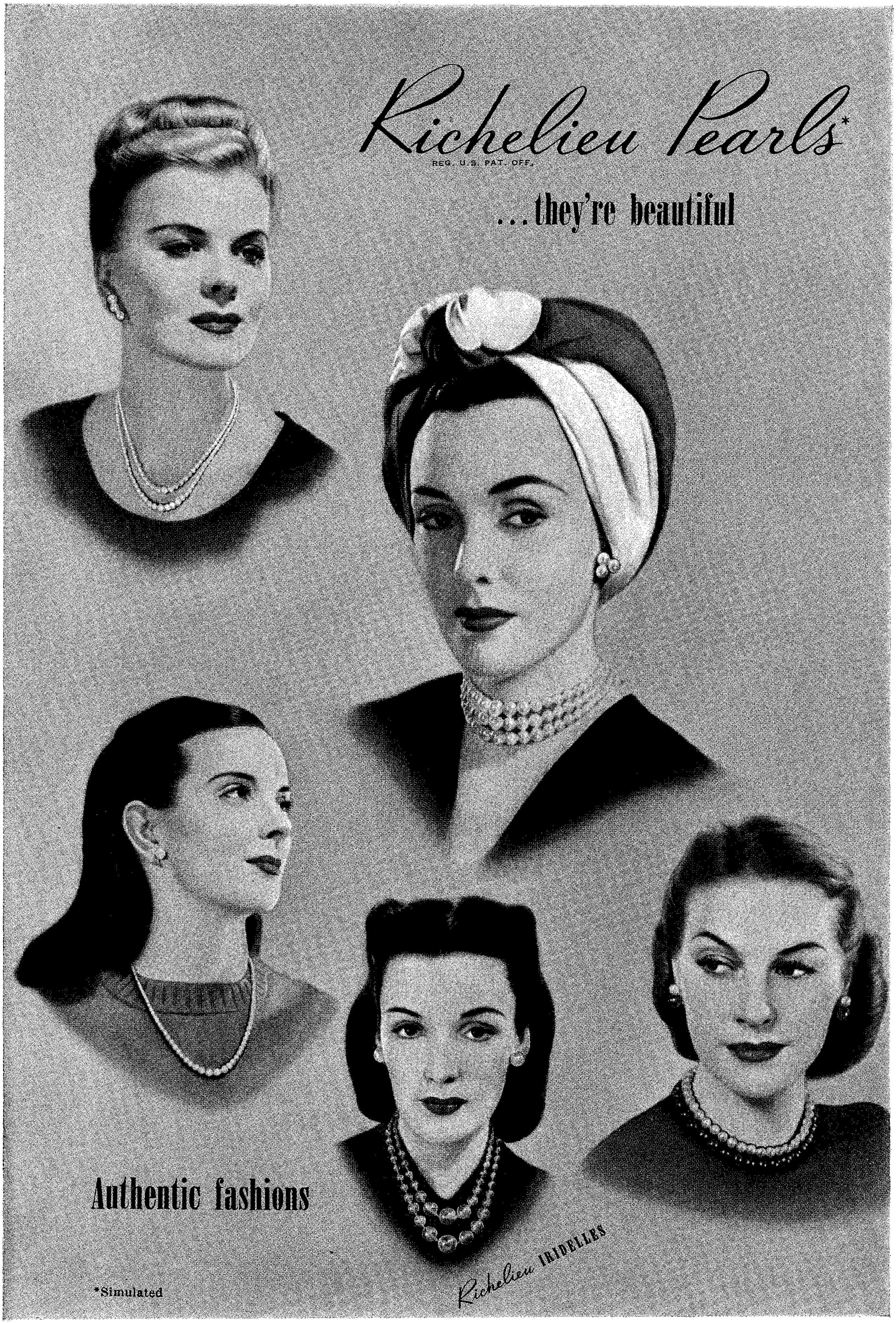
SEEN ONLY IN THE BEST COMPANY

You will find Celanese* linings in the company of better suits and topcoats everywhere. Fine tailors know that *linings have the greatest influence on comfort, fit . . . that* the inside of a coat has to last as long as the outside. They naturally use Celanese*, made of modern all-synthetic yarn. Celanese Corporation of America, New York, N. Y.

*Celanese**

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

MEN'S WEAR LININGS OF ALL-SYNTHETIC YARN


Richelieu Pearls*
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
...they're beautiful
Authentic fashions
Richelieu IRIDELLES
*Simulated

Thousand Guineas, the Oaks, and the St. Leger, in which she beat the Derby winner Watling Street. Then she was retired. In my book, there is only a handful of painters (and photographers, if you don't mind), who can bring out the points of a horse. Munnings is one of them. Sun Chariot must be a handsome animal, but not particularly feminine, judging from her picture. In fact, she looks a good deal like Cavalcade.

Sun Chariot, who is by Hyperion, was bred at the National Stud, a huge stock farm which was presented to the British government by the late Lord Wavertree. The Stud, which, by the way, has recently been moved from Eire to Dorsetshire, does a tidy business, too, selling and leasing horses; at the recent Newmarket sales, six of its yearlings brought $140,000. King George leased Sun Chariot, to help racing's morale, no doubt, and the story goes that she was such an unprepossessing two-year-old that Fred Darling, who trained the Royal Stable, was all for returning her. But wartime transportation being what it is in England, by the time a car arrived she had improved so much that he decided to keep her. Speaking of English racing, of which there will be more in 1945 than in 1944, an informer from Ballybunion tells me that the Grand National won't be run next spring because the Irish-owned jumpers, better fed these days than the English horses, would probably make a clean sweep of the prize money.

LIEUTENANT ALFRED VANDERBILT'S Sagamore Press has performed its annual valuable service by bringing out "American Race Horses, 1943." The volume is a bit late, and smaller than usual, but welcome. The text is by John Hervey, except for a chapter on steeplechasing by Nelson Dunstan. It is edited by Vaughn Flannery. As usual, there are lots of photographs, tabulated pedigrees, and charts. The price is fifteen dollars, and if you can't find a copy at your bookseller's you may order one from the Stake Bulletin, Belair, Maryland. You may be pleased to know, as I am, that Joe H. Palmer, who writes those excellent articles for the *Blood-Horse*, is now at work on "American Race Horses, 1944."—AUDAX MINOR

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Martin Sommers in the Saturday Evening Post*]

The Navy knew what it faced when I came aboard the Texas late on the night of Friday, June twenty-third.

Not So Simple...

...To Engineer A New Product!

This little self-locking nut plate is typical of Solar's challenging spirit which, fifteen years ago, brushed aside tradition to give the world the first really safe method of venting dangerous airplane gases—the Solar stainless steel exhaust manifold.

Two years ago there was a desperate need for self-locking nut plates for military plane production which would sustain high temperatures. Solar met the emergency with SOL-A-NUT... a stainless steel nut plate developed with Solar initiative on different principles of design and construction.

SOL-A-NUT is simplicity itself—*now that it is finished.* But back of it are months of hard work and original thinking—of research and design—of material tests—trials in use—re-design and further tests.

It is not a simple matter to engineer new products, particularly those made of stainless steel and used where high temperatures prevail, or hot gases, acids and corrosion are encountered. This is the field in which Solar's experience and knowledge are at their best. Consult Solar on your problems. Address "Management".

ARMY ★ E ★ NAVY ARMY ★ E ★ NAVY

SOLAR

STAINLESS STEEL PRODUCTS

SOLAR AIRCRAFT COMPANY ★ SAN DIEGO 12, CALIF. ★ DES MOINES 5, IA.

BOOKS

The Polish Underground—The Vogue of Henry James

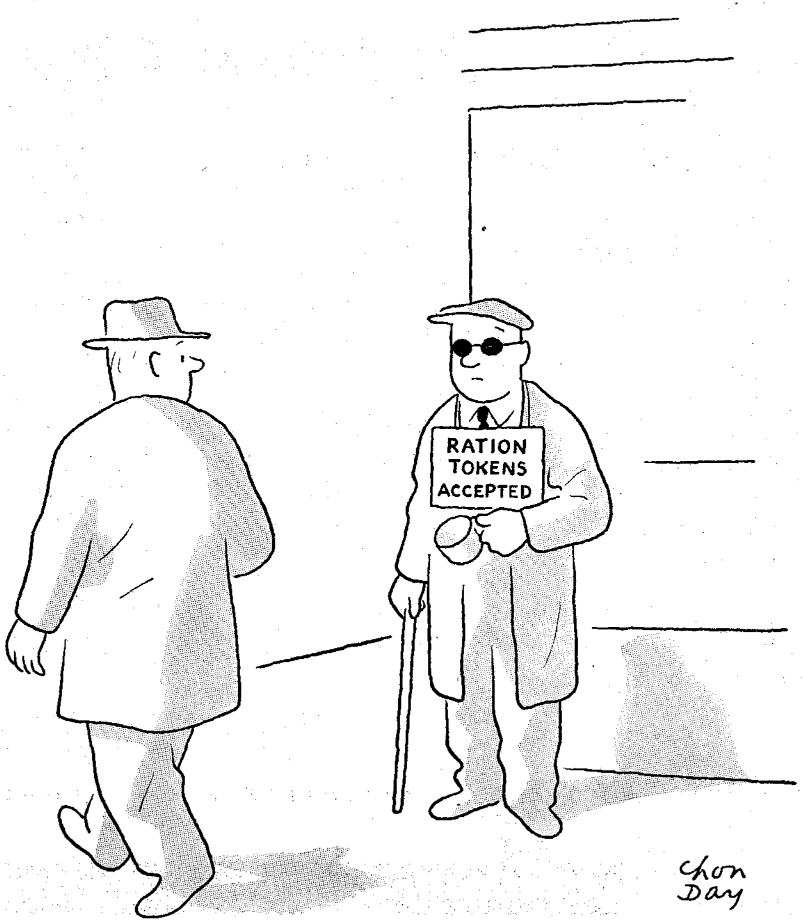
THE events of the present war—for the people who are writing about it at first hand as well as for those who are merely reading about it at home—have burst the barometer of human response. The demands made upon our emotions so exceed our ordinary capacity for either sympathy or excitement that we almost cease to feel at all and simply begin to take things for granted. The feverish exploitation of glory by the jingo, still so much in evidence in the last war, has become almost as impossible as the indignant humanitarianism of the liberal and the socialist. Before the overrunning of Europe by the Germans, André Malraux tried to assimilate in fiction the heroism and the horrors of the Chinese revolution and the Spanish Civil War; and we may hope that he will bring his chronicle up to date when literature becomes possible for Frenchmen again. But in the meantime we have only the record supplied by personal stories and professional reporting. Books and articles by the hundred have been printed describing many phases of the war. Some of these are honest and vivid; others are ghosted and the ghost gets between us and the experience; others are actually written by the people who were there but are almost as inept and conventional as if they had been done by ghosts. Yet all alike seem fatally inadequate to make us realize either the dimensions or the profound effects of what is going on.

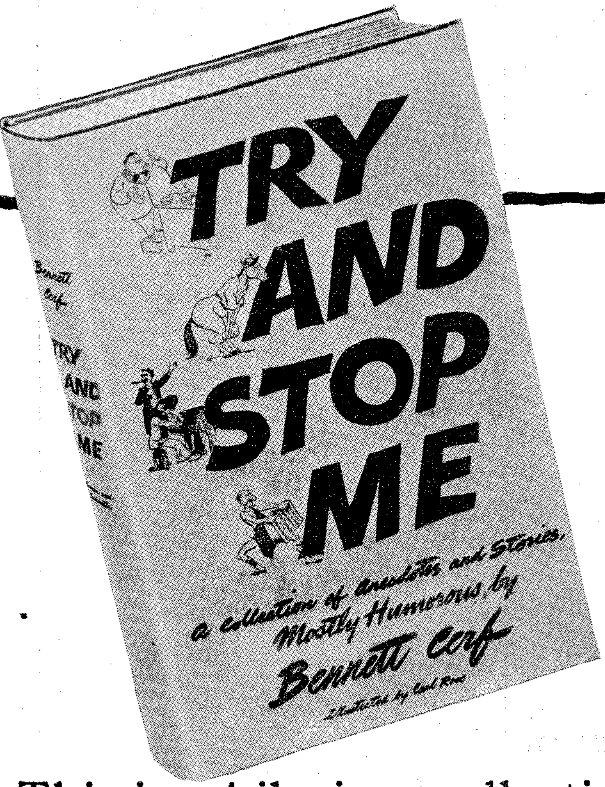
This applies even to "Story of a Secret State" (Houghton Mifflin), by Jan Karski. It is the best that I have seen of the books that deal with the underground movements in the countries occupied by the Germans—partly because Mr. Karski is now free to tell about his real adventures instead of being confined, as most such writers have been, to fictionized equivalents or generalizations. Mr. Karski was a young Polish officer who fell into the hands of the Russians when the Germans overwhelmed Poland. He was taken to a prison camp in Russia but had himself exchanged and handed over to the Germans in order to get sent back to Poland. On the way, he jumped off the train and returned on foot to Warsaw, where he became a member of the underground. Finally he was caught by the Gestapo and subjected to hideous beatings in the effort to make him give up his comrades, but was eventually consigned to a hospital, from which he was rescued by Poles. He was then hidden on a country estate, where he lived with the landowner's family and took part with them in the execution of a traitor to the underground. Later the Gestapo arrested this family and tortured and killed them all—son, daughter, and elderly mother. Karski had, however, got away, and he went back to the underground. He made an excursion into the Warsaw ghetto, where he saw young Germans hunting men like animals, and he smuggled himself into one of the murder camps, where men, women, and children were being packed into cars and left to be eaten alive by quicklime. The Poles themselves, under the German persecution, were beaten down below their civilized standards and goaded to horrible acts of revenge. One agent of the underground used to invite German officers to drink and then drop typhoid-infected lice down their necks or introduce them to diseased prostitutes.

It does not make the book any more cheerful to know what has happened to Warsaw, as a result of the uprising of last August, since the period on which it closes. We cannot even take from it the moral which the author must have thought it carried: that fortitude is rewarded by freedom. Not even Mr. Karski and men like him who have been actors in what has been happening are yet able, by writing books, to catch up with the terrible reality.

DURING the later years of Henry James, his books had a very poor sale and the magazines no longer wanted his stories. The collected New York Edition of his novels, brought out in 1907-1909, attracted little attention, and when W. C. Brownell, who had supervised this edition, wrote an essay on James's work at that time, he made it seem pretty heavy going and confessed that James was not a writer whom even his admirers cared to reread. Any sense of the continuity and of the value and meaning of James's career seemed to have been lost by the American public: he was regarded, often with ridicule, as a writer who had once done a few good things—"Daisy Miller" and "The Portrait of a Lady"—but who later, expatriated in England, had grown affected, obscure, and dreary.

Today James is alive for the reading public as he perhaps never was during his lifetime. All the literary young people read him, and often they read him through. There is a constant demand for his books, and we need very badly in America a complete and cheap edition such as





This is a hilarious collection of wonderful anecdotes and stories. You'll read it until *it* puts *you* down chortling helplessly. It's by Bennett Cerf, President of Random House, book publishers. We're Simon and Schuster, book publishers. The reason Mr. Cerf wanted us to publish his book was because he is too modest to give it, under his own imprint, the sort of tremendous promotion he thinks it deserves. Like this.

FIRST REVIEWS:

"A harvest of the witfields such as only a Hercules of the hilarious could have managed. If what this country needs is a good five-hour laugh (among other things) *Try and Stop Me* is it. If it doesn't make you laugh, call in the undertaker."
—*Philadelphia Record*

"A wham $3 worth for casual reading; a treasury of anecdota by the famed and infamous; one of our better anthologies of humorous Americana."—*Variety*

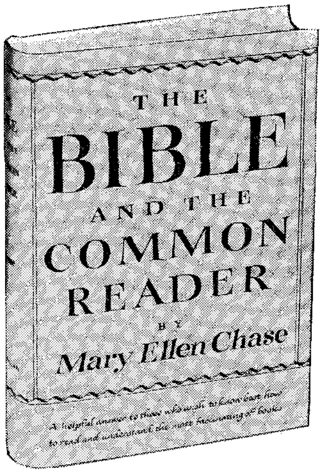
"You're practically nobody, as a name that makes news, anyhow, if you're not in the Index of Bennett Cerf's gay and witty collection of anecdotes about notables."
—LUCIUS BEEBE

"After dinner speakers, editors in search of filler, dinner guests in search of laughs, doctors and dentists offices and the general reader will find this volume a veritable treasure house. It is a perfect book to have beside the bed and a good antidote for a gloomy day."
—*Book-of-the-Month Club News*

"The book is full of wit, humor, with a chaser of just the right amount of corn. The timing is perfect, you can catch your breath between fast ones."—*Boston Globe*

75th thousand • 100 illustrations by Carl Rose • Price, $3.00

SIMON AND SCHUSTER, PUBLISHERS • NEW YORK CITY

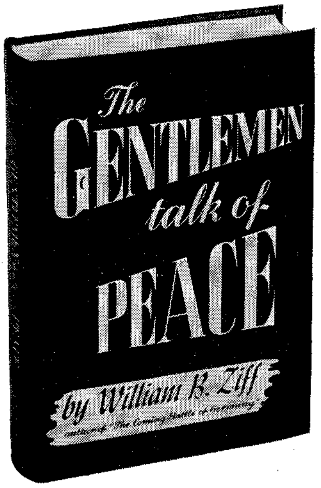


Indispensable to a truly liberal education — says this famous novelist — is a knowledge of the Bible. With enthusiasm and understanding Mary Ellen Chase has written a book which makes the Bible live in the imagination, reawakening readers to its pageantry, drama, and beauty of language. $2.50

What Is the Verdict?

By Fred L. Gross

An amusing and revealing account of the law as it is practiced, and the odd outcomes of what might be considered commonplace lawsuits. $2.50



A boldly realistic book by the author of *The Coming Battle of Germany.* Mr. Ziff presents a powerfully written analysis of the real underlying forces which will direct the post-war future and gives a reasoned plan for averting world disaster. $3.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Macmillan brought out in England in the twenties. This edition included the text of the New York Edition, which has never been available in this country in any but its original expensive form and which has in that form been allowed to go out of print. But James had taken a great deal of trouble over it, weeding out, rearranging and rewriting his stories, and accompanying them with a critical commentary; and this edition as a whole stands not merely as a set, uniformly bound, of the author's main productions but as in some sense itself a unit, a harmonized and rounded work—Henry James's real magnum opus, which is probably the prime thing to read if you want to get the measure of his genius. The Macmillan reprinting I speak of added all the other novels and short stories which had been excluded from this edition (except the novels made out of plays, which ought to be included, too), and got the whole thing out in pocket-size volumes. The stock of this edition, however, is said to have been destroyed by an air raid, so that it is no longer possible even to import it, and in America the plates of James's novels which had still been kept in print have, in certain cases, been melted up in compliance with a request of the government intended to salvage metals for the war industries.

But the art of Henry James, thus plowed under or blasted by the war, continually blooms again. The shortage has just been partly alleviated by the publication of two volumes of his stories. "The Great Short Novels of Henry James" (Dial), edited by Philip Rahv, contains a selection of what James called his *nouvelles*; "Stories of Writers and Artists" (New Directions), edited by F. O. Matthiessen, a collection of those of James's stories in which he dramatizes the peculiar problems of the literary and artistic life.

Mr. Matthiessen has also just published a small critical work on James, "Henry James: The Major Phase" (Oxford). This book contains some valuable research into the symbolism of James's later novels, a chapter on the rewriting of "The Portrait of a Lady" to bring it into line with his later work for the purposes of the New York Edition, and an attempt to trace the implications of the social and moral point of view at which Henry James finally arrived. Mr. Matthiessen has the special advantage of having been through a kind of literary diary which James kept between 1878 and 1914. In this record, James not only made notes for his work but also set down from time

*Nectar and ambrosia are passé.
The best cooks on Olympus
now consult*

Thoughts FOR Food

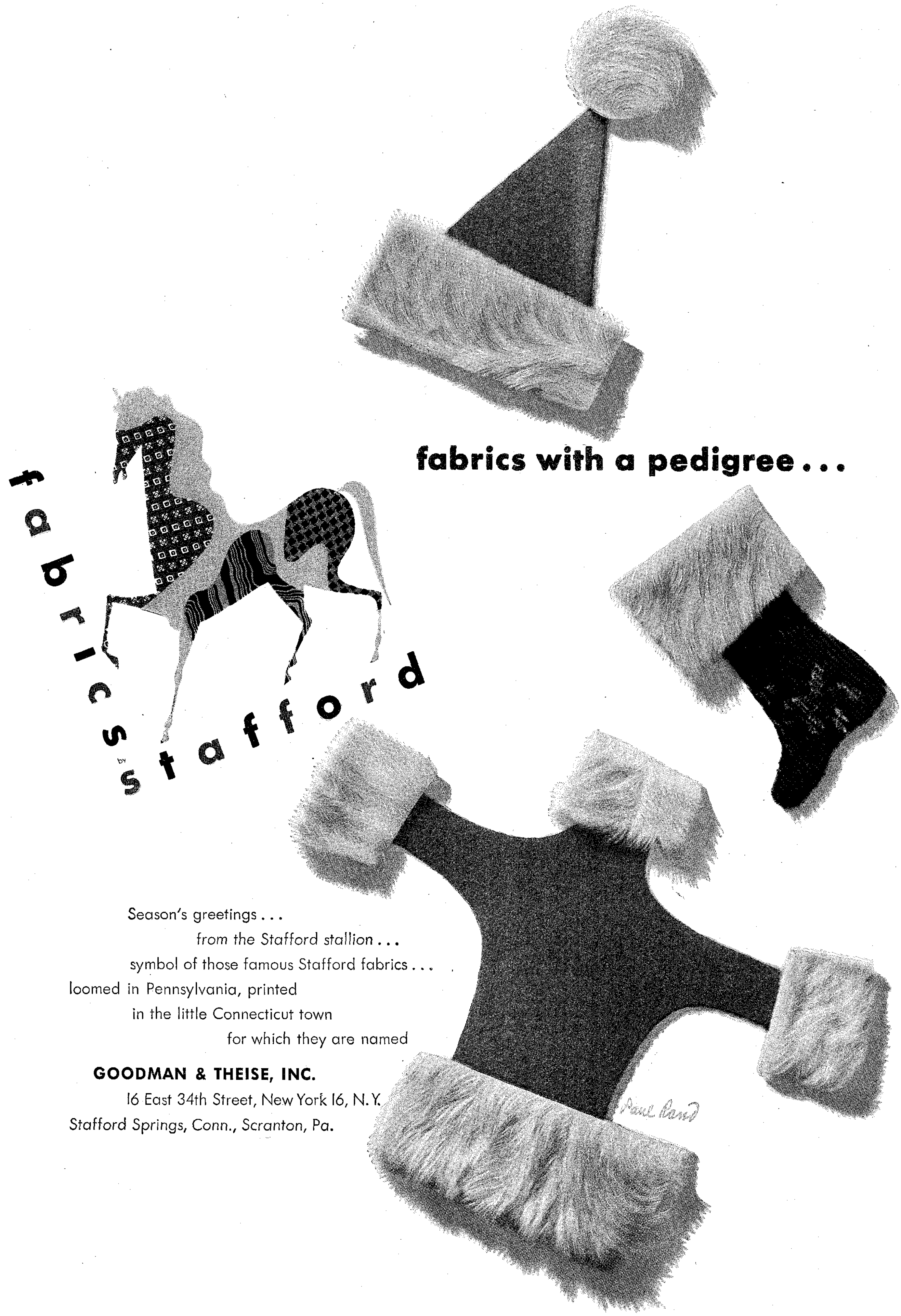
The answer to a gourmet's prayer. A tantalizing compilation of some of the most delicious recipes ever concocted. 125 savory menus, for every meal from brunch to formal dinners. Whether you're making Wheatcakes or Strawberries Romanoff, there's never been a cookbook like this one . . . that is, if you can call a work of art a cookbook.
REX STOUT: "A godsend . . . gets 4 stars." *$2.50*

*Rationed meals
need not be Spartan*

More Thoughts FOR Food

This companion book to THOUGHTS FOR FOOD is a gold mine of ideas for the cook with low points and high ideals. 120 menus with recipes for over 700 succulent dishes that save both time and ration stamps. Special chapters on meatless dinners and one-dish meals. *$2.50*

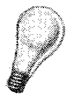
At all bookstores or
THE VANGUARD PRESS
424 MADISON AVE., N. Y. 17, N. Y.


fabrics by stafford
fabrics with a pedigree . . .
Paul Rand

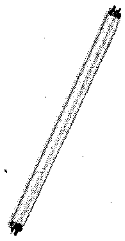
Season's greetings . . .
from the Stafford stallion . . .
symbol of those famous Stafford fabrics . . .
loomed in Pennsylvania, printed
in the little Connecticut town
for which they are named

GOODMAN & THEISE, INC.
16 East 34th Street, New York 16, N. Y.
Stafford Springs, Conn., Scranton, Pa.

SIGHT!

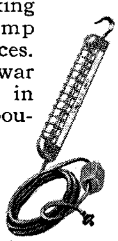


THE BETTER your electric light bulbs, the more light you'll get at lower cost. So Sylvania Incandescent Lamps are made with but one thing in mind—to give you *more and better light at highest economy!*



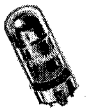
THERE'S A NEW KIND of light that's helping win the war in thousands of plants. It's Sylvania Fluorescent Lighting — cool, glare-free, bright as a sunny spring day. Soon you'll enjoy it throughout your home!

HERE'S A COMPACT, war-working Sylvania Fluorescent Lamp dressed to travel into tight places. You'll be seeing its after-the-war offspring doing home duty in wall brackets, in closets, in boudoir and bath!

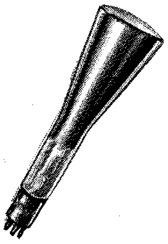


LIGHT MUST BE PLACED *where you need it—without waste!* That's why Sylvania designs fixtures to work with fluorescent lamps and accessories. They form a close-knit, *fully guaranteed* unit giving the most for your money in *usable light!*

SOUND!

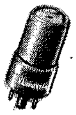


THE SYLVANIA BRAND on a radio tube stands for only one quality —*the best*. Right now, Sylvania Radio Tubes have extensive war jobs, on land and sea. If your radio needs new tubes, see your Sylvania Serviceman. He will do his best to help you.



SIGHT NOW JOINS SOUND in Television! Sylvania is a pioneer in the development of the cathode ray tube—today's most practical and economical solution to the receiving of sharp, clear pictures-by-air in your home.

HOUSED IN SUITABLE ELECTRONIC devices, Sylvania Electronic Tubes are used in almost every field of science. They have gone to war in many ways. They will help make the coming Peace freer, easier, more enjoyable!



SYLVANIA!

SYLVANIA ELECTRIC PRODUCTS INC.

EXECUTIVE OFFICES, 500 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 18, NEW YORK • MAKERS OF FLUORESCENT LAMPS, FIXTURES, ACCESSORIES, INCANDESCENT LAMPS, RADIO TUBES, CATHODE RAY TUBES, ELECTRONIC DEVICES to time remarkably candid soliloquies about the various phases of his career. Mr. Matthiessen quotes passages of great interest, but since this document is soon to be published, discussion of what it reveals may be postponed till then.

In this connection, it is appropriate to notice a new book on another American novelist who has been thoroughly read and deeply explored only in our own time. "Herman Melville: The Tragedy of Mind" (Harvard University Press), by William Ellery Sedgwick, is a careful and thoroughgoing study of Melville's fundamental ideas as developed in his successive works. Mr. Sedgwick was a sensitive and searching critic—to use justly, for once, two worn clichés—and his death at forty-two, just after he had finished this book, was a loss to American culture.

—Edmund Wilson

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Wife to Mr. Milton, by Robert Graves (Creative Age). An expert, continually interesting novel done in the form of an autobiography of Milton's first wife, Marie Powell. The author writes extremely well, and the book has historical as well as literary value, Mr. Graves being one of the few, the very few, contemporary historical novelists who have ever got beyond (or, for that matter, as far as) the "Ben Hur" stage. The story is primarily about the cheerful, intelligent girl who was broken physically and spiritually by a tragic marriage to the author of "Paradise Lost," but the events of the times were so interwoven with everybody's daily life that it is also an absorbing picture of England in the midst of civil war. Mr. Graves not only shows up poor Marie Powell's husband as a stubborn, self-righteous sadist in the home but argues that the poet, because of his Fascist attitude toward Cromwell's handling of postwar problems, was exactly the man who should *not* "be living at this hour."

Behold Trouble, by Granville Hicks (Macmillan). The story of a difficult, neurotic young pacifist who holds out against the draft, with results that are tragic to all concerned. The oddly assorted, rather unpleasant characters who are affected in one way or another by the hero's intransigeance are all credible enough, and the young man's suffering is made acutely real, but it is hard to see

Emily Hahn

tells the full, candid story of her own life in the land of THE SOONG SISTERS

THIS partial autobiography is the enthralling story of an American woman on her own in China . . . a record of ten years packed with excitement enough for three ordinary lifetimes. In CHINA TO ME, Emily Hahn tells how:

—*As a writer,* she scooped veteran correspondents by winning the friendship of the elusive Soong sisters and writing her famous book about them.

—*As an American,* she ignored the raised eyebrows of the foreign colony and discovered the Chinese.

—*As a woman,* she dared to live as she pleased, in Shanghai, in Chungking, and in Hongkong both before and after the Japs moved in.

➡ This book has not been serialized in any publication. It is the completely frank, wonderfully witty account of Emily Hahn's escapades and adventures, with the "inexhaustible" Sinmay, the Soong sisters themselves, and the officials, correspondents, cranks and crackpots of a dozen nations who crossed her path.

China to Me

A PARTIAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY

At your bookseller's, $3

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

Don't tell the children about James Thurber's

THE GREAT QUILLOW

the story of a toymaker and a giant, unless you're willing to buy a copy today!

$2.00 *Illustrated by Doris Lee*

HARCOURT, BRACE AND CO., 383 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

PREVIEW OF A CHILD'S XMAS

Stilty
THE DEER WHO LEARNED TO EAT
By HALL and STEINER. "About a deer every bit as nice as Bambi." — *N. Y. Times.* Ages 3-5 *65th thousand*

Telltime
THE RABBIT
By WILLIAM HALL. Teaches children to read the clock. A clock dial with movable hands included. Ages 3-5. *135,000th*

Watch the Pony Grow
By WILLIAM HALL. The pony grows from page to page, and young readers can brush his coat and open the stable door. Ages 3-5. *50th thousand*

EACH, *illustrated by Charlotte Steiner,* $1.25

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY
432 4th Ave. Crowell New York 16

Presenting
A POET'S YOUTH
by ALLAN DOWLING

A new poet has appeared, whose work is simple, musical, emotional, clear and passionate, equally unafraid of the flesh and the spirit.

Mr. Dowling's work is a great relief from the complex sterilities of the modern intellectual.

The price is $2.50 per copy
THE WANDERER PRESS
55 Broadway
NEW YORK 6, N. Y.

By OVERWHELMING MAJORITY
RECORD LOVERS
Select
RECOTON NEEDLES
America's Favorite Needle

BOOKS for Christmas
in gay gift packages, sent anywhere in U. S. post free.
Send your Christmas book list and we will do the rest. Catalog.
THE POST BOX BOOKSHOP
34 East 48th St., New York 17, N. Y. PL 3-3633

what point Mr. Hicks is trying to prove or how he himself feels about his disgruntled, self-conscious hero.

ACCOUNT RENDERED, by Vera Brittain (Macmillan). To present the thesis that cowardice, especially in soldiers, does not get the proper psychiatric treatment, Miss Brittain tells a melodramatic story of a sensitive young musician who cracks up during a particularly horrible engagement in the first World War and becomes unfit for the musical career he had planned. Instead, he goes into business and has a normal enough life until, at the beginning of this war, his neurosis breaks out again, with fatal results. It is not likely that many readers will disagree with the soundness of this tract on the treatment of the psychoneurotic; it is even less likely that there will be any disagreement about its exceeding dullness.

NO MORE THAN HUMAN, by Maura Laverty (Longmans, Green). If you remember Miss Laverty's fresh, diverting novels of Irish peasant life, you are bound to be disappointed in her third one, about a young Irish girl who goes to Spain as a governess. The simple country girl runs afoul of any number of Spanish conventions, barely avoids getting herself seduced by a handsome young Spaniard, and at length goes home to marry a fine Irish lad. Trivia that is not well enough written to be good, even of its kind.

GENERAL

GENERAL IKE, by Alden Hatch (Holt). A biography of Dwight D. Eisenhower. Mr. Hatch's treatment varies from page to page, ranging from the purely factual to the impurely fictional, and his attempts to set down the inner thoughts and emotions of General Eisenhower are not much more than slapdash literary exercises. He has, however, collected a lot of facts about the Allied Commander-in-Chief, who seems to be one of the most likable men ever to wear four stars, and the discussion of some of the more celebrated events in the General's career, such as the Darlan episode and the business about Patton, is valuable for its presentation of Eisenhower's own sound and sensible point of view. Illustrated.

BRAVE MEN, by Ernie Pyle (Holt). Another bit of proof that Mr. Pyle, who has organized his newspaper dispatches on the war, from the invasion of Sicily to the march through Nor-

CHRISTMAS
BOOKS
FROM
Whittlesey House

A Tribute to the Spirit
of All Men at Sea

WHERE AWAY

A MODERN ODYSSEY

by GEORGE SESSIONS PERRY & ISABEL LEIGHTON

¶ This is the story of the men of the stricken *Marblehead*, men who continued, in the midst of havoc, to be what they had been—same tempers, vanities, dreams, courage, same pride of brotherhood and love for the ship they manned. You will read here the story of a ship's company, as powerful, as stirring, as alive as the strong handclasp of those men themselves. *With drawings by* John J. Floherty, Jr., *Chief Specialist, U. S. Coast Guard.* $2.75

RIDIN' THE RAINBOW

Father's Life in Tucson

by ROSEMARY TAYLOR

¶ "The saga of Father's adventures is outright hilarious. Father is a joyous incarnation of the fantastic visions and shrewd knowledge of human values that made the West." —*New York Herald Tribune Book Review.* Illustrated by Donald McKay. $2.50

THE MURMUR OF WINGS

by LEONARD DUBKIN

¶ The autobiography of a man whose love for birds was the one bright spot in his big-city life until it became his whole life. "What a relief this book is! It is a lovely book."—*Book-of-the-Month Club News.* Designed and illustrated by Susanne Suba. $2.50

It's a new book by

F. P. A.

The Man Who Knows "Almost Everything"

NODS and BECKS

by FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

¶ These "sane and salty" paragraphs and verses by the sage of *Information, Please* offer a collection of incomparable entertainment and one-volume sampling of the essential spirit of our time. $2.00

THE WORLD ENDS AT HOBOKEN

by MEL HEIMER

¶ "When outside the city editor's ken . . . he picks up so much curious chatter that he has enough for a book, and pretty soon it's the talk of the town."—Harry Hansen, *New York World-Telegram.* Drawings by Bill Pause. $2.00

WHITTLESEY HOUSE • A Division of the McGraw-Hill Book Co., N. Y. 18

mandy, into a book, is one of our best correspondents as well as perhaps our most popular one. He is honest, he is not pontifical, he knows that men in uniform have the same set of emotions and reflexes they had before they became men in uniform, and he is one of the very few journalists who can use "I" without having it stick out like a sore ego. Mr. Pyle has not written a great book; he has not even written a great work of journalism. He has merely told the story, as simply and straightforwardly as possible, of one man's experiences in an important event in history.

THE GENTLEMEN TALK OF PEACE, by William B. Ziff (Macmillan). A dazzling exhibition of how to answer all the hard questions confronting mankind. Unfettered by time, space, or the thought that he might possibly be wrong, Mr. Ziff takes a position somewhere between Mars and Mercury and looks down upon all the continents, all the oceans, all the peoples, and all the problems of the earth. He tells how to organize the world in order to have peace, how to solve the Chinese question, how to take care of Africa, how to handle a defeated Germany and reorganize Europe, how to unify South America, how to get along with Russia, and how to do everything else necessary to put the tangled affairs of this punch-drunk planet in apple-pie order. Mr. Ziff, in the course of his five-hundred-and-twenty-page riot of awesome omniscience, says many intelligent things; the voice rays that reach us from his stratospheric pulpit often vibrate with considerable good sense. The static, though, is something awful.

THE THEATRE BOOK OF THE YEAR 1943-1944, by George Jean Nathan (Knopf). It is astonishing how Mr. Nathan manages to keep on going to the theatre and be amusing about it. He is even still looking for talent and demanding the production of better plays. Failing these, he keeps the record straight through this Dark Age of the American theatre, and his chronicle, of which this new volume is the second annual installment, must be one of the most complete of its kind ever made.

•

WITH U.S. 7TH ARMY ON THE MOSELLE. (UP)—Guided by a voluble, two-headed 10-year-old French boy, a detachment of . . .—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

That's when volubility *is* volubility.

Hemingway
Dorothy Parker
STEINBECK
by JOHN STEINBECK
six novels of the Supernatural
THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE
World BIBLE
Shakespeare
As you were
Alexander Woollcott
Put some Viking Portables in your Christmas gift packages and take some home for yourself

$2.00 $2.00 $2.00 $2.50 $2.50 $2.50 $2.50 $2.50

The VIKING PRESS

Tops for all Drinks
DON Q
86 PROOF
RUM

Product of DESTILERIA SERRALLES, INC., Ponce, Puerto Rico, U. S. A.

SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS: **Schieffelin & Co.**
NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

The Wedgwood Room
AT SUPPER
FRANK SINATRA
DINNER AND SUPPER
NAT BRANDWYNNE
and his Orchestra
MISCHA BORR
and his Orchestra
alternating at Supper
Cover from 10:30, $2
The Waldorf-Astoria

• SCOTLAND • INDIA • HOLLYWOOD • SOUTH AMERICA • SWITZERLAND • CHINA • CAPE COD • MEXICO • ENGLAND

Gifts HUNDREDS OF UNUSUAL GIFTS *from the Whole Wide World*

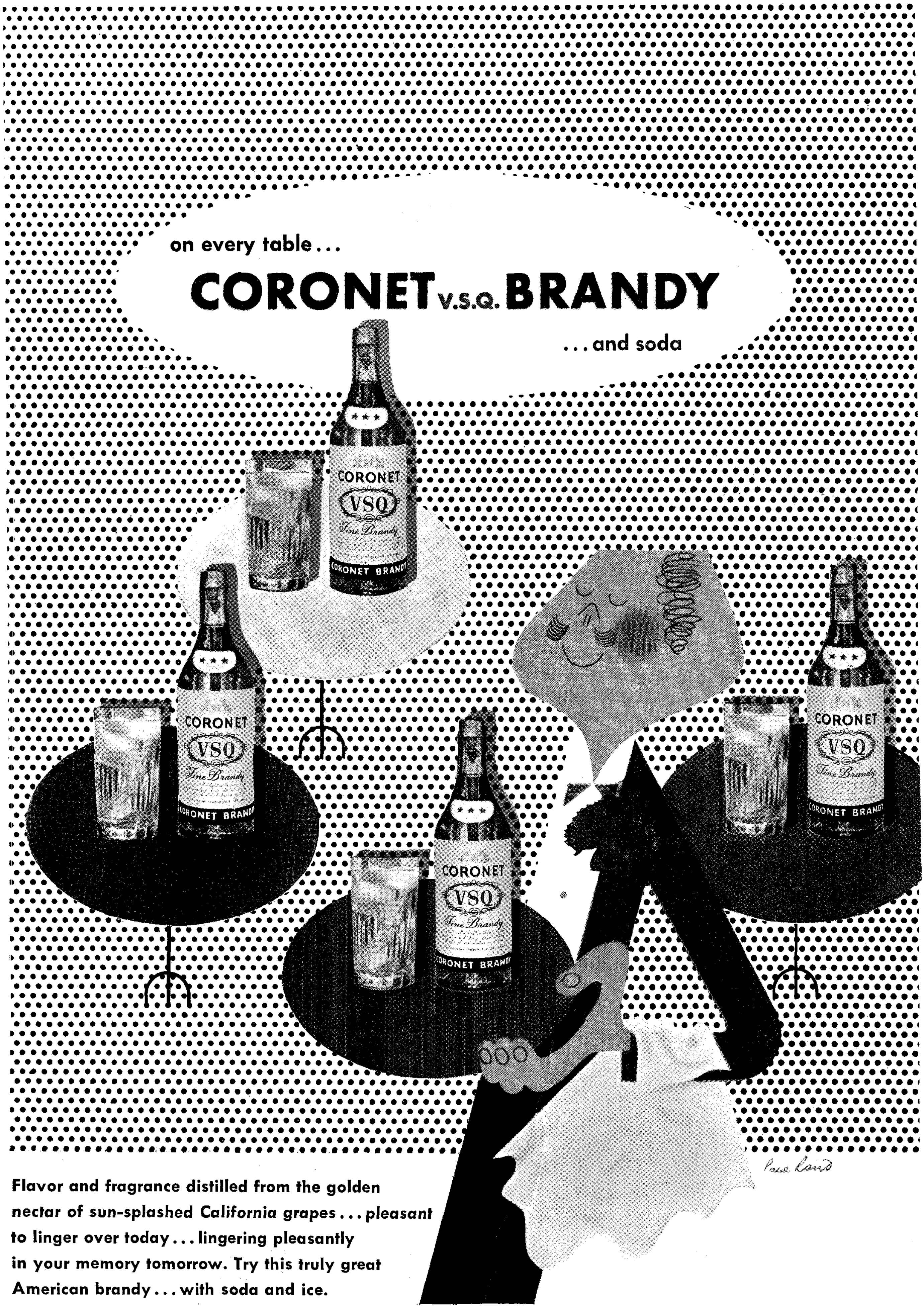
The NEW Catalogue of Kellogg Selections is full of inspirations and surprising "Finds", all pictured and described for you. Inviting prices...the majority under $5.00. Each article is attractively wrapped and comes to you prepaid with our guarantee of your complete satisfaction.

Write NOW for your Free Copy ROBERT W. KELLOGG CO. *71 Hillman St., Springfield, Mass.*

BUY-WORDS No. 8

If you could see the letters
we get from OVERSEAS—
"Please send me this,"
"please send me that,"
"please send me those and these."
If you could only understand
how much they long for reading,
you wouldn't hesitate at all,
you'd send BOOK ORDERS speeding.

THE BOOK SHOP 5 Grosvenor Bldg.
PROVIDENCE 3 RHODE ISLAND


on every table...
CORONET V.S.Q. BRANDY
...and soda
CORONET
VSQ
Fine Brandy
CORONET BRANDY
Paul Rand

Flavor and fragrance distilled from the golden nectar of sun-splashed California grapes . . . *pleasant* to linger over today . . . lingering pleasantly in your memory tomorrow. Try this truly great American brandy . . . with soda and ice.

California Grape Brandy 84 proof. Cresta Blanca Wine Co., Inc., Los Angeles, Calif.

They also serve...who BUY and HOLD War Bonds

Many things have changed
Since Old Overholt was born
More than 134 years ago.
But this noble rye,
With its Good Taste
That Always Stands Out,
Has remained true to the acclaim
It was first accorded
In hospitable old inns
Like the one etched below.

No wonder Old Overholt
Now boasts so great a following
Of loyal friends who know
The special virtues
Of real rye!

BOTTLED IN BOND
Established 1810
100 PROOF
REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.
OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
A. Overholt & Co. Inc.
BROAD FORD, PA. U.S.A.
ITS GOOD TASTE ALWAYS STANDS OUT

'Neath the friendly roof of the Moon and Seven Stars Inn, prominent Philadelphia shippers and merchants were wont to meet.

This Whiskey is 5 Years Old

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York